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ART AND LIFE

A RUSKIN ANTHOLOGY

COMPILED BY

WM. SLOANE KENNEDY

"I have always thought that more true force of persuasion might be obtained by rightly choosing and arranging what others have said, than by painfully saying it again in one's own way."

—RUSKIN, *Fors Clavigera*, Vol. I., p. 281.

John B. Alden



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BY

JOHN B. ALDEN.

*Of old sang Chaueer of the Flower and Leaf :
The mirthful singer of a golden time ;
And sweet birds' song throughout his daisied rhyme
Rang fearless ; for our cities held no grief
Dumb in their blackened hearts beneath the grime
Of factory and furnace, and the sheaf
Was borne in gladness at the harvest-time.
So now the Seer would quicken our belief :
" Life the green leaf," saith he, " and Art the flower,
Blow winds of heaven about the hearts of men,
Come love, and hope, and helpfulness, as when
On fainting vineyard falls the freskening shower :
Fear not that life may blossom yet again,
A nobler beauty from a purer power !"*

H. BELLYSE BAILDON,

in John Ruskin, Economist.



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PREFACE TO SECOND EDITION.

WHEN John Ruskin died the other day on the shores of Coniston water the last of the group of idealistic giants of the Victorian era passed away. One must pity the man or woman who has lived as the contemporary of this man and not had his or her life enriched by his gospel of beauty and justice. He has shown us the world's delicate tent of blue shutting down around a splendor of living beauty that makes a mere child's toy of even such a marvellous shrine as that of St. Mark's. Single-handed Ruskin slew the vile and heartless Ricardo and Adam Smith school of political economy, proving it unscientific because treating man as a machine, and ignoring the chief element in the case,—the emotional and moral nature. Even his enemies admit that he has done this. It was a great service. Ruskin has rescued the study of art in England from dilettanteism. His judgments on special works of the old and the modern painters (you can see for yourself when you examine the originals) are often absurdly awry, exaggerated, swayed by his own eccentric personal bias; but, as has been said of Carlyle, his very foibles are interesting.

His harsh words about America were, like Carlyle's, largely the result of dense ignorance of the best men and things here. Charles Eliot Norton he loved, but he seemed to think Norton the only man America had produced! I suppose if I had not availed myself of Professor Norton's kind offices, when writing to get permission from Ruskin to make this volume of selections from his works, I should have fared ill. For, although I wrote offering him the copyright proceeds of the work (which he kindly refused in my favor),

the MS. had already been placed in the printer's hands.*

Last summer, a year ago, I spent a few hours at Coniston Lake, and took a walk to Brantwood, which is the last house out from Coniston, all beyond it, southward, being an unbroken solitude until the end of the lake is reached, four miles away. A great spongy fell slopes up and away from the estate, which borders the lake. (I got lost up among the mists of one of these gloomy and rainy uplands, or mountain fells, not far from Coniston, yet was smitten with its grandeur and semi-conscious slumbering life, as of Browning's hills lying with chin on hand.) The road of approach to Brantwood is a public one and runs along the lakeside, the few residences lying between it and the lake. Running streams of pure water descend from the fell, and out of the hillwood, across the road. The terminus of the only railroad that has tried to penetrate the Lake Region is on the opposite side of the water from Brantwood; yet the infrequent shrieks of the locomotive can be plainly heard there. The master had, willi-nilli, to endure the hated things. On my return, I stopped and chatted with a hale and canny old "wesh-woman," as she called herself, who lived on this same Ruskinward road, not very far from Brantwood, and whose lowly cottage door was glorified by a canopy of reddest roses (England seemed to me even more the land of roses than Italy; every other cottage has a gloire, or some red or white rose clambering to its thatched dormers and about its roof). She said a gentleman and his wife from foreign parts had visited Brantwood that summer. "From America?" "Yes. I think from America, or some such road,"—half apologetically, as if anybody who did not live in Coniston were necessarily a little under suspicion for foolish wandering from the established and ordained center of the world.

W. S. K.

BELMONT, MASS., April 4, 1900.

* Professor Norton wrote me (April 23, '86): "Mrs. Severn writes (7 April) of Mr. Ruskin and your 'Selections': 'As regards the extracts, he says he's pleased Mr. Kennedy has enjoyed his work, and that he's at liberty to publish them.'"

INTRODUCTION.

JOHN RUSKIN was born in London, February 8th, 1819, at his father's house, number 54 Hunter Street, Brunswick Square—a locality not far from the British Museum. For the greater part of his boyhood, youth, and manhood, up to 1871, his home was in Camberwell, a rural suburb of London, lying four miles south of the Centre and between Sydenham and Chelsea. His education was of the sternest Puritan kind, it being the purpose of his parents to make a clergyman of him. The decrees respecting toys were of Spartan severity. At first he had none; when he got older he had a cart, a ball, two boxes of wooden bricks, and a two-arched bridge in blocks;—that was all. At seven he began Latin with his mother. His first writings were certain compositions and poems printed in imitation of black print in a little red-bound book, four by six inches in dimensions; the title-page was as follows, (see “*Praeterita*”):

“HARRY AND LUCY CONCLUDED. BEING THE
LAST PART OF EARLY LESSONS: IN FOUR VOL-
UMES. VOL. I. WITH COPPER PLATES. PRINTED
AND COMPOSED BY A LITTLE BOY AND ALSO DRAWN.”

His first piece of scientific composition was a mineralogical dictionary, begun when he was twelve, and written in crystallographic signs that later were unintelligible even to himself. He began to learn drawing properly by carefully copying the maps out of a small, old-fashioned quarto atlas. His first picture was a Dover Castle, done when he was twelve. Later, his art studies were carried on under the direction of Copley Fielding and J. D. Harding. Of an evening, at Herne Hill, he was usually placed in a little niche by the fireplace, with a table before him to hold his cup and platter or his book, while his father read aloud from Walter Scott, Shakespeare, Don Quixote, or some other classic.

When his mother's tuition was ended he was sent to the school kept by the Rev. Thomas Dale, and thence to Oxford (about 1836). He entered his name as a gentleman commoner on the rolls of Christ Church, and, under Dr. Buckland, laid the foundation of his geological knowledge.

In 1857 he accepted the Mastership of the Elementary and Landscape School of Drawing, at the Working Men's College, in Great Ormond Street, London, fulfilling the duties of the office without salary. It was for the pupils in this evening school that he wrote his *Elements of Drawing*.

In 1867, the Senate of Cambridge University conferred upon him the degree of LL.D., and at the same time he was appointed Rede Lecturer at Cambridge. In 1869, Mr. Felix Slade bequeathed a large sum for the founding of Art Professorships in Oxford, Cambridge, and London. Ruskin was thereupon elected Slade Professor of the Fine Arts at Oxford; (re-elected in 1876, resigned in 1878 on account of illness,* resumed his duties in 1883).

In 1871, Professor Ruskin bought, without seeing it, the old estate of Brantwood ("steep wood"), on Coniston Water, in the Lake District, where he had played when a boy of seven years. The fourteen acres of Brantwood are steep, craggy, and picturesque, containing streams, heather, nut-trees, and wild flowers, and abutting directly on Lake Coniston. Ruskin spent about \$50,000 on the place before he had it to his mind, \$10,000 of this sum going to build a lodge for his pet cousin and her children. He is a famous fellow among boys and girls, and is voted by everybody to be a capital neighbor.

Professor Ruskin is emotional and nervous in manner, his large eye at times soft and genial, and again quizzing and mischievous in its glance, the mouth thin and severe, chin retreating, and forehead prominent. He has an iron-grey beard, wears old-fashioned coats, sky-blue neck cloths, and gold spectacles; is rather *pétit*, about five feet five in height; his pronounciation as broad as Dundee Scotch, and at times "as indistinct as

* Thrice has he been at death's door; i.e., in the years 1871, 1878, and 1885.

Belgravia Cockney." He is one of the most popular lecturers in England, and his influence over the students at Oxford is said to have been such that, at one time, he purposely avoided (in a measure) their society that it might not be thought that he was doing an injustice to his fellow-professors.

Mr. Stopford Brooke rightly speaks of Ruskin as the most original man in England. And the Frenchman, Milsand, means the same thing when he says of his genius that it is *fantasque et bizarrement accentué*. "He writes like a consecrated priest of the abstract and ideal," said Charlotte Brontë. And Carlyle wrote to Emerson, in the last letter he ever sent him, the subjoined words:—

"There is nothing going on among us as notable to me as those fierce lightning-bolts Ruskin is copiously and desperately pouring into the black world of Anarchy all around him. No other man in England that I meet has in him the divine rage against iniquity, falsity, and baseness that Ruskin has, and that every man ought to have."*

Says Ruskin's old enemy, *The Spectator* (Autumn of 1884):—

"No other critic ever occupied such a position. He expresses his thoughts on art in words which, in their exquisite collocation, their perfection at once of form and lucidity, have been rivalled, in our generation, only by Cardinal Newman. He is one of the best known and most appreciated figures in our generation. His older books are among the treasures of the bibliophile. His later works are purchased like scarce plates, his opinions are quoted like texts from a Holy Book."

The first thing I note in his make and stamp is that he is Scotch on his father's side, and possibly also on that of his mother. He has Scotch traits—eccentricity, waywardness, paradox, quaint frets and freakish knots in the grain, a sort of stub-twist in the fibre, a Dantesque imagination, and solemn Covenanter zeal in religion.

It is as a teacher of the people that he is preëminent. He imparts more than a contagious enthusiasm;

* Carlyle's recognition of Ruskin as a man of genius and prophet-power dates from 1860, the year of the publication of *Unto This Last*. (See Froude's *Carlyle in London*, II. Chap. XXXV.)

he not only inspires and uplifts the soul, but clarifies the intellect by his lucid and elegant expositions of abstruse subjects. What severe thought on every page of his books, presented in how graceful and piquant a form! How many new truths won by hardest toil! How searchingly he probes, unfibres, unjoints, dissolves, enumerates, classifies! If his life sufficed, you would hardly be surprised to find him counting twice and thrice and again all the stars of heaven and the grains of sand by the sea. The soft cloudlets of the upper sky, the toppling cumulus, the shambling dance of the no-formed waves (to the slow music of the thunder and the wind), the sprangle and green-shine of their hollow-curving crests, the lustre and coloring of the breast of a dove, the tintings and shadows of mountain rock, the intricate curves of leaf and bough—with all these he is at home, and for their hidden laws he reverently seeks. "Of the facts and aspects of nature," says W. M. Rossetti, "Mr. Ruskin is and must remain a teacher of teachers, an expounder to expounders, and a poetizer among those who feel and write poetically."

In the power of placing a subject in a new and startling light by means of a clear, well-chosen illustration or parallelism Ruskin is unsurpassed. He is a verbal antiquary, never satisfied until he has penetrated to the root-meaning of the important words he uses. What new strength and vividness he gives to Bible texts! No noble or sententious thought so worn by the attrition of ages but he will pluck it fondly forth from its dull obscurity, cleanse it of rust, and set it a-gleam again in a foil of skilful explanation or glowing eulogy. He reads continually between the lines, and has a habit of challenging accepted statements to see if they ring true.

He is in part a conservative and in part a radical. Yet his radicalism is but a backward-working force he would destroy and change, but only for the purpose of reviving good old ways and tried customs: "What our fathers have told us" no one more reverently receives.

His style is impetuous and ornate, his words loaded with meaning. Perhaps the word "intensity"

best describes his style.* Repressed passion lurks beneath every page. For terrible and cutting irony he is equalled by no other English writer, except it be Swift. His syllogisms are weapons with long range: he withholds his conclusion; approaches it cautiously, with subtle concealment and through devious ways; apparently starts off in the opposite direction (note what Scott calls the national—Scotch—indirection), then, with lightning-swift stride and gleam of sword, rushes through a side way directly to his goal.

In studying the art-writings of Ruskin, there are three important dates to be borne in mind; namely, 1858, 1860, and 1874. Previous to the year 1858 he believed the religious spirit to be necessary to supreme art-power. But during the next sixteen years (1858-1874) his studies of the great Venetians led him to believe that Tintoret and Titian were greater painters than Cimabue, Giotto, or Angelico. In 1874, however, while copying some of Giotto's work at Assisi, he discovered, he says (*Fora Clavigera* LXXVI.), that that painter was inferior to the Venetians only in the material sciences of the craft, and that, in the real make-up of him, he was after all superior to them, just on account of his religious faith. The third fulcrum date—1860—marks the entrance of Ruskin into the field of Social Science, and the consequent partial diversion of his mind from the study of nature and art.

The art-teachings of Ruskin may be summed up in a few words: "All great art is praise," the expression of man's delight in God's work. The greatest art is born of a noble national morality, and is conditioned upon the moral fibre of the workman. The greatest art is that which copies nature with the most loving fidelity and the most minute finish consistent with noble imaginative invention, or design. The greatest art cannot coexist with smoke, filth, noise, and mechanism.

The naïve and Biblical piety of Ruskin gives to his writings a considerable part of their charm. Educated in a narrow sectarianism he has gradually adopted

* In one instance (*Sesame and Lilies*, English edition 1871), wishing to lay the utmost possible stress upon a pathetic account of death by starvation, he prints the whole narrative in blood-red ink.

Broad Church views, without giving up the essentials of Christianity. As late as 1880 he said: "I write as a Christian to Christians, that is to say, to persons who rejoice in the hope of a literal, perpetual life, with a literal, personal, and eternal God." He urges his readers to "confess Christ before men." He believes literally and unmetaphorically in a Devil, a deceiving and evil spirit in nature, the Lord of Lies and the Lord of Pain. "I am always quite serious," he writes, "when I speak of the Devil." For forty-five years he scarcely missed once being at church on Sunday, and never misses the opportunity of talking with religious persons. His well-known lavish benevolence is a legitimate corollary of his creed: it is the Sermon on the Mount put into practice. That he was on the London committee for the victualling of Paris in 1871, shows that his reputation for compassionate benevolence had become as well known as in the case of a George Peabody or a Lady Burdett-Coutts. And in truth the purse of no man in England has been more ready to open for the relief of suffering merit or genius. His benefactions for a single year have amounted to over \$76,000.

The gist, or marrow, of Mr. Ruskin's political economy, or social philosophy, is that in all economic laws and measures the moral relations and social affections have got to be considered. Political economy, as at present taught, is merely a mercantile system of cut and dried rules for getting rich at the expense of somebody else, But political economy, in the large and proper sense, does not mean the art of getting rich, but it teaches how wisely to order the affairs of a state, and produce and distribute the good things of life, especially good men and women. It is not a science at all, but a system of moral conduct; for industry, frugality, and discretion—the three foundation-stones of economy—are moral qualities. Surely in its general features his economic teaching is sound and good. It is only on account of the visionary and impracticable nature of certain of its details that the whole system has been received with ridicule. It was because Ruskin saw very clearly the impossibility of getting his favorite

theories adopted by society in general that he formed the bold scheme of establishing in England (and afterward in various other countries) ideal associations—named by him “Guilds of St. George”—around which should gradually cluster all the better elements of society. Scattered through his books called *Mors Clavigera* you will find the details of this scheme little by little set down; and, if you make a thorough study of it, it is probable that you will see as much in it to admire as to blame. You will not like his doctrines of coercion and blind obedience, and you may smile at his sumptuary laws and his theory of universal state aid for the poor; but the establishment of museums and libraries, the advocacy of free trade, organization of guarantee trade-guilds for the production and warranting of honest work, the insistence on industry, the emphasis laid on agricultural work, and the attempt to reconcile labor with culture, the reclaiming of waste lands and formation of mountain reservoirs for rain-water, the noble care of the infirm and disabled, lowering of rents in proportion to improvements, avoidance of usury, and formation of a national store of wealth—all this we must emphatically indorse. It is good and only good, and adapted to the mending of broken down civilization. Along such lines as these must England move if she would retain her power.

It may well be that the framework of Ruskin's Guild will fall to pieces at his death. The great secular energies of society are perpetually beating against any forced or artificial organism formed within its limits, till it is finally swept away and incorporated in the great catholic movements and life of humanity. But no matter; what is good in the scheme of St. George will survive. Ruskin has blazed a path through the wood, made a little garden in the wilderness, dug wells of purest water of life. The lesson will not fail of its effect, the leaven will work. Is there anything in the life of the English people more significant than the existence of this very Guild? Like a dewy hill-croft or pastoral upland, lifted above the pall of England's smoke; like sunlight glinting on a troubled sea,

a swirl of rich colors in an arctic night, an oasis in a boundless desert, a living fountain in a dry and thirsty land—such, in the midst of the grossness of Anglo-American materialism, seems to some of us the social idealism of John Ruskin.

PREFATORY NOTE.

With a few exceptions, the page references throughout this volume are made to the edition of Prof. Ruskin's whole works published by Mr. John B. Alden, (1885-6.) The references are, however, approximately correct for any edition, and may serve as an index to the various topics treated by Ruskin—an index useful both to his old admirers and to new readers who wish to know all that he has written on a given subject. For permission to use the sonnet prefixed to the volume I am indebted to the courtesy of its author, Mr. H. Bellyse Baildon of Scotland. The parchment-covered, "Round-Table" series in which it originally appeared, contains, besides the study of Ruskin, appreciative essays on the protagonists of our own literature—Whitman and Emerson. W. S. K.

PART I.—ART.



A RUSKIN ANTHOLOGY.

PART I.—ART.

SECTION I.—CARDINAL TENETS.

GREAT art [is] the Art of Dreaming.—*Modern Painters*, IV., p. 384.

All great art is delicate.—*Elements of Drawing*, p. 8.

The art, or general productive and formative energy, of any country, is an exact exponent of its ethical life. You can have noble art only from noble persons.—*Lectures on Art*, p. 22.

I have had but one steady aim in all that I have ever tried to teach, namely—to declare that whatever was great in human art was the expression of man's delight in God's work.—*The Two Paths*, p. 34.

Thoroughly perfect art is that which proceeds from the heart, which involves all the noble emotions;—associates with these the head, yet as inferior to the heart; and the hand, yet as inferior to the heart and head; and thus brings out the whole man.—*The Two Paths*, p. 38.

Great nations write their autobiographies in three manuscripts—the book of their deeds, the book of their words, and the book of their art. Not one of these books can be understood unless we read the two others; but of the three, the only quite trustworthy one is the last. The acts of a nation may be triumphant by its good fortune; and its words mighty by the

genius of a few of its children : but its art, only by the general gifts and common sympathies of the race.—*St. Mark's Rest*, p. 3.

An artist is a person who has submitted to a law which it was painful to obey, that he may bestow a delight which it is gracious to bestow.—*For's*, III., p. 58.

ART AND MECHANISM.—Almost the whole system and hope of modern life are founded on the notion that you may substitute mechanism for skill, photograph for picture, cast-iron for sculpture. That is your main nineteenth century faith, or infidelity. You think you can get everything by grinding—music, literature, and painting. You will find it grievously not so ; you can get nothing but dust by mere grinding.—*Lectures on Art*, p. 66.

THE MATERIAL CONDITIONS OF ART.—All art which is worth its room in this world, all art which is not a piece of blundering refuse, occupying the foot or two of earth which, if unencumbered by it, would have grown corn or violets, or some better thing, is *art which proceeds from an individual mind, working through instruments which assist, but do not supersede, the muscular action of the human hand, upon the materials which most tenderly receive, and most securely retain, the impressions of such human labor.*—*Stones of Venice*, I., p. 406.

All fine art requires the application of the whole strength and subtlety of the body, so that such art is not possible to any sickly person, but involves the action and force of a strong man's arm from the shoulder, as well as the delicatest touch of his finger : and it is the evidence that this full and fine strength has been spent on it which makes the art executively noble ; so that no instrument must be used, habitually, which is either too heavy to be delicately restrained, or too small and weak to transmit a vigorous impulse ; much less any mechanical aid, such as would render the sensibility of the fingers ineffectual.—*Aratra Pentelici*, p. 96.

GREAT ART NOT TO BE TAUGHT BY RULES.—Do you fancy a Greek workman ever made a vase by measure-

lent? He dashed it from his hand on the wheel, and it was beautiful: and a Venetian glass-blower swept you a curve of crystal from the end of his pipe; and Reynolds or Tintoret swept a curve of color from their pencils, as a musician the cadence of a note, unerring, and to be measured, if you please, afterwards, with the exactitude of Divine law.—*Eagle's Nest*, p. 88.

Nothing is a great work of art, for the production of which either rules or models can be given. Exactly so far as architecture works on known rules, and from given models, it is not an art, but a manufacture; and it is, of the two procedures, rather less rational (because more easy) to copy capitals or mouldings from Phidias, and call ourselves architects, than to copy heads and hands from Titian, and call ourselves painters.—*Stones of Venice*, II., p. 175.

The labor of the whole Geological Society, for the last fifty years, has but now arrived at the ascertainment of those truths respecting mountain form which Turner saw and expressed with a few strokes of a camel's hair pencil fifty years ago, when he was a boy. The knowledge of all the laws of the planetary system, and of all the curves of the motion of projectiles, would never enable the man of science to draw a waterfall or a wave; and all the members of Surgeons' Hall helping each other could not at this moment see, or represent, the natural movement of a human body in vigorous action, as Tintoret, a poor dyer's son, did two hundred years ago.—*Stones of Venice*, III., p. 41.

CONDITIONS OF A SCHOOL OF ART.—Nothing may ever be made of iron that can as effectually be made of wood or stone; and nothing moved by steam that can be as effectually moved by natural forces. And observe, that for all mechanical effort required in social life, and in cities, water power is infinitely more than enough; for anchored mills on the large rivers, and mills moved by sluices from reservoirs filled by the tide, will give you command of any quantity of constant motive power you need.

Agriculture by the hand, then, and absolute refusal or banishment of unnecessary igneous force, are the first conditions of a school of art in any country. And un-

til you do this, be it soon or late, things will continue in that triumphant state to which, for want of finer art, your mechanism has brought them;—that, though England is deafened with spinning wheels, her people have not clothes—though she is black with digging of fuel, they die of cold—and though she has sold her soul for gain, they die of hunger. Stay in that triumph, if you choose; but be assured of this, it is not one which the fine arts will ever share with you.—*Lectures on Art*, p. 80.

EUROPEAN YOUTH.—It is certain that the general body of modern European youth have their minds occupied more seriously by the sculpture and painting of the bowls of their tobacco-pipes, than by all the divinest workmanship and passionate imagination of Greece, Rome, and Mediæval Christendom.—*Aratra Pentelici*, p. 43.

FINE ART AND SWEET NATURE.—Whatever you can afford to spend for education in art, give to good masters, and leave them to do the best they can for you: and what you can afford to spend for the splendor of your city, buy grass, flowers, sea, and sky with. No art of man is possible without those primal Treasures of the art of God.—*Forst*, IV., p. 71.

VERONA.—If I were asked to lay my finger, in a map of the world, on the spot of the world's surface which contained at this moment the most singular concentration of art-teaching and art-treasure, I should lay it on the name of the town of Verona.—*A Joy For Ever*, p. 50.

ART ROOTED IN THE MORAL NATURE.—In these books of mine, their distinctive character, as essays on art, is their bringing everything to a root in human passion or human hope. Arising first not in any desire to explain the principles of art, but in the endeavor to defend an individual painter from injustice, they have been colored throughout—nay, continually altered in shape, and even warped and broken, by digressions respecting social questions, which had for me an interest tenfold greater than the work I had been forced into undertaking. Every principle of painting which I

have stated is traced to some vital or spiritual fact; and in my works on architecture the preference accorded finally to one school over another, is founded on a comparison of their influences on the life of the workman—a question by all other writers on the subject of architecture wholly forgotten or despised.—*Modern Painters*, V., p. 217.

INFLUENCE OF RIGHT CONDUCT ON ART.—Great art is the expression, by an art-gift, of a pure soul. . . . But also, remember, that the art-gift itself is only the result of the moral character of generations. A bad woman may have a sweet voice; but that sweetness of voice comes of the past morality of her race. That she can sing with it at all, she owes to the determination of laws of music by the morality of the past. Every act, every impulse, of virtue and vice, affects in any creature, face, voice, nervous power, and vigor and harmony of invention, at once. Perseverance in rightness of human conduct renders, after a certain number of generations, human art possible; every sin clouds it, be it ever so little a one; and persistent vicious living and following of pleasure render, after a certain number of generations, all art impossible.—*Athena*, p. 83.

THE MERITS OF ART NOT DISCERNIBLE BY ALL.—The multitude can always see the faults of good work, but never, unaided, its virtues: on the contrary, it is equally quick-sighted to the vulgar merits of bad work, but no tuition will enable it to condemn the vices with which it has a natural sympathy; and, in general, the blame of them is wasted on its deaf ears.—*Art of England*, p. 107.

SOCIETY AND THE ARTIST.—The artist should be fit for the best society, *and should keep out of it*. . . . Society always has a destructive influence upon an artist: first by its sympathy with his meanest powers; secondly, by its chilling want of understanding of his greatest; and, thirdly, by its vain occupation of his time and thoughts. Of course a painter of men must be *among* men; but it ought to be as a watcher, not as a companion.—*Stones of Venice*, III., p. 44.

NATURE FIRST, ART SECOND.—The beginning of all my own right art work in life (and it may not be unprofitable that I should tell you this), depended not on my love of art, but of mountains and sea. . . . And through the whole of following life, whatever power of judgment I have obtained, in art, which I am now confident and happy in using, or communicating, has depended on my steady habit of always looking for the subject principally, and for the art only as the means of expressing it.—*Eagle's Nest*, p. 33.

THE BEST ART NOT ALWAYS WANTED.—The best art is not always wanted. Facts are often wanted without art, as in a geological diagram; and art often without facts, as in a Turkey carpet. And most men have been made capable of giving either one or the other, but not both; only one or two, the very highest, can give both.—*Stones of Venice*, II., p. 183.

COPYISTS.—The common painter-copyists who encumber our European galleries with their easels and pots, are, almost without exception, persons too stupid to be painters, and too lazy to be engravers.—*Ariadne*, p. 79.

ADVICE TO TOURISTS IN ITALY.—My general directions to all young people going to Florence or Rome would be very short: "Know your first volume of Vasari, and your two first books of Livy; look about you, and don't talk, nor listen to talking."—*Mornings in Florence*, p. 67.

STONE DOLLS AFTER ALL.—The greater part of the technic energy of men, as yet, has indicated a kind of childhood; and the race becomes, if not more wise, at least more manly, with every gained century. I can fancy that all this sculpturing and painting of ours may be looked back upon, in some distant time, as a kind of doll-making, and that the words of Sir Isaac Newton may be smiled at no more: only it will not be for stars that we desert our stone dolls, but for men.—*Aratra Pentelici*, p. 127.

DILETTANTE LOVERS OF ART.—The modern "Ideal" of high art is a curious mingling of the gracefulness

and reserve of the drawing-room with a certain measure of classical sensuality.—*Modern Painters*, III., p. 84.

The fashionable lady who will write five or six pages in her diary respecting the effect upon her mind of such and such an "ideal" in marble, will have her drawing-room table covered with Books of Beauty, in which the engravings represent the human form in every possible aspect of distortion and affectation; and the connoisseur who, in the morning, pretends to the most exquisite taste in the antique, will be seen, in the evening, in his opera-stall, applauding the least graceful gestures of the least modest figurante.—*Modern Painters*, III., p. 86.

Let it be considered, for instance, exactly how far the value of a picture of a girl's head by Greuze would be lowered in the market, if the dress, which now leaves the bosom bare, were raised to the neck; and how far, in the commonest lithograph of some utterly popular subject,—for instance, the teaching of Uncle Tom by Eva—the sentiment which is supposed to be excited by the exhibition of Christianity in youth is complicated with that which depends upon Eva's having a dainty foot and a well-made satin slipper.—*Modern Painters*, III., p. 84.

The beauty of the Apollo Belvidere, or Venus de Medicis, is perfectly palpable to any shallow fine lady or fine gentleman, though they would have perceived none in the face of an old weather-beaten St. Peter, or a grey-haired "Grandmother Lois." The knowledge that long study is necessary to produce these regular types of the human form renders the facile admiration matter of eager self-complacency; the shallow spectator, delighted that he can really, and without hypocrisy, admire what required much thought to produce, supposes himself endowed with the highest critical faculties, and easily lets himself be carried into rhapsodies about the "ideal," which, when all is said, if they be accurately examined, will be found literally to mean nothing more than that the figure has got handsome calves to its legs, and a straight nose.—*Modern Painters*, III., p. 85.

Your modern mob of English and American tourists, following a lamplighter through the Vatican to have pink light thrown for them on the Apollo Belvidere, are farther from capacity of understanding Greek art, than the parish charity boy, making a ghost out of a turnip, with a candle inside.—*Val D'Arno*, p. 11.

THE NUDE.—I can assert to you as a positive and perpetual law, that so much of the nude body as in the daily life of the nation may be shown with modesty, and seen with reverence and delight—so much, and no more, ought to be shown by the national arts, either of painting or sculpture. What, more than this, either art exhibits, will, assuredly, pervert taste, and, in all probability, morals.—*Eagle's Nest*, p. 102.

WE SEE IN A PAINTING ONLY WHAT WE BRING TO IT.—The sensualist will find sensuality in Titian; the thinker will find thought; the saint, sanctity; the colorist, color; the anatomist, form; and yet the picture will never be a popular one in the full sense, for none of these narrower people will find their special taste so alone consulted, as that the qualities which would ensure their gratification shall be sifted or separated from others; they are checked by the presence of the other qualities which ensure the gratification of other men.—*The Two Paths*, p. 40.

THE GREEK IDEAL NOT BEAUTY BUT DESIGN.—It is an error to suppose that the Greek worship, or seeking, was chiefly of Beauty. It was essentially of Rightness and Strength, founded on Forethought: the principal character of Greek art is not Beauty, but Design: and the Dorian Apollo-worship and Athenian Virgin-worship are both expressions of adoration of divine Wisdom and Purity. Next to these great deities rank, in power over the national mind, Dionysus and Ceres, the givers of human strength and life: then, for heroic example, Hercules. There is no Venus-worship among the Greek in the great times: and the Muses are essentially teachers of Truth, and of its harmonies.—*Crown of Wild Olive, Lect. II.*, p. 55.

BEAUTY AND TRUTH DISTINGUISHED.—Nothing is more common than to hear people who desire to be

thought philosophical, declare that "beauty is truth," and "truth is beauty." I would most earnestly beg every sensible person who hears such an assertion made, to nip the germinating philosopher in his ambiguous bud; and beg him, if he really believes his own assertion, never thenceforward to use two words for the same thing. The fact is, truth and beauty are entirely distinct, though often related, things. One is a property of statements, the other of objects. The statement that "two and two make four" is true, but it is neither beautiful nor ugly, for it is invisible; a rose is lovely, but it is neither true nor false, for it is silent.—*Modern Painters*, III., p. 49.

DISCIPLINE IN ART WORK.—Because Leonardo made models of machines, dug canals, built fortifications, and dissipated half his art-power in capricious ingenuities, we have many anecdotes of him;—but no picture of importance on canvas, and only a few withered stains of one upon a wall. But because his pupil, or reputed pupil, Luini, labored in constant and successful simplicity, we have no anecdotes of him;—only hundreds of noble works.—*Athena*, p. 118.

PEOPLE AFFECT THE CUSTOMS OF THEIR ANCESTORS.—All other nations have regarded their ancestors with reverence as saints or heroes; but have nevertheless thought their own deeds and ways of life the fitting subjects for their arts of painting or of verse. We, on the contrary, regard our ancestors as foolish and wicked, but yet find our chief artistic pleasures in descriptions of their ways of life.

The Greeks and mediævals honored, but did not imitate their forefathers; we imitate, but do not honor.—*Modern Painters*, III., p. 280.

GREAT ARTISTS BORN, NOT MADE.—Many critics, especially the architects, have found fault with me for not "teaching people how to arrange masses;" for not "attributing sufficient importance to composition." Alas! I attribute far more importance to it than they do;—so much importance, that I should just as soon think of sitting down to teach a man how to write a *Divina Commedia*, or *King Lear*, as how to "com-

pose," in the true sense, a single building or picture.—*Pre-Raphaelitism*, p. 45.

Neither you nor I, nor any one, can, in the great ultimate sense, teach anybody how to make a good design. . . . I could as soon tell you how to make or manufacture an ear of wheat, as to make a good artist of any kind. First you must find your artist in the grain; then you must plant him; fence and weed the field about him; and with patience, ground and weather permitting, you may get an artist out of him—not otherwise.—*The Two Paths*, p. 68.

A certain quantity of art-intellect is born annually in every nation, greater or less according to the nature and cultivation of the nation, or race of men; but a perfectly fixed quantity annually, not increasable by one grain. You may lose it, or you may gather it; you may let it lie loose in the ravine, and buried in the sands, or you may make kings' thrones of it, and overlay temple gates with it, as you choose; but the best you can do with it is always merely sifting, melting, hammering, purifying—never creating. . . . And the artistical gift in average men is not joined with others; your born painter, if you don't make a painter of him, won't be a first-rate merchant, or lawyer; at all events, whatever he turns out, his own special gift is unemployed by you; and in no wise helps him in that other business. So here you have a certain quantity of a particular sort of intelligence, produced for you annually by providential laws, which you can only make use of by setting it to its own proper work, and which any attempt to use otherwise involves the dead loss of too much human energy. . . . Before a good painter can get employment, his mind has always been embittered, and his genius distorted. A common mind usually stoops, in plastic chill, to whatever is asked of it, and scrapes or daubs its way complacently into public favor. But your great men quarrel with you, and you revenge yourselves by starving them for the first half of their lives.—*A Joy For Ever*, pp. 20, 21.

A WORKMAN EXPOSES HIMSELF IN HIS WORK.—If stone work is well put together, it means that a thoughtful man planned it, and a careful man cut it,

and an honest man cemented it. If it has too much ornament, it means that its carver was too greedy of pleasure; if too little, that he was rude, or insensitive, or stupid, and the like. So that when once you have learned how to spell these most precious of all legends—pictures and buildings—you may read the characters of men, and of nations, in their art, as in a mirror;—nay, as in a microscope, and magnified a hundredfold; for the character becomes passionate in the art, and intensifies itself in all its noblest or meanest delights. Nay, not only as in a microscope, but as under a scalpel, and in dissection: for a man may hide himself from you, or misrepresent himself to you, every other way; but he cannot in his work: there, be sure, you have him to the inmost. All that he likes, all that he sees—all that he can do—his imagination, his affections, his perseverance, his impatience, his clumsiness, cleverness, everything is there. If the work is a cobweb, you know it was made by a spider; if a honeycomb, by a bee; a worm-cast is thrown up by a worm, and a nest wreathed by a bird; and a house built by a man, worthily, if he is worthy, and ignobly, if he is ignoble.—*Athens*, p. 80.

THE ENGLISH POUND PIECE.—As a piece of mere die-cutting, that St. George is one of the best bits of work we have on our money. But as a design—how brightly comic it is! The horse looking abstractedly into the air, instead of where precisely it *would* have looked, at the beast between its legs: St. George, with nothing but his helmet on, (being the last piece of armor he is likely to want,*) putting his naked feet, at least his feet showing their toes through the buskins, well forward, that the dragon may with the greatest convenience get a bite at them; and about to deliver a mortal blow at him with a sword which cannot reach him by a couple of yards—or, I think, in George III.'s piece—with a field-marshal's truncheon.—*Fors*, I., pp 363, 364.

THE EARLIEST ART LINEAR.—The earliest art in most countries is linear, consisting of interwoven, or

* For the real difficulty in dragon-fights is not so much to kill your dragon, as to see him; at least to see him in time, it being too probable that he will see you first.

richly spiral and otherwise involved arrangements of sculptured or painted lines, on stone, wood, metal, or clay. It is generally characteristic of savage life, and of feverish energy of imagination.—*Lectures on Art*, p. 89.

A GROTESQUE.—A fine grotesque is the expression, in a moment, by a series of symbols thrown together in bold and fearless connection, of truths which it would have taken a long time to express in any verbal way, and of which the connection is left for the beholder to work out for himself; the gaps, left or overleaped by the haste of the imagination, forming the grotesque character.—*Modern Painters*, III., p. 114.

THE EQUESTRIAN STATUE OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.—You have a portrait of the Duke of Wellington at the end of the North Bridge—one of the thousand equestrian statues of Modernism—studied from the showriders of the amphitheatre, with their horses on their hindlegs in the sawdust. Do you suppose that was the way the Duke sat when your destinies depended on him? when the foam hung from the lips of his tired horse, and its wet limbs were dashed with the bloody slime of the battlefield, and he himself sat anxious in his quietness, grieved in his fearlessness, as he watched, scythe-stroke by scythe-stroke, the gathering in of the harvest of death? You would have done something had you thus left his image in the enduring iron, but nothing now.—*Lectures on Architecture*, p. 120.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE.—The quantity of bodily industry which that Crystal Palace expresses is very great. So far it is good.

The quantity of thought it expresses is, I suppose, a single and very admirable thought of Mr. Paxton's, probably not a bit brighter than thousands of thoughts which pass through his active and intelligent brain every hour—that it might be possible to build a greenhouse larger than ever greenhouse was built before. This thought, and some very ordinary algebra, are as much as all that glass can represent of human intellect. "But one poor half-pennyworth of bread to all this intolerable deal of sack."—*Stones of Venice*, I., p. 407.

THE CREATIVE POWER IN ART.—Suppose Adam and Eve had been made in the softest clay, ever so neatly, and set at the foot of the tree of knowledge, fastened up to it, quite unable to fall, or do anything else, would they have been well created, or in any true sense created at all? . . .

A poet, or creator, is therefore a person who puts things together, not as a watchmaker steel, or a shoemaker leather, but who puts life into them.—*Modern Painters*, V., p. 182.

QUALITY, NOT QUANTITY OF ART STUDY DESIRABLE.—To have well studied one picture by Tintoret, one by Luini, one by Angelico, and a couple of Turner's drawings, will teach a man more than to have catalogued all the galleries of Europe; while to have drawn with attention a porch of Amiens, an arch at Verona, and a vault at Venice, will teach him more of architecture than to have made plans and sections of every big heap of brick or stone between St. Paul's and the Pyramids.—*Notes on his own Drawings*, p. 29.

THREE RULES.—1. Never encourage the manufacture of any article not absolutely necessary, in the production of which *Invention* has no share.

2. Never demand an exact finish for its own sake, but only for some practical or noble end.

3. Never encourage imitation or copying of any kind, except for the sake of preserving record of great works.—*Stones of Venice*, II., p. 166.

ART IS THE SAME FOR ALL TIME.—Whatever changes may be made in the customs of society, whatever new machines we may invent, whatever new manufactures we may supply, Fine Art must remain what it was two thousand years ago, in the days of Phidias; two thousand years hence, it will be, in all its principles, and in all its great effects upon the mind of man, just the same.—*The Two Paths*, p. 39.

ETRUSCAN ART.—Etruscan art remains in its own Italian valleys, of the Arno and upper Tiber, in one unbroken series of work, from the seventh century before Christ, to this hour, when the country whitewasher still scratches his plaster in Etruscan patterns. All

Florentine work of the finest kind—Luca della Robbia's, Ghiberti's, Donatello's, Filippo Lippi's, Botticelli's, Fra Angelico's—is absolutely pure Etruscan, merely changing its subjects, and representing the Virgin instead of Athena, and Christ instead of Jupiter. Every line of the Florentine chisel in the fifteenth century is based on national principles of art which existed in the seventh century before Christ.—*Mornings in Florence*, p. 43.

DESTRUCTION OF WORKS OF ART.—Fancy what Europe would be now, if the delicate statues and temples of the Greeks—if the broad roads and massy walls of the Romans—if the noble and pathetic architecture of the middle ages, had not been ground to dust by mere human rage. You talk of the scythe of Time, and the tooth of Time: I tell you Time is scytheless and toothless; it is we who gnaw like the worm—we who smite like the scythe.

Do you think that in this nineteenth century it is still necessary for the European nations to turn all the places where their principal art-treasures are into battlefields? . . . Imagine what would be the thriving circumstances of a manufacturer of some delicate produce—suppose glass, or china—in whose workshop and exhibition rooms all the workmen and clerks began fighting at least once a day, first blowing off the steam, and breaking all the machinery they could reach; and then making fortresses of all the cupboards, and attacking and defending the show-tables, the victorious party finally throwing everything they could get hold of out of the window, by way of showing their triumph, and the poor manufacturer picking up and putting away at last a cup here and a handle there. A fine prosperous business that would be, would it not? and yet that is precisely the way the great manufacturing firm of the world carries on its business.—*A Joy For Ever*, p. 49.

SYMBOLS.—A symbol is scarcely ever invented just when it is needed. Some already recognized and accepted form or thing becomes symbolic at a particular time. . . . Vibrate but the point of a tool against an unbaked vase, as it revolves, set on the wheel—

you have a wavy or zigzag line. The vase revolves once; the ends of the wavy line do not exactly tally when they meet; you get over the blunder by turning one into a head, the other into a tail—and have a symbol of eternity—if, first, which is wholly needful, you have an *idea* of eternity!

Again, the free sweep of a pen at the finish of a large letter has a tendency to throw itself into a spiral. There is no particular intelligence, or spiritual emotion, in the production of this line. A worm draws it with his coil, a fern with its bud, and a periwinkle with his shell. Yet, completed in the Ionic capital, and arrested in the bending point of the acanthus leaf in the Corinthian one, it has become the primal element of beautiful architecture and ornament in all the ages; and is eloquent with endless symbolism, representing the power of the winds and waves in Athenian work, and of the old serpent, which is the Devil and Satan, in Gothic work.—*Fors*, I., p. 313.

IMPORTANCE OF DRESS TO HISTORICAL PAINTING.—I believe true nobleness of dress to be an important means of education, as it certainly is a necessity to any nation which wishes to possess living art, concerned with portraiture of human nature. No good historical painting ever yet existed, or ever can exist, where the dresses of the people of the time are not beautiful: and had it not been for the lovely and fantastic dressing of the 13th to the 16th centuries, neither French, nor Florentine, nor Venetian art could have risen to anything like the rank it reached. Still, even then, the best dressing was never the costliest; and its effect depended much more on its beautiful and, in early times modest, arrangement, and on the simple and lovely masses of its color, than on gorgeousness of clasp or embroidery.—*A Joy For Ever*, p. 39.

CRITICISM OF ART BY YOUNG MEN.—Sound criticism of art is impossible to young men, for it consists principally, and in a far more exclusive sense than has yet been felt, in the recognition of the facts represented by the art. A great artist represents many and abstruse facts; it is necessary, in order to judge of his works, that all those facts should be experimentally (not by

hearsay) known to the observer; whose recognition of them constitutes his approving judgment. A young man *cannot* know them.

Criticism of art by young men must, therefore, consist either in the more or less apt retailing and application of received opinions, or in a more or less immediate and dextrous use of the knowledge they already possess, so as to be able to assert of given works of art that they are true up to a certain point; the probability being then that they are true farther than the young man sees.

The first kind of criticism is, in general, useless, if not harmful; the second is that which the youths will employ who are capable of becoming critics in after years.

All criticism of art, at whatever period of life, must be partial; warped more or less by the feelings of the person endeavoring to judge.—*Arrows of the Chase*, I., p. 41.

HUMAN WORK AS ORNAMENT.—Ships cannot be made subjects of sculpture. No one pauses in particular delight beneath the pediments of the Admiralty; nor does scenery of shipping ever become prominent in bas-relief without destroying it: witness the base of the Nelson pillar. It may be, and must be sometimes, introduced in severe subordination to the figure subject, but just enough to indicate the scene; sketched in the lightest lines on the background; never with any attempt at realization, never with any equality to the force of the figures, unless the whole purpose of the subject be picturesque. . . . That is to say, when the mind is intended to derive part of its enjoyment from the parasitical qualities and accidents of the thing, not from the heart of the thing itself.

And thus, while we must regret the flapping sails in the death of Nelson in Trafalgar Square, we may yet most heartily enjoy the sculpture of a storm in one of the bas-reliefs of the tomb of St. Pietro Martire in the church of St. Eustorgio at Milan, where the grouping of the figures is most fancifully complicated by the under-cut cordage of the vessel.

In all these instances, however, observe that the permission to represent the human work as an ornament,

is conditional on its being necessary to the representation of a scene, or explanation of an action. On no terms whatever could any such subject be independently admissible.

I conclude, then, with the reader's leave, that all ornament is base which takes for its subject human work, that it is utterly base—painful to every rightly-toned mind, without perhaps immediate sense of the reason, but for a reason palpable enough when we *do* think of it. For to carve our own work, and set it up for admiration, is a miserable self-complacency, a contentment in our own wretched doings, when we might have been looking at God's doings. And all noble ornament is the exact reverse of this. It is the expression of man's delight in God's work.—*Stones of Venice*, I., p. 215-218.

No great art ever was, or can be, employed in the careful imitation of the work of man as its principal subject. That is to say, art will not bear to be reduplicated. A ship is a noble thing, and a cathedral a noble thing, but a painted ship or a painted cathedral is not a noble thing. . . . A wrecked ship, or shattered boat, is a noble subject, while a ship in full sail, or a perfect boat, is an ignoble one; not merely because the one is by reason of its ruin more picturesque than the other, but because it is a nobler act in man to meditate upon Fate as it conquers his work, than upon that work itself. More complicated in their anatomy than the human frame itself, so far as that frame is outwardly discernible; liable to all kinds of strange accidental variety in position and movement, yet in each position subject to imperative laws which can only be followed by unerring knowledge; and involving in the roundings and foldings of sail and hull, delicacies of drawing greater than exist in any other inorganic object, except perhaps a snow-wreath—they [ships] present, irrespective of sea or sky, or anything else around them, difficulties which can only be vanquished by draughtsmanship quite accomplished enough to render even the subtlest lines of the human face and form. But the artist who has once attained such skill as this will not devote it to the drawing of ships. He who can paint the face of St. Paul will not elaborate the parting tim-

bers of the vessel in which he is wrecked.—*Harbors of England*.

PHOTOGRAPHY.—Photography cannot exhibit the character of large and finished sculpture; but its audacity of shadow is in perfect harmony with the more roughly picturesque treatment necessary in coins.—*Aratra Pentelici*, p. 6.

Photographs are not true, though they seem so. They are merely spoiled nature. It is not human design you are looking for, there is more beauty in the next wayside bank than in all the sun-blackened paper you could collect in a lifetime.—*Lectures on Art*, p. 118.

My chemical friends, if you wish ever to know anything rightly concerning the arts, I very urgently advise you to throw all your vials and washes down the gutter-trap; and if you will ascribe, as you think it so clever to do, in your modern creeds, all virtue to the sun, use that virtue through your own heads and fingers, and apply your solar energies to draw a skilful line or two, for once or twice in your life. You may learn more by trying to engrave, like Goodall, the tip of an ear, or the curl of a lock of hair, than by photographing the entire population of the United States of America—black, white, and neutral-tint.—*Ariadne*, p. 70.

RAPHAEL, MICHAEL ANGELO, AND TINTORET.—The works of Raphael, Michael Angelo, and Tintoret . . . are the most splendid efforts yet made by human creatures to maintain the dignity of states with beautiful colors, and defend the doctrines of theology with anatomical designs.—*Relation between Michael Angelo and Tintoret*, p. 8.

Nearly every existing work by Michael Angelo is an attempt to execute something beyond his power, coupled with a fevered desire that his power may be acknowledged. He is always matching himself either against the Greeks whom he cannot rival, or against rivals whom he cannot forget. He is proud, yet not proud enough to be at peace; melancholy, yet not deeply enough to be raised above petty pain; and strong beyond all his companion workmen, yet never

strong enough to command his temper, or limit his aims.

Tintoret, on the contrary, works in the consciousness of supreme strength, which cannot be wounded by neglect, and is only to be thwarted by time and space. He knows precisely all that art can accomplish under given conditions; determines absolutely how much of what can be done, he will himself for the moment choose to do; and fulfills his purpose with as much ease as if, through his human body, were working the great forces of nature. . . .

Both Raphael and Michael Angelo are thus, in the most vital of all points, separate from the great Venetian. They are always in dramatic attitudes, and always appealing to the public for praise. They are the leading athletes in the gymnasium of the arts: and the crowd of the circus cannot take its eyes away from them, while the Venetian walks or rests with the simplicity of a wild animal; is scarcely noticed in his occasionally swifter motion; when he springs, it is to please himself; and so calmly that no one thinks of estimating the distance covered.—*Relation between Michael Angelo and Tintoret*, pp. 13, 14.

You are accustomed to think the figures of Michael Angelo sublime—because they are dark, and colossal, and involved, and mysterious—because in a word, they look sometimes like shadows, and sometimes like mountains, and sometimes like spectres, but never like human beings. Believe me, yet once more, in what I told you long since—man can invent nothing nobler than humanity. . . .

All that shadowing, storming, and coiling of his, when you look into it, is mere stage decoration, and that of a vulgar kind. . . .

Now, though in nearly all his greater pictures, Tintoret is entirely carried away by his sympathy with Michael Angelo, and conquers him in his own field;—outflies him in motion, outnumbered him in multitude, outwits him in fancy, and outflames him in rage—he can be just as gentle as he is strong: and that Paradise, though it is the largest picture in the world, without any question, is also the thoughtfullest, and most precious. . . .

I have no hesitation in asserting this picture to be by far the most precious work of art of any kind whatsoever, now existing in the world.—*Relation between Michael Angelo and Tintoret*, pp. 26-30.

THE STUDY OF ANATOMY DESTRUCTIVE TO ART.—Don't think you can paint a peach, because you know there's a stone inside; nor a face, because you know a skull is.—*Laws of Fesole*, p. 19.

The study of anatomy is destructive to art. . . . Mantegna and Dürer were so polluted and paralyzed by the study of anatomy that the former's best works (the magnificent mythology of the Vices in the Louvre, for instance) are entirely revolting to all women and children; while Dürer never could draw one beautiful female form or face; and, of his important plates, only four, the Melancholia, St. Jerome in his Study, St. Hubert, and Knight and Death, are of any use for popular instruction, because in these only, the figures being fully draped or armed, he was enabled to think and feel rightly, being delivered from the ghastly toil of bone-delineation.—*Eagle's Nest, Preface*.

I am now certain that the greater the intellect, the more fatal are the forms of degradation to which it becomes liable in the course of anatomical study; and that to Michael Angelo, of all men, the mischief was greatest, in destroying his religious passion and imagination, and leading him to make every spiritual conception subordinate to the display of his knowledge of the body.—*Eagle's Nest*, p. 99.

All the main work of the eagle's eye is in looking down. To keep the sunshine above from teasing it, the eye is put under a triangular penthouse, which is precisely the most characteristic thing in the bird's whole aspect. Its hooked beak does not materially distinguish it from a cockatoo, but its hooded eye does. But that projection is not accounted for in the skull; and, so little does the anatomist care about it, that you may hunt through the best modern works on ornithology, and you will find eagles drawn with all manner of dissections of skulls, claws, clavicles, sternums, and gizzards; but you won't find so much as one poor

falcon drawn with a falcon's eye.—*Eagle's Nest*, p. 98.

Holbein draws skeleton after skeleton, in every possible gesture; but never so much as counts their ribs! He neither knows nor cares how many ribs a skeleton has. There are always enough to rattle. . .

Monstrous, you think, in impudence—Holbein for his carelessness, and I for defending him! Nay, I triumph in him; nothing has ever more pleased me than this grand negligence. Nobody wants to know how many ribs a skeleton has, any more than how many bars a gridiron has, so long as the one can breathe, and the other broil; and still less, when the breath and the fire are both out.—*Ariadne*, p. 98.

ART IN THE HISTORY OF NATIONS.—The great lesson of history is, that all the fine arts hitherto—having been supported by the selfish power of the noblesse, and never having extended their range to the comfort or the relief of the mass of the people—the arts, I say, thus practised, and thus matured, have only accelerated the ruin of the States they adorned.—*The Two Paths*, p. 73.

You find that the nations which possessed a refined art were always subdued by those who possessed none: you find the Lydian subdued by the Mede; the Athenian by the Spartan; the Greek by the Roman; the Roman by the Goth; the Burgundian by the Switzer: but you find, beyond this—that even where no attack by any external power has accelerated the catastrophe of the state, the period in which any given people reach their highest power in art is precisely that in which they appear to sign the warrant of their own ruin; and that, from the moment in which a perfect statue appears in Florence, a perfect picture in Venice, or a perfect fresco in Rome, from that hour forward, probity, industry, and courage seem to be exiled from their walls, and they perish in a sculpturesque paralysis, or a many-colored corruption. . . .

And finally, while art has thus shown itself always active in the service of luxury and idolatry, it has also been strongly directed to the exaltation of cruelty. A nation which lives a pastoral and innocent life never decorates the shepherd's staff or the plough-handle, but

rares who live by depredation and slaughter nearly always bestow exquisite ornaments on the quiver, the helmet, and the spear.—*The Two Paths*, pp. 12, 13.

Wherever art is practised for its own sake, and the delight of the workman is in what he *does* and *produces*, instead of what he *interprets* or *exhibits*—there art has an influence of the most fatal kind on brain and heart, and its issues, if long so pursued, in the *destruction both of intellectual power and moral principle*; whereas art, devoted humbly and self-forgetfully to the clear statement and record of the facts of the universe, is always helpful and beneficent to mankind, full of comfort, strength, and salvation.—*The Two Paths*, p. 17.

The art which is especially dedicated to natural fact always indicates a peculiar gentleness and tenderness of mind, and all great and successful work of that kind will assuredly be the production of thoughtful, sensitive, earnest, kind men, large in their views of life, and full of various intellectual power.—*The Two Paths*, p. 46.

All great nations first manifest themselves as a pure and beautiful animal race, with intense energy and imagination. They live lives of hardship by choice, and by grand instinct of manly discipline: they become fierce and irresistible soldiers; the nation is always its own army, and their king or chief head of government, is always their first soldier. . . .

Then, after their great military period, comes the domestic period; in which, without betraying the discipline of war, they add to their great soldiership the delights and possessions of a delicate and tender home-life: and then, for all nations, is the time of their perfect art, which is the fruit, the evidence, the reward of their national idea of character, developed by the finished care of the occupations of peace. That is the history of all true art that ever was, or can be: palpably the history of it—unmistakably—written on the forehead of it in letters of light—in tongues of fire, by which the seal of virtue is branded as deep as ever iron burnt into a convict's flesh the seal of crime. But always hitherto, after the great period, has followed the

day of luxury, and pursuit of the arts for pleasure only. And all has so ended.—*Athena*, p. 82.

“FEAR GRACE; FEAR DELICATESSE.”—EXAMINE the history of nations, and you will find this great fact clear and unmistakable on the front of it—that good Art has only been produced by nations who rejoiced in it; fed themselves with it, as if it were bread; basked in it, as if it were sunshine; shouted at the sight of it; danced with the delight of it; quarrelled for it; fought for it; starved for it; did, in fact, precisely the opposite with it of what we want to do with it—they made it to keep, and we to sell. . . .

While most distinctly you may perceive in past history that Art has never been produced, except by nations who took pleasure in it, just as assuredly, and even more plainly, you may perceive that Art has always destroyed the power and life of those who pursued it for pleasure only. . . .

While men possess little and desire less, they remain brave and noble: while they are scornful of all the arts of luxury, and are in the sight of other nations as barbarians, their swords are irresistible and their sway illimitable: but let them become sensitive to the refinements of taste, and quick in the capacities of pleasure, and that instant the fingers that had grasped the iron rod, fail from the golden sceptre. . . .

The only great painters in our schools of painting in England have either been of portrait—Reynolds and Gainsborough; of the philosophy of social life—Hogarth; or of the facts of nature in landscape—Wilson and Turner. In all these cases, if I had time, I could show you that the success of the painter depended on his desire to convey a truth, rather than to produce a merely beautiful picture; that is to say, to get a likeness of a man, or of a place; to get some moral principle rightly stated, or some historical character rightly described, rather than merely to give pleasure to the eyes. . . .

You may fancy, perhaps, that Titian, Veronese, and Tintoret were painters for the sake of pleasure only: but in reality they were the only painters who ever sought entirely to master, and who did entirely master, the truths of light and shade as associated with color,

in the noblest of all physical created things, the human form. They were the only men who ever painted the human body; all other painters of the great schools are mere anatomical draughtsmen compared to them; rather makers of maps of the body, than painters of it.—*Cambridge Inaugural Address*, pp. 9, 13, 19.

GREEK ART.—Greek art . . . is all parable, but Gothic, as distinct from it, literal. . . . From classic art unless you understand it, you may get nothing; from romantic art, even if you don't understand it, you get at least delight.—*Val D'Arno*, p. 98.

The Greeks have not, in any supreme way, given to their statues character, beauty, or divine strength, [or divine sadness.] [Yet] from all vain and mean decoration—all weak and monstrous error, the Greeks rescue the forms of man and beast, and sculpture them in the nakedness of their true flesh, and with the fire of their living soul. . . .

The Greeks have been the origin not only of all broad, mighty, and calm conception, but of all that is divided, delicate and tremulous; “variable as the shade, by the light quivering aspen made.” To them, as first leaders of ornamental design, belongs, of right, the praise of glistenings in gold, piercings in ivory, stainings in purple, burnishings in dark blue steel; of the fantasy of the Arabian roof—quartering of the Christian shield—rubric and arabesque of Christian scripture.—*Aratra Pentelici*, pp. 127, 129, 131.

Greek art as a first, not a final, teacher. . . . Greek faces are not particularly beautiful. Of the much nonsense against which you are to keep your ears shut, that which is talked to you of the Greek ideal of beauty, is among the absolutest. There is not a single instance of a very beautiful head left by the highest school of Greek art. On coins, there is even no approximately beautiful one. The Juno of Argos is a virago; the Athena of Athens, grotesque; the Athena of Corinth is insipid; and of Thurium sensual. The Siren Ligeia, and fountain of Arethusa, on the coins of Terina and Syracuse, are prettier, but totally without expression, and chiefly set off by their well-curled hair. You might have expected something subtle in Mer-

curies; but the Mercury of Ænus is a very stupid-looking fellow, in a cap like a bowl, with a knob on the top of it. The Bacchus of Thasos is a drayman with his hair pomatum'd. The Jupiter of Syracuse is, however, calm and refined; and the Apollo of Clazomenæ would have been impressive, if he had not come down to us much flattened by friction. But on the whole, the merit of Greek coins does not primarily depend on beauty of features, nor even, in the period of highest art, that of the statues. You may take the Venus of Melos as a standard of beauty of the central Greek type. She has tranquil, regular, and lofty features; but could not hold her own for a moment against the beauty of a simple English girl, of pure race and kind heart. . . . That sketch of four cherub heads from an English girl, by Sir Joshua Reynolds, at Kensington, is an incomparably finer thing than ever the Greeks did. Ineffably tender in the touch, yet Herculean in power; innocent, yet exalted in feeling; pure in color as a pearl; reserved and decisive in design, as this Lion crest—if *it* alone existed of such—if it were a picture by Zeuxis, the only one left in the world, and you built a shrine for it, and were allowed to see it only seven days in a year, it alone would teach you all of art that you ever needed to know. . . .

Then, what *are* the merits of this Greek art, which make it so exemplary for you? Well, not that it is beautiful, but that it is Right. All that it desires to do, it does, and all that it does, does well. You will find, as you advance in the knowledge of art, that its laws of self-restraint are very marvelous; that its peace of heart, and contentment in doing a simple thing, with only one or two qualities, restrictedly desired, and sufficiently attained, are a most wholesome element of education for you, as opposed to the wild writhing, and wrestling, and longing for the moon, and tilting at wind-mills, and agony of eyes, and torturing of fingers, and general spinning out of one's soul into fiddle-strings, which constitute the ideal life of a modern artist. . . .

Half the power and imagination of every other school depend on a certain feverish terror mingling with

their sense of beauty;—the feeling that a child has in a dark room, or a sick person in seeing ugly dreams. But the Greeks never have ugly dreams. They cannot draw anything ugly when they try. Sometimes they put themselves to their wits' end to draw an ugly thing—the Medusa's head, for instance—but they can't do it—not they—because nothing frightens them. They widen the mouth, and grind the teeth, and puff the cheeks, and set the eyes a-goggling; and the thing is only ridiculous after all, not the least dreadful, for there is no dread in their hearts. Pensive-ness; amazement; often deepest grief and desolation. All these; but terror never. Everlasting calm in the presence of all fate; and joy such as they could win, not indeed in a perfect beauty, but beauty at perfect rest.—*Athens*, pp. 124-128.

THE GREEK, OR CLASSIC, AND THE ROMANTIC STYLES.
—Without entering into any of the fine distinctions between these two sects, this broad one is to be observed as constant: that the writers and painters of the Classic school set down nothing but what is known to be true, and set it down in the perfectest manner possible in their way, and are thenceforward authorities from whom there is no appeal. Romantic writers and painters, on the contrary, express themselves under the impulse of passions which may indeed lead them to the discovery of new truths, or to the more delightful arrangement or presentment of things already known: but their work, however brilliant or lovely, remains imperfect, and without authority.—*Val D'Arno*, p. 96.

ART AND MAN IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

A degree of personal beauty, both male and female, was attained in the Middle Ages, with which classical periods could show nothing for a moment comparable; and this beauty was set forth by the most perfect splendor, united with grace, in dress, which the human race have hitherto invented. The strength of their art-genius was directed in great part to this object; and their best workmen and most brilliant fanciers were employed in wreathing the mail or embroidering

the robe. The exquisite arts of enamelling and chasing metal enabled them to make the armor as radiant and delicate as the plumage of a tropical bird; and the most various and vivid imaginations were displayed in the alternations of color, and fiery freaks of form, on shield and crest; so that of all the beautiful things which the eyes of men could fall upon, in the world about them, the most beautiful must have been a young knight riding out in morning sunshine, and in faithful hope.

“ His broad, clear brow in sunlight glowed :
 On burnished hooves his war-horse trode ;
 From underneath his helmet flowed
 His coal-black curls, as on he rode.
 All in the blue, unclouded weather,
 Thick jewelled shone the saddle leather ;
 The helmet and the helmet feather
 Burned like one burning flame together ;
 And the gemmy bridle glittered free,
 Like to some branch of stars we see
 Hung in the golden galaxy.”

Now, the effect of this superb presence of human beauty on men in general was, exactly as it had been in Greek times, first, to turn their thoughts and glances in great part away from all other beauty but that, and to make the grass of the field take to them always more or less the aspect of a carpet to dance upon, a lawn to tilt upon, or a serviceable crop of hay; and, secondly, in what attention they paid to this lower nature, to make them dwell exclusively on what was graceful, symmetrical, and bright in color. All that was rugged, rough, dark, wild, untermi- nated, they re- jected at once, as the domain of “salvage men” and monstrous giants: all that they admired was tender, bright, balanced, enclosed, symmetrical, — *Modern Painters*, III., pp. 219, 220.

[Yet they regarded mountains as places fit for pen- ance and prayer; but] our modern society in general goes to the mountains, not to fast, but to feast, and leaves their glaciers covered with chicken-bones and egg-shells.

Connected with this want of any sense of solemnity in mountain scenery, is a general profanity of temper in regarding all the rest of nature; that is to say, a total absence of faith in the presence of any deity therein. Whereas the mediæval never painted a cloud, but with the purpose of placing an angel in it; and a Greek never entered a wood without expecting to meet a god in it; *we* should think the appearance of an angel in the cloud wholly unnatural, and should be seriously surprised by meeting a god anywhere.—*Modern Painters*, III., p. 276.

The art of this day is not merely a more *knowing* art than that of the thirteenth century—it is altogether another art. Between the two there is a great gulph, a distinction forever ineffaceable. The change from one to the other was not that of the child into the man, as we usually consider it; it was that of the chrysalis into the butterfly. There was an entire change in the habits, food, method of existence, and heart of the whole creature. . . . This is the great and broad fact which distinguishes modern art from old art: that all ancient art was *religious*, and all modern art is *profane*. In mediæval art, thought is the first thing, execution the second; in modern art execution is the first thing, and thought the second. And again, in mediæval art, truth is first, beauty second; in modern art, beauty is first, truth second. The mediæval principles led *up* to Raphael, and the modern principles lead *down* from him.—*Lectures on Architecture*, p. 116.

The art of the thirteenth century is the foundation of all art—not merely the foundation, but the root of it; that is to say, succeeding art is not merely built upon it, but was all comprehended in it, and is developed out of it.—*Lectures on Architecture*, p. 84.

JOY AND BRIGHTNESS OF MEDIÆVAL TIMES.—The Middle Ages had their wars and agonies, but also intense delights. Their gold was dashed with blood; but ours is sprinkled with dust. Their life was interwoven with white and purple; ours is one seamless stuff of brown. Not that we are without apparent festivity, but festivity more or less forced, mistaken, em-

bittered, incomplete—not of the heart.—*Modern Painters*, III., p. 276.

LONGFELLOW A GOOD INTERPRETER OF THE MIDDLE AGES.—Longfellow, in the *Golden Legend*, has entered more closely into the temper of the Monk, for good and for evil, than ever yet theological writer or historian, though they may have given their life's labor to the analysis: and, again, Robert Browning is unerring in every sentence he writes of the Middle Ages; always vital, right, and profound; so that in the matter of art, with which we have been specially concerned, there is hardly a principle connected with the mediæval temper, that he has not struck upon in those seemingly careless and too rugged rhymes of his.—*Modern Painters*, IV., p. 392.

PISA IN THE MIDDLE AGES.—Fancy what was the scene which presented itself, in his afternoon walk, to a designer of the Gothic school of Pisa—Nino Pisano, or any of his men.

On each side of a bright river he saw rise a line of brighter palaces, arched and pillared, and inlaid with deep red porphyry, and with serpentine; along the quays before their gates were riding troops of knights, noble in face and form, dazzling in crest and shield; horse and man one labyrinth of quaint color and gleaming light—the purple, and silver, and scarlet fringes flowing over the strong limbs and clashing mail, like sea-waves over rocks at sunset. Opening on each side from the river were gardens, courts, and cloisters; long successions of white pillars among wreaths of vine; leaping of fountains through buds of pomegranate and orange: and still along the garden-paths, and under and through the crimson of the pomegranate shadows, moving slowly, groups of the fairest women that Italy ever saw—fairest, because purest and thoughtfullest, trained in all high knowledge, as in all courteous art—in dance, in song, in sweet wit, in lofty learning, in loftier courage, in loftiest love—able alike to cheer, to enchant, or save the souls of men. Above all this scenery of perfect human life, rose dome and bell-tower, burning with white alabaster and gold; beyond dome and bell-tower the slopes of mighty hills, hoary with olive; far

in the north, above a purple sea of peaks of solemn Apennine, the clear, sharp-cloven Carrara mountains sent up their steadfast flames of marble summit into amber sky; the great sea itself, seorching with expanse of light, stretching from their feet to the Gorgonian isles; and over all these, ever present, near or far—seen through the leaves of vine, or imaged with all its march of clouds in the Arno's stream, or set with its depth of blue close against the golden hair and burning cheek of lady and knight—that untroubled and sacred sky, which was to all men, in those days of innocent faith, indeed the unquestioned abode of spirits, as the earth was of men; and which opened straight through its gates of cloud and veils of dew into the awfulness of the eternal world;—a heaven in which every cloud that passed was literally the chariot of an angel, and every ray of its Evening and Morning streamed from the throne of God. . . .

[Yet] all that gorgeousness of the Middle Ages, beautiful as it sounds in description, noble as in many respects it was in reality, had, nevertheless—for foundation and for end, nothing but the pride of life—the pride of the so-called superior classes; a pride which supported itself by violence and robbery, and led in the end to the destruction both of the arts themselves and the States in which they flourished.—*The Two Paths*, pp. 71-73.

IMITATION AND FINISH.

Finishing means in art simply telling more truth.—*Modern Painters*, III., p. 144.

You must not draw all the hairs in an eyelash; not because it is sublime to generalize them, but because it is impossible to see them.—*Ariadne*, p. 100.

Greek art, and all other art, is fine when it makes a man's face as like a man's face as it can. . . .

Get that well driven into your heads; and don't let it out again at your peril.

Having got it well in, you may then farther under-

stand, safely, that there is a great deal of secondary work in pots, and pans, and floors, and carpets, and shawls, and architectural ornament, which ought, essentially, to be *unlike* reality, and to depend for its charm on quite other qualities than imitative ones. But all such art is inferior and secondary—much of it more or less instinctive and animal, and a civilized human creature can only learn its principles rightly, by knowing those of great civilized art first—which is always the representation, to the utmost of its power, of whatever it has got to show—made to look as like the thing as possible.*—*Athena*, pp. 122, 123.

No truly great man can be named in the arts—but it is that of one who finished to his utmost. Take Leonardo, Michael Angelo, and Raphael for a triad, to begin with. *They* all completed their detail with such subtlety of touch and gradation, that, in a careful drawing by any of the three, you cannot see where the pencil ceased to touch the paper; the stroke of it is so tender, that, when you look close to the drawing you can see nothing; you see the effect of it a little way back! Thus tender in execution—and so complete in detail, that Leonardo must needs draw *every several vein in the little agates* and pebbles of the gravel under the feet of the St. Anne in the Louvre.—*Modern Painters*, III., p. 143.

Every quarter of an inch in Turner's drawings will bear magnifying; much of the finer work in them can hardly be traced, except by the keenest sight, until it is magnified. In his painting of Ivy Bridge, the veins are drawn on the wings of a butterfly, not above three lines in diameter: and in one of his smaller drawings of Scarborough, in my own possession, the muscle-shells on the beach are rounded, and some shown as shut, some as open, though none are as large as one of the letters of this type; and yet this is the man who was thought to belong to the "dashing" school, literally because most people had not patience or delicacy of

* * The Fine Arts, too, like the coarse, and every art of Man's God-given Faculty, are to understand that they are sent hither not to fib and dance, but to speak and work; and, on the whole, that God Almighty's *Facts*, such as given us, are the one pabulum which will yield them any nourishment in this world.—*Carlyle*, "Latter-Day Pamphlets," VIII.

sight enough to trace his endless detail.—*Modern Painters*, III., p. 142.

Veronese often [draws] a finished profile, or any other portion of the contour of a face, with one line, not afterwards changed.—*Lectures on Art*, p. 35.

Strokes by Tintoret or Paul Veronese, which were done in an instant, and look to an ignorant spectator merely like a violent dash of loaded color (and are, as such, imitated by blundering artists), are, in fact, modulated by the brush and finger to that degree of delicacy that no single grain of the color could be taken from the touch without injury; and little golden particles of it, not the size of a gnat's head, have important share and function in the balances of light in a picture perhaps fifty feet long. Nearly *every* other rule applicable to art has some exception but this. This has absolutely none. All great art is delicate art, and all coarse art is bad art.—*Modern Painters*, III., p. 56.

When once we begin at all to understand the handling of any truly great executor, such as that of any of the three great Venetians, of Correggio, or Turner, the awe of it is something greater than can be felt from the most stupendous natural scenery. For the creation of such a system as a high human intelligence, endowed with its ineffably perfect instruments of eye and hand, is a far more appalling manifestation of Infinite Power, than the making either of seas or mountains.—*The Two Paths*, p. 145.

The object of the great Resemblant Arts is, and always has been, to resemble; and to resemble as closely as possible. It is the function of a good portrait to set the man before you in habit as he lived, and I would we had a few more that did so. It is the function of a good landscape to set the scene before you in its reality; to make you, if it may be, think the clouds are flying, and the streams foaming. It is the function of the best sculptor—the true Dædalus—to make stillness look like breathing, and marble look like flesh. . . .

You think all that very wrong. So did I, once; but it was I that was wrong. A long time ago, before ever I had seen Oxford, I painted a picture of the Lake of

Como, for my father. It was not at all like the Lake of Como; but I thought it rather the better for that. My father differed with me; and objected particularly to a boat with a red and yellow awning, which I had put into the most conspicuous corner of my drawing. I declared this boat to be "necessary to the composition." My father not the less objected, that he had never seen such a boat, either at Como or elsewhere; and suggested that if I would make the lake look a little more like water, I should be under no necessity of explaining its nature by the presence of floating objects. I thought him at the time a very simple person for his pains; but have since learned, and it is the very gist of all practical matters, which, as professor of fine art, I have now to tell you, that the great point in painting a lake is—to get it to look like water.—*Aratra Pentelici*, pp. 79, 80.

The utmost power of art can only be given in a material capable of receiving and retaining the influence of the subtlest touch of the human hand. That hand is the most perfect agent of material power existing in the universe; and its full subtlety can only be shown when the material it works on, or with, is entirely yielding. The chords of a perfect instrument will receive it, but not of an imperfect one; the softly bending point of the hair pencil, and soft melting of color, will receive it, but not even the chalk or pen point, still less the steel point, chisel, or marble.—*The Two Paths*, p. 113.

Our best finishing is but coarse and blundering work after all. We may smooth, and soften, and sharpen till we are sick at heart; but take a good magnifying glass to our miracle of skill, and the invisible edge is a jagged saw, and the silky thread a rugged cable, and the soft surface a granite desert. Let all the ingenuity and all the art of the human race be brought to bear upon the attainment of the utmost possible finish, and they could not do what is done in the foot of a fly, or the film of a bubble. God alone can finish.—*Modern Painters*, III., p. 132.

Accurately speaking, no good work whatever can be perfect. . . . I believe there has only been one man

who would not acknowledge this necessity, and strove always to reach perfection, Leonardo; the end of his vain effort being merely that he would take ten years to a picture, and leave it unfinished. And therefore, if we are to have great men working at all, or less men doing their best, the work will be imperfect, however beautiful. Of human work none but what is bad can be perfect, in its own bad way.*—*Stones of Venice*, II., p. 131.

If it were possible for art to give all the truths of nature, it ought to do it. But this is not possible. Choice must always be made of some facts which *can* be represented, from among others which must be passed by in silence, or even, in some respects, misrepresented. The inferior artist chooses unimportant and scattered truths; the great artist chooses the most necessary first, and afterwards the most consistent with these, so as to obtain the greatest possible and most harmonious *sum*. For instance, Rembrandt always chooses to represent the exact force with which the light on the most illumined part of an object is opposed to its obscurer portions. In order to obtain this, in most cases, not very important truth, he sacrifices the light and color of five-sixths of his picture; and the expression of every character of objects which depends on tenderness of shape or tint. But he obtains his single truth, and what picturesque and forcible expression is dependent upon it, with magnificent skill and subtlety. Veronese, on the contrary, chooses to represent the great relations of visible things to each other, to the heaven above, and to the earth beneath them. He holds it more important to show how a figure stands relieved from delicate air, or marble wall; how as a red, or purple, or a white figure, it separates itself, in clear discernibility, from things not red, nor purple, nor white; how infinite daylight shines round it; how innumerable veils of faint shadow invest it; how its blackness and darkness are, in the excess of their nature, just as limited and local as its intensity of

*The Elgin marbles are supposed by many persons to be "perfect." In the most important portions they indeed approach perfection, but only there. The draperies are unfinished, the hair and wool of the animals are unfinished, and the entire bas-reliefs of the frieze are roughly cut.

light: all this, I say, he feels to be more important than showing merely the exact *measure* of the spark of sunshine that gleams on a dagger-hilt, or glows on a jewel. All this, moreover, he feels to be harmonious,—capable of being joined in one great system of spacious truth. And with inevitable watchfulness, inestimable subtlety, he unites all this in tenderest balance, noting in each hair's-breadth of color, not merely what its rightness or wrongness is in itself, but what its relation is to every other on his canvas.—*Modern Painters*, III., p. 52.

THE WHOLE MATTER OF FINISH SUMMED UP.—I do not wonder at people sometimes thinking I contradict myself when they come suddenly on any of the scattered passages, in which I am forced to insist on the opposite practical applications of subtle principles of this kind. It may amuse the reader, and be finally serviceable to him in showing him how necessary it is to the right handling of any subject, that these contrary statements should be made, if I assemble here the principal ones I remember having brought forward, bearing on this difficult point of precision in execution.

Finish, for the sake of added truth, or utility, or beauty, is noble; but finish for the sake of workmanship, neatness, or polish, ignoble. . . .

No good work whatever can be perfect, and the demand for perfection is always a sign of the misunderstanding of the end of art. "The first cause of the fall of the arts in Europe was a relentless requirement of perfection." . . .

Perfect finish (finish, that is to say, up to the point possible) is always desirable from the greatest masters, and is always given by them. . . .

Now all these passages are perfectly true; and, as in much more serious matters, the essential thing for the reader is to receive their truth, however little he may be able to see their consistency. If truths of apparent contrary character are candidly and rightly received, they will fit themselves together in the mind without any trouble. But no truth maliciously received will nourish you, or fit with others. The clue of connection may in this case, however, be given in a word. Absolute finish is always right; finish, inconsistent

with prudence and passion, wrong. The imperative demand for finish is ruinous, because it refuses better things than finish. The stopping short of the finish, which is honorably possible to human energy, is destructive on the other side and not in less degree. Err, of the two, on the side of completion.—*Modern Painters*, V., pp. 294–297.

DECORATION AND CONVENTIONALISM IN ART.—There is no existing highest-order art but is decorative. The best sculpture yet produced has been the decoration of a temple front—the best painting, the decoration of a room. Raphael's best doing is merely the wall-coloring of a suite of apartments in the Vatican, and his cartoons were made for tapestries. Correggio's best doing is the decoration of two small church cupolas at Parma; Michael Angelo's, of a ceiling in the Pope's private chapel; Tintoret's, of a ceiling and side wall belonging to a charitable society at Venice; while Titian and Veronese threw out their noblest thoughts, not even on the inside, but on the outside of the common brick and plaster walls of Venice.

You will every day hear it absurdly said that room decoration should be by flat patterns—by dead colors—by conventional monotonies, and I know not what. Now, just be assured of this—nobody ever yet used conventional art to decorate with, when he could do anything better, and knew that what he did would be safe. Nay, a great painter will always give you the natural art, safe or not. Correggio gets a commission to paint a room on the ground floor of a palace at Parma: any of our people—bred on our fine modern principles—would have covered it with a diaper, or with stripes or flourishes, or mosaic patterns. Not so Correggio: he paints a thick trellis of vine-leaves, with oval openings, and lovely children leaping through them into the room; and lovely children, depend upon it, are rather more desirable decorations than diaper, if you can do them—but they are not quite so easily done. . . .

But if art is to be placed where it is liable to injury—to wear and tear; or to alteration of its form; as, for instance, on domestic utensils, and armor, and weapons, and dress; in which either the ornament will be worn

out by the usage of the thing, or will be cast into altered shape by the play of its folds; then it is wrong to put beautiful and perfect art to such uses, and you want forms of inferior art, such as will be by their simplicity less liable to injury; or, by reason of their complexity and continuousness, may show to advantage, however distorted by the folds they are cast into. . . .

The less of nature it contains, the more degraded is the ornament, and the fitter for a human place; but, however far a great workman may go in refusing the higher organisms of nature, he always takes care to retain the magnificence of natural lines; that is to say, of the infinite curves, such as I have analyzed in the fourth volume of "Modern Painters." His copyists, fancying that they can follow him without nature, miss precisely the essence of all the work; so that even the simplest piece of Greek conventional ornament loses the whole of its value in any modern imitation of it, the finer curves being always missed. . . .

The animal and bird drawing of the Egyptians is, in their fine age, quite magnificent under its conditions; magnificent in two ways—first, in keenest perception of the main forms and facts in the creature; and, secondly, in the grandeur of line by which their forms are abstracted and insisted on, making every asp, ibis, and vulture a sublime spectre of asp or ibis or vulture power. The way for students to get some of this gift again (*some* only, for I believe the fullness of the gift itself to be connected with vital superstition, and with resulting intensity of reverence; people were likely to know something about hawks and ibises, when to kill one was to be irrevocably judged to death) is never to pass a day without drawing some animal from the life, allowing themselves the fewest possible lines and colors to do it with, but resolving that whatever is characteristic of the animal shall in some way or other be shown.—*The Two Paths*, pp. 55-59.

If the designer of furniture, of cups and vases, of dress patterns, and the like, exercises himself continually in the imitation of natural form in some leading division of his work; then, holding by this stem of life, he may pass down into all kinds of merely geometrical

or formal design with perfect safety, and with noble results.—*The Two Paths*, p. 33.

The first thing we have to ask of the decoration is that it should indicate strong liking, and that honestly. It matters not so much what the thing is, as that the builder should really love it and enjoy it, and say so plainly. The architect of Bourges Cathedral liked hawthorns; so he has covered his porch with hawthorn—it is a perfect Niobe of May. Never was such hawthorn; you would try to gather it forthwith, but for fear of being pricked. The old Lombard architects liked hunting; so they covered their work with horses and hounds, and men blowing trumpets two yards long.—*Stones of Venice*, I., p. 56.

You will often hear modern architects defending their monstrous ornamentation on the ground that it is “conventional,” and that architectural ornament ought to be conventionalized. Remember when you hear this, that noble conventionalism is not an agreement between the artist and spectator that the one shall misrepresent nature sixty times over, and the other believe the misrepresentation sixty times over, but it is an agreement that certain means and limitations being prescribed, only that *kind of truth* is to be expected which is consistent with those means. For instance, if Sir Joshua Reynolds had been talking to a friend about the character of a face, and there had been nothing in the room but a deal table and an ink bottle—and no pens—Sir Joshua would have dipped his finger in the ink, and painted a portrait on the table with his finger—and a noble portrait too, certainly not delicate in outline, nor representing any of the qualities of the face dependent on rich outline, but getting as much of the face as in that manner was attainable. That is noble conventionalism, and Egyptian work on granite, or illuminator’s work in glass, is all conventional in the same sense, but not conventionally false.—*Lectures on Architecture*, p. 86.

OLD PIECES OF GOLD OR SILVER PLATE.—The way to have a truly noble service of plate, is to keep adding to it, not melting it. At every marriage, and at every birth, get a new piece of gold or silver if you will, but

with noble workmanship on it, done for all time, and put it among your treasures; that is one of the chief things which gold was made for and made incorruptible for. . . . Gold has been given us, among other things, that we might put beautiful work into its imperishable splendor, and that the artists who have the most wilful fancies may have a material which will drag out, and beat out, as their dreams require, and will hold itself together with fantastic tenacity, whatever rare and delicate service they set it upon.—*A Joy For Ever*, p. 34.

VENETIAN GLASS.—Our modern glass is exquisitely clear in its substance, true in its form, accurate in its cutting. We are proud of this. We ought to be ashamed of it. The old Venice glass was muddy, inaccurate in all its forms, and clumsily cut, if at all. And the old Venetian was justly proud of it. For there is this difference between the English and Venetian workman, that the former thinks only of accurately matching his patterns, and getting his curves perfectly true and his edges perfectly sharp, and becomes a mere machine for rounding curves and sharpening edges, while the old Venetian cared not a whit whether his edges were sharp or not, but he invented a new design for every glass that he made, and never moulded a handle or a lip without a new fancy in it. And therefore, though some Venetian glass is ugly and clumsy enough, when made by clumsy and uninventive workmen, other Venetian glass is so lovely in its forms that no price is too great for it; and we never see the same form in it twice.—*Stones of Venice*, II., p. 168.

CUT, SPUN, AND MOULDED GLASS.—*All cut glass is barbarous: for the cutting conceals its ductility, and confuses it with crystal. Also, all very neat, finished, and perfect form in glass is barbarous: for this fails in proclaiming another of its great virtues; namely, the ease with which its light substance can be moulded or blown into any form, so long as perfect accuracy be not required. In metal, which, even when heated enough to be thoroughly malleable, retains yet such weight and consistency as render it susceptible of the finest handling and retention of the most delicate form,*

great precision of workmanship is admissible; but in glass, which when once softened must be blown or moulded, not hammered, and which is liable to lose, by contraction or subsidence, the fineness of the forms given to it, no delicate outlines are to be attempted, but only such fantastic and fickle grace as the mind of the workman can conceive and execute on the instant. The more wild, extravagant, and grotesque in their gracefulness the forms are, the better. No material is so adapted for giving full play to the imagination, but it must not be wrought with refinement or painfulness, still less with costliness. For as in gratitude we are to proclaim its virtues, so in all honesty we are to confess its imperfections; and while we triumphantly set forth its transparency, we are also frankly to admit its fragility, and therefore not to waste much time upon it, nor put any real art into it when intended for daily use. No workman ought ever to spend more than an hour in the making of any glass vessel.—*Stones of Venice*, II., p. 394.

GREAT ART AND GREAT MEN.

GREAT ART-WORK.—In the greatest work there is no manner visible. It is at first uninteresting from its quietness; the majesty of restrained power only dawns gradually upon us, as we walk towards its horizon.—*Athena*, p. 112.

It is the crowning virtue of all great art that, however little is left of it by the injuries of time, that little will be lovely. As long as you can see anything, you can see—almost all;—so much the hand of the master will suggest of his soul.—*Mornings in Florence*, p. 16.

The difference between great and mean art lies, not in definable methods of handling, or styles of representation, or choices of subjects, but wholly in the nobleness of the end to which the effort of the painter is addressed. We cannot say that a painter is great because he paints boldly, or paints delicately; because he generalizes or particularizes; because he loves detail,

or because he disdains it. He is great if, by any of these means, he has laid open noble truths, or aroused noble emotions.—*Modern Painters*, III., p. 39.

DISTINCTNESS IN DRAWING.—The best drawing involves a wonderful perception and expression of indistinctness; and yet all noble drawing is separated from the ignoble by its distinctness, by its fine expression and firm assertion of *Something*; whereas the bad drawing, without either firmness or fineness, expresses and asserts *Nothing*. The first thing, therefore, to be looked for as a sign of noble art, is a clear consciousness of what is drawn and what is not; the bold statement, and frank confession—“*This I know.*” “*that I know not;*” and, generally speaking, all haste, slurring, obscurity, indecision, are signs of low art, and all calmness, distinctness, luminousness, and positiveness, of high art.—*Modern Painters*, III., p. 54.

GREAT ART PROVINCIAL.—All great art, in the great times of art, is *provincial*, showing its energy in the capital, but educated, and chiefly productive, in its own country town. The best works of Correggio are at Parma, but he lived in his patronymic village; the best works of Cagliari at Venice, but he learned to paint at Verona; the best works of Angelico are at Rome, but he lived at Fésolo: the best works of Luini at Milan, but he lived at Laino. And, with still greater necessity of moral law, the cities which exercise forming power on style, are themselves provincial. There is no Attic style, but there is a Doric and Corinthian one. There is no Roman style, but there is an Umbrian, Tuscan, Lombard, and Venetian one. There is no Parisian style, but there is a Norman and Burgundian one. There is no London or Edinburgh style, but there is a Kentish and Northumbrian one.

The capitals of Europe are all of monstrous and degraded architecture. An artist in former ages might be corrupted by the manners, but he was exalted by the splendor, of the capital; and perished amidst magnificence of palaces: but now—the Board of Works is capable of no higher skill than drainage, and the British artist floats placidly down the maximum current of the National Cloaca, to his Dunciad rest, content, virtually,

that his life should be spent at one end of a cigar, and his fame expire at the other.—*Art of England*, pp. 109, 110.

THE GREAT MASTERS.—I am certain that in the most perfect human artists, reason does *not* supersede instinct, but is added to an instinct as much more divine than that of the lower animals as the human body is more beautiful than theirs; that a great singer sings not with less instinct than the nightingale, but with more—only more various, applicable, and governable; that a great architect does not build with less instinct than the beaver or the bee, but with more—with an innate cunning of proportion that embraces all beauty, and a divine ingenuity of skill that improvises all construction.—*The Mystery of Life*, p. 119.

The sight of a great painter is as authoritative as the lens of a camera lucida; he perceives the form which a photograph will ratify; he is sensitive to the violet or to the golden ray to the last precision and gradation of the chemist's defining light and intervalled line.—*Art of England*, p. 103.

No great intellectual thing was ever done by great effort; a great thing can only be done by a great man, and he does it without effort.—*Pre-Raphaelitism*, p. 9.

The great men whose lives you would think, by the results of their work, had been passed in strong emotion, have in reality subdued themselves, though capable of the very strongest passions, into a calm as absolute as that of a deeply sheltered mountain lake, which reflects every agitation of the clouds in the sky, and every change of the shadows on the hills, but is itself motionless.—*Lectures on Art*, p. 53.

The inferior mind intently watches its own processes, and dearly values its own produce; the master-mind is intent on other things than itself, and cares little for the fruits of a toil which it is apt to undertake rather as a law of life than a means of immortality. It will sing at a feast, or retouch an old play, or paint a dark wall, for its daily bread, anxious only to be honest in its fulfilment of its pledges or its duty, and careless that future

ages will rank it among the gods.—*Giotto and his Works*, p. 12.

It is a characteristic—(as far as I know, quite a universal one)—of the greatest masters, that they never expect you to look at them;—seem always rather surprised if you want to; and not overpleased. Tell them you are going to hang their picture at the upper end of the table at the next great City dinner, and that Mr. So and So will make a speech about it; you produce no impression upon them whatever, or an unfavorable one. The chances are ten to one they send you the most rubbishy thing they can find in their lumber-room. But send for one of them in a hurry, and tell him the rats have gnawed a nasty hole behind the parlor door, and you want it plastered and painted over;—and he does you a masterpiece which the world will peep behind your door to look at forever.—*Mornings in Florence*, p. 42.

All great men not only know their business, but usually know that they know it; and are not only right in their main opinions, but they usually know that they are right in them; only, they do not think much of themselves on that account. Arnolfo knows he can build a good dome at Florence; Albert Dürer writes calmly to one who had found fault with his work, "It cannot be better done;" Sir Isaac Newton knows that he has worked out a problem or two that would have puzzled anybody else;—only they do not expect their fellow-men therefore to fall down and worship them; they have a curious under-sense of powerlessness, feeling that the greatness was not *in* them, but *through* them; that they could not do or be anything else than God made them.—*Modern Painters*, III., p. 284.

Scott writing his chapter or two before breakfast—not retouching, Turner finishing a whole drawing in a forenoon before he goes out to shoot (providing always the chapter and drawing be good), are instantly to be set above men who confessedly have spent the day over the work, and think the hours well spent if it has been a little mended between sunrise and sunset. Indeed, it is no use for men to think to appear great by

working fast, dashing, and scrawling; the thing they do must be good and great, cost what time it may; but if it *be* so, and they have honestly and unaffectedly done it with *no effort*, it is probably a greater and better thing than the result of the hardest efforts of others.—*Modern Painters*, III., p. 286.

The largest soul of any country is altogether *its own*. Not the citizen of the world, but of his own city—nay, for the best men, you may say, of his own village. Patriot always, provincial always, of his own crag or field always. A Liddesdale man, or a Tynedale; Angelico from the rock of Fésolo, or Virgil from the Mantuan marsh. You dream of National unity!—you might as well strive to melt the stars down into one nugget, and stamp them small into coin with one Cæsar's face.—*Art of England*, p. 39.

THE FORESEEING AND FOREORDAINING POWER OF THE GREAT ARTIST.—In Turner, Tintoret, and Paul Veronese, the intenseness of perception, first, as to what is to be done, and then, of the means of doing it, is so colossal, that I always feel in the presence of their pictures just as other people would in that of a supernatural being. Common talkers use the word "magic" of a great painter's power without knowing what they mean by it. They mean a great truth. That power *is* magical; so magical, that, well understood, no enchanter's work could be more miraculous or more *appalling*.—*Modern Painters*, IV., p. 78.

THE UNIVERSALITY AND REALISM OF THE GREAT ARTISTS.—Among the various ready tests of true greatness there is not any more certain than this daring reference to, or use of, mean and little things—mean and little, that is, to mean and little minds; but, when used by the great men, evidently part of the noble whole which is authoritatively present before them.—*Modern Painters*, III., p. 100.

There is, indeed, perhaps, no greater sign of innate and *real* vulgarity of mind or defective education than the want of power to understand the universality of the ideal truth; the absence of sympathy with the colossal grasp of those intellects, which have in them so much of divine, that nothing is small to them, and

nothing large; but with equal and unoffended vision they take in the sum of the world—Straw Street and the seventh heavens—in the same instant.—*Modern Painters*, III., p. 102.

It is a constant law that the greatest men, whether poets or historians, live entirely in their own age, and that the greatest fruits of their work are gathered out of their own age. Dante paints Italy in the thirteenth century; Chaucer, England in the fourteenth; Masaccio, Florence in the fifteenth; Tintoret, Venice in the sixteenth;—all of them utterly regardless of anachronism and minor error of every kind, but getting always vital truth out of the vital present.

If it be said that Shakespeare wrote perfect historical plays on subjects belonging to the preceding centuries, I answer, that they *are* perfect plays just because there is no care about centuries in them, but a life which all men recognize for the human life of all time.—*Modern Painters*, III., p. 110.

All great art represents something that it sees or believes in; nothing unseen or uncredited. . . .

For instance, Dante's centaur, Chiron, dividing his beard with his arrow before he can speak, is a thing that no mortal would ever have thought of, if he had not actually seen the centaur do it. They might have composed handsome bodies of men and horses in all possible ways, through a whole life of pseudo-idealism, and yet never dreamed of any such thing. But the real living centaur actually trotted across Dante's brain, and he saw him do it.—*Modern Painters*, III., p. 100.

If the next painter who desires to illustrate the character of Homer's Achilles, would represent him cutting pork chops for Ulysses, he would enable the public to understand the Homeric ideal better than they have done for several centuries.—*Modern Painters*, III., p. 98.

Beauty deprived of its proper foils and adjuncts ceases to be enjoyed as beauty, just as light deprived of all shadow ceases to be enjoyed as light. A white canvas cannot produce an effect of sunshine; the painter

must darken it in some places before he can make it look luminous in others; nor can an uninterrupted succession of beauty produce the true effect of beauty; it must be foiled by inferiority before its own power can be developed. Nature has for the most part mingled her inferior and nobler elements as she mingles sunshine with shade, giving due use and influence to both, and the painter who chooses to remove the shadow, perishes in the burning desert he has created. The truly high and beautiful art of Angelico is continually refreshed and strengthened by his frank portraiture of the most ordinary features of his brother monks, and of the recorded peculiarities of ungainly sanctity; but the modern German and Raphaellesque schools lose all honor and nobleness in barber-like admiration of handsome faces, and have, in fact, no real faith except in straight noses and curled hair.—*Modern Painters*, III., p. 50.

As far as I have watched the main powers of human mind, they have risen first from the resolution to see fearlessly, pitifully, and to its very worst, what these deep colors mean, wheresoever they fall; not by any means to pass on the other side looking pleasantly up to the sky, but to stoop to the horror, and let the sky, for the present, take care of its own clouds. However this may be in mortal matters, with which I have nothing here to do, in my own field of inquiry the fact is so; and all great and beautiful work has come of first gazing without shrinking into the darkness. If, having done so, the human spirit can, by its courage and faith, conquer the evil, it rises into conceptions of victorious and consummated beauty. It is then the spirit of the highest Greek and Venetian Art. If unable to conquer the evil, but remaining in strong, though melancholy war with it, not rising into supreme beauty, it is the spirit of the best northern art, typically represented by that of Holbein and Dürer. If, itself conquered by the evil, infected by the dragon breath of it, and at last brought into captivity, so as to take delight in evil forever, it becomes the spirit of the dark, but still powerful sensualistic art, represented typically by that of Salvator.—*Modern Painters*, V., pp. 225-229.

THE IMAGINATION IN ART.

DISTINCTION BETWEEN FANCY AND IMAGINATION.—I am myself now entirely indifferent which word I use; and should say of a work of art that it was well “fancied,” or well “invented,” or well “imagined,” with only some shades of different meaning in the application of the terms, rather dependent on the matter treated, than the power of mind involved in the treatment. I might agree with Sir Piercie Shafton that his doublet was well-fancied, or that his figure of speech was well conceived, and might perhaps reserve the word “Imagined” for the design of an angel’s dress by Giotto, or the choice of a simile by Dante. But such distinctions are scarcely more than varieties of courtesy or dignity in the use of words.—*Modern Painters*, II., p. 155, Ed. 1883.

ART IS FOUNDED IN TRUTH, AND CONSISTS IN IMAGINATION.—Having learned to represent actual appearances faithfully, if you have any human faculty of your own, visionary appearances will take place to you which will be nobler and more true than any actual or material appearances; and the realization of these is the function of every fine art, which is founded absolutely, therefore, in truth, and consists absolutely in imagination.—*Eagle’s Nest*, p. 91.

DESIGN.—If you paint a bottle only to amuse the spectator by showing him how like a painting may be to a bottle, you cannot be considered, in art-philosophy, as a designer. But if you paint the cork flying out of the bottle, and the contents arriving in an arch at the mouth of a recipient glass, you are so far forth a designer or signer; probably meaning to express certain ultimate facts respecting, say, the hospitable disposition of the landlord of the house; but at all events representing the bottle and glass in a designed, and not merely natural manner. Not merely natural—nay, in some sense non-natural or supernatural. And all great artists show both this fantastic condition of mind in their work, and show that it has arisen out of a communicative or didactic purpose. They are the Sign-painters of God.—*Ariadne*, p. 82.

THE ART-SEER AS AN INTERPRETER OF NATURE TO US.—Although, to the small, conceited, and affected painter displaying his narrow knowledge and tiny dexterities, our only word may be, “Stand aside from between that nature and me,” yet to the great imaginative painter—greater a million times in every faculty of soul than we—our word may wisely be, “Come between this nature and me—this nature which is too great and too wonderful for me; temper it for me, interpret it to me; let me see with your eyes, and hear with your ears, and have help and strength from your great spirit.”—*Modern Painters*, III., p. 161.

THE WORKING OF THE MINDS OF GREAT MEN.—Imagine all that any of these men had seen or heard in the whole course of their lives, laid up accurately in their memories as in vast storehouses, extending, with the poets, even to the slightest intonations of syllables heard in the beginning of their lives, and, with the painters, down to the minute folds of drapery, and shapes of leaves or stones; and over all this unindexed and immeasurable mass of treasure, the imagination brooding and wandering, but dream-gifted, so as to summon at any moment exactly such groups of ideas as shall justly fit each other: this I conceive to be the real nature of the imaginative mind, and this, I believe, it would be oftener explained to us as being, by the men themselves who possess it, but that they have no idea what the state of other persons' minds is in comparison; they suppose every one remembers all that he has seen in the same way, and do not understand how it happens that they alone can produce good drawings or great thoughts.—*Modern Painters*, IV., p. 40.

ASSOCIATION OF IDEAS.—Examine the nature of your own emotion (if you feel it) at the sight of the Alp, and you find all the brightness of that emotion hanging, like dew on gossamer, on a curious web of subtle fancy and imperfect knowledge. First, you have a vague idea of its size, coupled with wonder at the work of the great Builder of its walls and foundations, then an apprehension of its eternity, a pathetic sense of its perpetualness, and your own transientness, as of the grass upon its sides; then, and in this very sadness, a

sense of strange companionship with past generations in seeing what they saw.

Then, mingled with these more solemn imaginations, come the understandings of the gifts and glories of the Alps, the fancying forth of all the fountains that well from its rocky walls, and strong rivers that are born out of its ice, and of all the pleasant valleys that wind between its cliffs, and all the chalets that gleam among its clouds, and happy farmsteads couched upon its pastures; while together with the thoughts of these, rise strange sympathies with all the unknown of human life, and happiness, and death, signified by that narrow white flame of the everlasting snow, seen so far in the morning sky.—*Modern Painters*, III., p. 152.

“EXCELLENT GOOD I’FAITH.”—Tell any man, of the slightest imaginative power, that such and such a picture is good, and means this or that: tell him, for instance, that a Claude is good, and that it means trees, and grass, and water; and forthwith, whatever faith, virtue, humility, and imagination there are in the man, rise up to help Claude, and to declare that indeed it is all “excellent good, i’faith;” and whatever in the course of his life he has felt of pleasure in trees and grass, he will begin to reflect upon and enjoy anew, supposing all the while it is the picture he is enjoying.—*Modern Painters*, III., pp. 153, 154.

THE SPIRIT OF BUFFOONERY.—I suppose the chief bar to the action of imagination, and stop to all greatness in this present age of ours, is its mean and shallow love of jest; so that if there be in any good and lofty work a flaw, failing, or undipped vulnerable part, where sarcasm may stick or stay, it is caught at, and pointed at, and buzzed about, and fixed upon, and stung into, as a recent wound is by flies; and nothing is ever taken seriously or as it was meant, but always, if it may be, turned the wrong way, and misunderstood; and while this is so, there is not, nor cannot be, any hope of achievement of high things; men dare not open their hearts to us, if we are to broil them on a thorn-fire.—*Modern Painters*, II., p. 188, Ed. 1883.

SECTION II.—THE GRAPHIC ARTS.

CHAPTER I.—PAINTING.

No vain or selfish person can possibly paint, in the noble sense of the word. Vanity and selfishness are troublous, eager, anxious, petulant:—painting can only be done in calm of mind.—*Modern Painters*, V., p. 211.

The sky is not blue *color* merely; it is blue *fire*—and cannot be painted.—*Modern Painters*, IV., p. 47.

OIL-PAINTING.—You have often heard quoted the saying of Michael Angelo, that oil-painting was only fit for women and children.

He said so, simply because he had neither the skill to lay a single touch of good oil-painting, nor the patience to overcome even its elementary difficulties.

Oil-painting is the Art of arts; it is sculpture, drawing, and music, all in one, involving the technical dexterities of those three several arts; that is to say—the decision and strength of the stroke of the chisel;—the balanced distribution of appliance of that force necessary for gradation in light and shade;—and the passionate felicity of rightly multiplied actions, all unerring, which on an instrument produce right sound, and on canvas, living color. There is no other human skill so great or so wonderful as the skill of fine oil-painting; and there is no other art whose results are so absolutely permanent. Music is gone as soon as produced—marble discolors—fresco fades—glass darkens or decomposes—painting alone, well guarded, is practically everlasting.—*Relation between Michael Angelo and Tintoret*, p. 18.

A BEAUTIFUL THING THE WORK OF AGES.—The glory of a great picture is in its shame: and the charm

of it, in speaking the pleasure of a great heart, that there is something better than picture. Also it speaks with the voices of many: the efforts of thousands dead, and their passions, are in the pictures of their children to-day. Not with the skill of an hour, nor of a life, nor of a century, but with the help of numberless souls, a beautiful thing must be done.—*Laws of Fésolé*, p. 13.

THE BEST PICTURES ARE PORTRAITS.—The best pictures that exist of the great schools are all portraits, or groups of portraits, often of very simple and nowise noble persons. You may have much more brilliant and impressive qualities in imaginative pictures; you may have figures scattered like clouds, or garlanded like flowers; you may have light and shade, as of a tempest, and color, as of the rainbow; but all that is child's play to the great men, though it is astonishment to us. Their real strength is tried to the utmost, and as far as I know it is never elsewhere brought out so thoroughly, as in painting one man or woman, and the soul that was in them.—*Lectures on Art*, p. 68.

The highest thing that art can do is to set before you the true image of the presence of a noble human being. It has never done more than this, and it ought not to do less.—*Lectures on Art*, p. 27.

INVENTION AND COMPOSITION.—By a truly great inventor everything is invented; no atom of the work is unmodified by his mind; and no study from nature, however beautiful, could be introduced by him into his design without change; it would not fit with the rest. Finished studies for introduction are therefore chiefly by Leonardo and Raphael, both technical designers rather than imaginative ones.—*Modern Painters*, V., p. 202.

A great composition always has a leading emotional purpose, technically called its motive, to which all its lines and forms have some relation. Undulating lines, for instance, are expressive of action; and would be false in effect if the motive of the picture was one of repose. Horizontal and angular lines are expressive of rest and strength; and would destroy a design whose

purpose was to express disquiet and feebleness.—*Modern Painters*, V., p. 184.

Take any noble musical air, and you find, on examining it, that not one even of the faintest or shortest notes can be removed without destruction to the whole passage in which it occurs; and that every note in the passage is twenty times more beautiful so introduced, than it would have been if played singly on the instrument. Precisely this degree of arrangement and relation must exist between every touch and line in a great picture. You may consider the whole as a prolonged musical composition: its parts, as separate airs connected in the story; its little bits and fragments of color and line, as separate passages or bars in melodies; and down to the minutest note of the whole—down to the minutest *touch*—if there is one that can be spared—that one is doing mischief.—*The Two Paths*, p. 32.

RAPHAEL AND HOLBEIN COMPARED.—Scholastic learning destroys Raphael, but it graces him and is a part of him. It all but destroys Mantegna; but it graces him. And it does not hurt Holbein, just because it does *not* grace him—never is for an instant a part of him. It is with Raphael as with some charming young girl who has a new and beautifully made dress brought to her, which entirely becomes her—so much, that in a little while, thinking of nothing else, she becomes *it*; and is only the decoration of her dress. But with Holbein it is as if you brought the same dress to a stout farmer's daughter who was going to dine at the Hall; and begged her to put it on that she might not discredit the company. She puts it on to please you; looks entirely ridiculous in it, but is not spoiled by it—remains herself, in spite of it.—*Ariadne*, pp. 89, 90.

THE CARTOONS OF RAPHAEL.—The cartoons of Raphael. . . were, in the strictest sense of the word, “compositions”—cold arrangements of propriety and agreeableness, according to academical formulas; the painter never in any case making the slightest effort to conceive the thing as it must have happened, but only to gather together graceful lines and beautiful faces, in such compliance with commonplace ideas of the subject as might obtain for the whole an “epic unity,” or

some such other form of scholastic perfectness.—*Modern Painters*, III., p. 70.

THE "DOGGIE" IN THE SISTINE CHAPEL.—The intensest form of northern realization can be matched in the south, when the southernns choose. There are two pieces of animal drawing in the Sistine Chapel unrivalled for literal veracity. The sheep at the well in front of Zipporah; and afterwards, when she is going away, leading her children, her eldest boy, like every one else, has taken his chief treasure with him, and this treasure is his pet dog. It is a little sharp-nosed white fox-terrier, full of fire and life; but not strong enough for a long walk. So little Gershom, whose name was "the stranger" because his father had been a stranger in a strange land—little Gershom carries his white terrier under his arm, lying on the top of a large bundle to make it comfortable. The doggie puts its sharp nose and bright eyes out, above his hand, with a little roguish gleam sideways in them, which means—if I can read rightly a dog's expression—that he has been barking at Moses all the morning, and has nearly put him out of temper:—and without any doubt, I can assert to you that there is not any other such piece of animal painting in the world—so brief, intense, vivid, and absolutely balanced in truth; as tenderly drawn as if it had been a saint, yet as humorously as Landseer's Lord Chaneellor poodle.—*Ariadne*, p. 161.

FLORENTINE ART AND GREEK ART COMPARED.—Florentine art was essentially Christian, ascetic, expectant of a better world, and antagonistic, therefore, to the Greek temper. So that the Greek element, once forced upon it, destroyed it. There was absolute incompatibility between them.—*Modern Painters*, V., p. 235.

The Christian painters differed from the Greek in two main points. They had been taught a faith which put an end to restless questioning and discouragement. All was at last to be well—and their best genius might be peacefully given to imagining the glories of heaven and the happiness of its redeemed. But on the other hand, though suffering was to cease in heaven, it was to be not only endured, but honored upon earth. And

from the Crucifixion, down to a beggar's lameness, all the tortures and maladies of men were to be made, at least in part, the subjects of art.—*Modern Painters*, V., p. 238.

POETRY AND PAINTING ALLIED.—Infinite confusion has been introduced into this subject [the "Grand Style"] by the careless and illogical custom of opposing painting to poetry, instead of regarding poetry as consisting in a noble use, whether of colors or words. Painting is properly to be opposed to *speaking* or *writing*, but not to *poetry*. Both painting and speaking are methods of expression. Poetry is the employment of either for the noblest purposes.—*Modern Painters*, III., p. 29.

SOFTNESS OF TOUCH.—You will find in Veronese, in Titian, in Tintoret, in Correggio, and in all the great *painters*, properly so-called, a peculiar melting and mystery about the penciling, sometimes called softness, sometimes freedom, sometimes breadth; but in reality a most subtle confusion of colors and forms, obtained either by the apparently careless stroke of the brush, or by careful retouching with tenderest labor; but always obtained in one way or another.—*Modern Painters*, IV., p. 74.

ENGLISH PAINTERS.—I do not speak of living men; but among those who labor no more, in this England of ours, since it first had a school, we have had only five real painters:—Reynolds, Gainsborough, Hogarth, Richard Wilson, and Turner.—*The Two Paths*, p. 137.

The [rural] designs of J. C. Hook are, perhaps, the only works of the kind in existence which deserve to be mentioned in connection with the pastorals of Wordsworth and Tennyson.—*Modern Painters*, V., p. 282.

THE HIERARCHY OF PAINTERS.—He who represents deep thoughts and sorrows, as, for instance, Hunt, in his *Claudio and Isabella*, and such other works, is of the highest rank in his sphere: and he who represents the slight malignities and passions of the drawing-room, as, for instance, Leslie, of the second rank; he who represents the sports of boys or simplicities of clowns, as Webster or Teniers, of the third rank; and he who rep-

resents brutalities and vices (for delight in them, and not for rebuke of them), of no rank at all, or rather of a negative rank, holding a certain order in the abyss.—*Modern Painters*, III., p. 44.

Murillo, of all true painters the narrowest, feeblest, and most superficial, [and] for those reasons the most popular.—*The Two Paths*, p. 40.

In such writings and sayings [of the great painters] as we possess, we may trace a quite curious gentleness and serene courtesy. Rubens' letters are almost ludicrous in their unhurried politeness. Reynolds, swiftest of painters, was gentlest of companions; so also Velasquez, Titian, and Veronese.—*Modern Painters*, V., p. 212.

There is perhaps no more popular Protestant picture than Salvator's "Witch of Endor," of which the subject was chosen by the painter simply because, under the names of Saul and the Sorceress he could paint a captain of banditti, and a Neapolitan hag.—*Stones of Venice*, II., p. 108.

GIOTTO.—The Greeks had painted anything anyhow—gods black, horses red, lips and cheeks white; and when the Etruscan vase expanded into a Cimabue picture, or a Tafi mosaic, still—except that the Madonna was to have a blue dress, and everything else as much gold on it as could be managed—there was very little advance in notions of color. Suddenly, Giotto threw aside all the glitter, and all the conventionalism; and declared that he saw the sky blue, the tablecloth white, and angels, when he dreamed of them, rosy. And he simply founded the schools of color in Italy—Venetian and all.

Giotto came from the field, and saw with his simple eyes a lowlier worth. And he painted—the Madonna, and St. Joseph, and the Christ—yes, by all means if you choose to call them so, but essentially—Mamma, Papa, and the Baby. And all Italy threw up its cap—"Ora ha Giotto il grido."—*Mornings in Florence*, pp. 27-36.

Giotto, like all the great painters of the period, was merely a travelling decorator of walls, at so much a day; having at Florence a *bottega*, or workshop, for

the production and sale of small tempera pictures. There were no such things as "studios" in those days. An artist's "studies" were over by the time he was eighteen; after that he was a *lavoratore*, "laborer," a man who knew his business, and produced certain works of known value for a known price; being troubled with no philosophical abstractions, shutting himself up in no wise for the reception of inspirations; receiving, indeed, a good many, as a matter of course—just as he received the sunbeams which came in at his window, the light which he worked by;—in either case, without mousing about it, or much concerning himself as to the nature of it. Not troubled by critics either; satisfied that his work was well done, and that people would find it out to be well done; but not vain of it, nor more profoundly vexed at its being found fault with, than a good saddler would be by some one's saying his last saddle was uneasy in the seat. Not, on the whole, much molested by critics, but generally understood by the men of sense, his neighbors and friends, and permitted to have his own way with the walls he had to paint, as being, on the whole, an authority about walls; receiving at the same time a good deal of daily encouragement and comfort in the simple admiration of the populace, and in the general sense of having done good, and painted what no man could look upon without being the better for it.—*Giotto and his Works*, p. 22.

THE "O" OF GIOTTO.—I have not the slightest doubt that Giotto drew the circle as a painter naturally would draw it; that is to say, that he set the vellum upright on the wall or panel before him, and then steadying his arm firmly against his side, drew the circular line with one sweeping but firm revolution of his hand, holding the brush long. Such a feat as this is completely possible to a well-disciplined painter's hand, but utterly impossible to any other; and the circle so drawn was the most convincing proof Giotto could give of his decision of eye and perfectness of practice.—*Giotto and his Works*, p. 11.

HISTORICAL PAINTING.—Now, historical or simply narrative art is very precious in its proper place and

way, but it is never *great* art until the poetical or imaginative power touches it.—*Modern Painters*, III., p. 57.

Pure history and pure topography are most precious things; in many cases more useful to the human race than high imaginative work; and assuredly it is intended that a large majority of all who are employed in art should never aim at anything higher.—*Modern Painters*, IV., p. 28.

There does not exist, as far as I know, in the world a single example of a good historical picture (that is to say, of one which, allowing for necessary dimness in art as compared with nature, yet answers nearly the same ends in our minds as the sight of the real event would have answered); the reason being, the universal endeavor to get *effects* instead of facts, already shown as the root of false idealism.—*Modern Painters*, III., p. 109.

What do you at present *mean* by historical painting? Now-a-days it means the endeavoring, by the power of imagination, to portray some historical event of past days. But in the middle ages, it meant representing the acts of *their own* days; and that is the only historical painting worth a straw. Of all the wastes of time and sense which modernism has invented—and they are many—none are so ridiculous as this endeavor to represent past history. What do you suppose our descendants will care for our imaginations of the events of former days? Suppose the Greeks, instead of representing their own warriors as they fought at Marathon, had left us nothing but their imaginations of Egyptian battles; and suppose the Italians, in like manner, instead of portraits of Can Grande and Dante, or of Leo the Tenth and Raphael, had left us nothing but imaginary portraits of Pericles and Miltiades? What fools we should have thought them! how bitterly we should have been provoked with their folly! And that is precisely what our descendants will feel towards us, so far as our grand historical and classical schools are concerned.—*Lectures on Architecture*, p. 117.

Consider, even now, what incalculable treasure is still left in ancient bas-reliefs, full of every kind of

legendary interest, of subtle expression, of priceless evidence as to the character, feelings, habits, histories, of past generations, in neglected and shattered churches and domestic buildings, rapidly disappearing over the whole of Europe—treasure which, once lost, the labor of all men living cannot bring back again; and then look at the myriads of men, with skill enough, if they had but the commonest schooling, to record all this faithfully, who are making their bread by drawing dances of naked women from academy models, or idealities of chivalry fitted out with Wardour Street armor, or eternal scenes from *Gil Blas*, *Don Quixote*, and the *Vicar of Wakefield*, or mountain sceneries with young idiots of Londoners wearing Highland bonnets and brandishing rifles in the foregrounds.—*Pre-Raphaelitism*, p. 16.

MARKS OF THE PICTURESQUE.—A broken stone has necessarily more various forms in it than a whole one; a bent roof has more various curves in it than a straight one; every excrescence or cleft involves some additional complexity of light and shade, and every stain of moss on eaves or wall adds to the delightfulness of color. Hence, in a completely picturesque object, as an old cottage or mill, there are introduced, by various circumstances not essential to it, but, on the whole, generally somewhat detrimental to it as cottage or mill, such elements of sublimity—complex light and shade, varied color, undulatory form, and so on—as can generally be found only in noble natural objects, woods, rocks, or mountains. This sublimity, belonging in a parasitical manner to the building, renders it, in the usual sense of the word, “picturesque.”—*Modern Painters*, IV., p. 17.

THE PICTURESQUE AT HOME AND ABROAD.—Then [in England] that spirit of trimness. The smooth paving-stones; the scraped, hard, even, rutless roads; the neat gates and plates, and essence of border and order, and spikiness and spruceness. Abroad, a country-house has some confession of human weakness and human fates about it. There are the old grand gates still, which the mob pressed sore against at the Revolution, and the strained hinges have never gone so

well since ; and the broken greyhound on the pillar—still broken—better so ; but the long avenue is gracefully pale with fresh green, and the courtyard bright with orange-trees ; the garden is a little run to waste—since Mademoiselle was married nobody cares much about it ; and one range of apartments is shut up—nobody goes into them since Madame died. But with us, let who will be married or die, we neglect nothing. All is polished and precise again next morning ; and whether people are happy or miserable, poor or prosperous, still we sweep the stairs of a Saturday.—*Modern Painters*, IV., p. 15.

THE LOWER PICTURESQUE.—Even the love for the lower picturesque ought to be cultivated with care, wherever it exists ; not with any special view to the artistic, but to merely humane education. It will never really or seriously interfere with practical benevolence ; on the contrary, it will constantly lead, if associated with other benevolent principles, to a truer sympathy with the poor, and better understanding of the right ways of helping them ; and, in the present stage of civilization, it is the most important element of character, not directly moral, which can be cultivated in youth ; since it is mainly for the want of this feeling that we destroy so many ancient monuments, in order to erect “handsome” streets and shops instead, which might just as well have been erected elsewhere, and whose effect on our minds, so far as they have any, is to increase every disposition to frivolity, expense, and display.—*Modern Painters*, IV., p. 23.

BUYING PICTURES.—Never buy for yourselves, nor go to the foreign dealers ; but let any painter whom you know be entrusted, when he finds a neglected old picture in an old house, to try if he cannot get it for you ; then, if you like it, keep it ; if not, send it to the hammer, and you will find that you do not lose money on pictures so purchased. . . . Look around you for pictures that you really like, and by buying which you can help some genius yet unperished.—*A Joy For Ever*, pp. 62-70.

Never grumble, but be glad when you hear of a new picture being bought at a large price. In the long run,

the dearest pictures are always the best bargains; and . . . there are some pictures which are without price. You should stand, nationally, at the edge of Dover cliffs—Shakespeare's—and wave blank cheques in the eyes of the nations on the other side of the sea, freely offered, for such and such canvases of theirs.—*A Joy For Ever*, p. 61.

COPIES OF PICTURES.—Never buy a copy of a picture, under any circumstances whatever. All copies are bad; because no painter who is worth a straw ever *will* copy. He will make a study of a picture he likes, for his own use, in his own way; but he won't and can't copy; whenever you buy a copy, you buy so much misunderstanding of the original, and encourage a dull person in following a business he is not fit for, besides increasing ultimately chances of mistake and imposture, and farthering, as directly as money *can* farther, the cause of ignorance in all directions. You may, in fact, consider yourself as having purchased a certain quantity of mistakes; and, according to your power, being engaged in disseminating them.

I do not mean, however, that copies should never be made. A certain number of dull persons should always be employed by a Government in making the most accurate copies possible of all good pictures; these copies, though artistically valueless, would be historically and documentarily valuable, in the event of the destruction of the original picture. The studies also made by great artists for their own use, should be sought after with the greatest eagerness; they are often to be bought cheap; and in connection with mechanical copies, would become very precious; tracings from frescos and other large works are all of great value; for though a tracing is liable to just as many mistakes as a copy, the mistakes in a tracing are of one kind only, which may be allowed for, but the mistakes of a common copyist are of all conceivable kinds: finally, engravings, in so far as they convey certain facts about the pictures, are often serviceable and valuable.—*A Joy For Ever*, p. 61.

The prices now given without hesitation for nearly worthless original drawings by first-rate artists, would

obtain for the misguided buyers, in something like a proportion of ten to one, most precious [colored] copies of drawings which can only be represented at all in engraving by entire alteration of their treatment, and abandonment of their finest purposes. I feel this so strongly, that I have given my best attention, during upwards of ten years, to train a copyist to perfect fidelity in rendering the work of Turner.—*Ariadne*, p. 137.

The men whose quiet patience and exquisite manual dexterity are at present employed in producing large and costly plates, such as that of the Belle Jardinière de Florence, by M. Boucher Desnoyers, should be entirely released from their servile toil, and employed exclusively in producing colored copies, or light drawings, from the original work. The same number of hours of labor, applied with the like conscientious skill, would multiply precious likenesses of the real picture, full of subtle veracities which no steel line could approach, and conveying, to thousands, true knowledge and unaffected enjoyment of painting; while the finished plate lies uncared for in the portfolio of the virtuoso, serving only, so far as it is seen in the print-seller's window by the people, to make them think that sacred painting must always be dull, and unnatural.—*Ariadne*, p. 143.

THE PICTURE DEALER.—The existence of the modern picture dealer is impossible in any city or country where art is to prosper; but some day I hope to arrange a "bottega" for the St. George's Company, in which water-color drawings shall be sold, none being received at higher price than fifty guineas, nor at less than six—(Prout's old fixed standard for country dealers.)—and at the commission of one guinea to the shop-keeper, paid by the buyer; on the understanding that the work is, by said shopkeeper, known to be good, and warranted as such; just as simply as a dealer in cheese or meat answers for the quality of those articles.—*Fors*, IV., p. 68.

PERAMBULANT ART.—Every noble picture is a manuscript book, of which only one copy exists, or ever can exist.—*Arrows of the Chace*, p. 59.

I had rather see the whole Turner Collection buried, not merely in the cellars of the National Gallery, but, with Prospero's staff, fathoms in the earth, than that it should be the means of inaugurating the fatal custom of carrying great works of art about the roads for a show. If you *must* make them educational to the public, hang Titian's Bacchus up for a vintner's sign, and give Henry VI.'s Psalter for a spelling-book to the Bluecoat School; but, at least, hang the one from a permanent post, and chain the other to the boys' desks, and do not send them about in caravans to every annual Bartholomew Fair.—*Arrows of the Chace*, I., p. 64.

IN PICTURE GALLERIES.—(1.) You may look, with trust in their being always right, at Titian, Veronese, Tintoret, Giorgione, John Bellini, and Velasquez; the authenticity of the picture being of course established for you by proper authority.

(2.) You may look with admiration, admitting, however, question of right and wrong, at Van Eyck, Holbein, Perugino, Francia, Angelico, Leonardo da Vinci, Correggio, Vandyck, Rembrandt, Reynolds, Gainsborough, Turner, and the modern Pre-Raphaelites. You had better look at no other painters than these, for you run a chance, otherwise, of being led far off the road, or into grievous faults, by some of the other great ones, as Michael Angelo, Raphael, and Rubens; and of being, besides, corrupted in taste by the base ones, as Murillo, Salvator, Claude, Gaspar Poussin, Teniers, and such others. You may look, however, for examples of evil, with safe universality of reprobation, being sure that everything you see is bad, at Domenichino, the Caracci, Bronzino, and the figure pieces of Salvator.—*Elements of Drawing*, pp. 186, 187.

THE LAWS OF PAINTING AS FIXED AS THOSE OF CHEMISTRY.—It is as ridiculous for any one to speak positively about painting who has not given a great part of his life to its study, as it would be for a person who had never studied chemistry to give a lecture on affinities of elements; but it is also as ridiculous for a person to speak hesitatingly about laws of painting who has conscientiously given his time to their

ascertainment, as it would be for Mr. Faraday to announce in a dubious manner that iron had an affinity for oxygen, and to put the question to the vote of his audience whether it had or not.—*Modern Painters*, III., p. 9.

Given the materials, the limits of time, and the conditions of place, there is only one proper method of painting. And since, if painting is to be entirely good, the materials of it must be the best possible, and the conditions of time and place entirely favorable, there is only one manner of entirely good painting. The so-called "styles" of artists are either adaptations to imperfections of material, or indications of imperfection in their own power, or the knowledge of their day. The great painters are like each other in their strength, and diverse only in weakness.—*Laws of Fesole*, p. 14.

THE WORLD'S GREATEST PICTURES.—The pictures that are most valued are for the most part those by masters of established renown, which are highly or neatly finished, and of a size small enough to admit of their being placed in galleries or saloons, so as to be made subjects of ostentation, and to be easily seen by a crowd. For the support of the fame and value of such pictures, little more is necessary than that they should be kept bright, partly by cleaning, which is incipient destruction, and partly by what is called "restoring," that is, painting over, which is of course total destruction. Nearly all the gallery pictures in modern Europe have been more or less destroyed by one or other of these operations, generally exactly in proportion to the estimation in which they are held; and as, originally, the smaller and more highly finished works of any great master are usually his worst, the contents of many of our most celebrated galleries are by this time, in reality, of very small value indeed.

On the other hand, the most precious works of any noble painter are usually those which have been done quickly, and in the heat of the first thought, on a large scale, for places where there was little likelihood of their being well seen, or from patrons from whom there was little prospect of rich remuneration. In general, the best things are done in this way, or else in the enthusiasm

and pride of accomplishing some great purpose, such as painting a cathedral or a campo-santo from one end to the other, especially when the time has been short, and circumstances disadvantageous.

Works thus executed are of course despised, on account of their quantity, as well as their frequent slightness, in the places where they exist; and they are too large to be portable, and too vast and comprehensive to be read on the spot, in the hasty temper of the present age. They are, therefore, almost universally neglected, whitewashed by custodes, shot at by soldiers, suffered to drop from the walls piecemeal in powder and rags by society in general; but, which is an advantage more than counterbalancing all this evil, they are not often "restored." What is left of them, however fragmentary, however ruinous, however obscured and defiled, is almost always *the real thing*; there are no fresh readings: and therefore the greatest treasures of art which Europe at this moment possesses are pieces of old plaster on ruinous brick walls, where the lizards burrow and bask, and which few other living creatures ever approach; and torn sheets of dim canvas, in waste corners of churches; and mildewed stains, in the shape of human figures, on the walls of dark chambers, which now and then an exploring traveller causes to be unlocked by their tottering custode, looks hastily round, and retreats from in a weary satisfaction at his accomplished duty. — *Stones of Venice*, II., pp. 369, 370.

LUINI.—Luini is, perhaps, the best central type of the highly-trained Italian painter. He is the only man who entirely united the religious temper which was the spirit-life of art, with the physical power which was its bodily life. He joins the purity and passion of Angelico to the strength of Veronese: the two elements, poised in perfect balance, and are so calmed and restrained, each by the other, that most of us lose the sense of both. The artist does not see the strength by reason of the chastened spirit in which it is used; and the religious visionary does not recognize the passion, by reason of the frank human truth with which it is rendered. He is a man ten times greater than Leonardo; — a mighty colorist, while Leonardo was only a fine draughtsman in black, staining the chiaroscuro drawing,

like a colored print: he perceived and rendered the delicatest types of human beauty that have been painted since the days of the Greeks, while Leonardo depraved his finer instincts by caricature, and remained to the end of his days the slave of an archaic smile: and he is a designer as frank, instinctive, and exhaustless as Tintoret, while Leonardo's design is only an agony of science, admired chiefly because it is painful, and capable of analysis in its best accomplishment. Luini has left nothing behind him that is not lovely; but of his life I believe hardly anything is known beyond remnants of tradition which murmur about Lugano and Saronno; and which remain ungleaned.—*Athena*, p. 119.

THE ART OF MOULDING AND PAINTING PORCELAIN.—One of the ultimate results of such craftsmanship might be the production of pictures as brilliant as painted glass—as delicate as the most subtle water-colors, and more permanent than the Pyramids.—*Lectures on Art*, p. 85.

PIGMENTS AND METHODS OF WORK.—There is not, I believe, at this moment, a single question which could be put respecting pigments and methods, on which the body of living artists would agree in their answers. The lives of artists are passed in fruitless experiments; fruitless, because undirected by experience and uncommunicated in their results. Every man has methods of his own, which he knows to be insufficient, and yet jealously conceals from his fellow-workmen: every colorman has materials of his own, to which it is rare that the artist can trust: and in the very front of the majestic advance of chemical science, the empirical science of the artist has been annihilated, and the days which should have led us to higher perfection are passed in guessing at, or in mourning over, lost processes; while the so-called Dark Ages, possessing no more knowledge of chemistry than a village herbalist does now, discovered, established, and put into daily practice such methods of operation as have made their work, this day, the despair of all who look upon it.—*Stones of Venice*, III., p. 46.

RELIGIOUS PAINTING.*

The religious passion is nearly always vividest when the art is weakest; and the technical skill only reaches its deliberate splendor when the ecstasy which gave it birth has passed away forever.—*Athena*, p. 76.

No painter belonging to the purest religious schools ever mastered his art. Perugino nearly did so; but it was because he was more rational—more a man of the world—than the rest. No literature exists of a high class produced by minds in the pure religious temper. On the contrary, a great deal of literature exists, produced by persons in that temper, which is markedly, and very far, below average literary work.

The reason of this I believe to be, that the right faith of man is not intended to give him repose, but to enable him to do his work. It is not intended that he should look away from the place he lives in now, and cheer himself with thoughts of the place he is to live in next, but that he should look stoutly into this world, in faith that if he does his work thoroughly here, some good to others or himself, with which, however, he is not at present concerned, will come of it hereafter. And this kind of brave, but not very hopeful or cheerful faith, I perceive to be always rewarded by clear practical success and splendid intellectual power; while the faith which dwells on the future fades away into rosy mist, and emptiness of musical air.—*Modern Painters*, V., p. 225.

Has there, then . . . been *no* true religious ideal? Has religious art never been of any service to mankind? I fear, on the whole, not. Of true religious ideal, representing events historically recorded, with solemn effort at a sincere and unartificial conception, there exist, as yet, hardly any examples. Nearly all good religious pictures fall into one or other branch of the false ideal already examined, either into the Angelican (passionate ideal) or the Raphaelesque (philosophical ideal). But there is one true form of religious art,

* Compare what is said in the Introduction on Epochs in Ruskin's art-life.

nevertheless, in the pictures of the passionate ideal which represent imaginary beings of another world.—*Modern Painters*, III., p. 75.

WINGS AND CLAWS IN RELIGIOUS ART.—If you were to take away from religious art these two great helps of its—I must say, on the whole, very feeble—imagination; if you were to take from it, I say, the power of putting wings on shoulders, and claws on fingers and toes, how wonderfully the sphere of its angelic and diabolic characters would be contracted! Reduced only to the sources of expression in face or movements, you might still find in good early sculpture very sufficient devils; but the best angels would resolve themselves, I think, into little more than, and not often into so much as, the likenesses of pretty women, with that grave and (I do not say it ironically) majestic expression which they put on, when, being very fond of their husbands and children, they seriously think either the one or the other have misbehaved themselves.—*Love's Meinie*, p. 11.

ART IN THE TIME OF RAPHAEL.—In early times *art was employed for the display of religious facts*; now, *religious facts were employed for the display of art*. The transition, though imperceptible, was consummate; it involved the entire destiny of painting. It was passing from the paths of life to the paths of death. . . .

The painter had no longer any religious passion to express. He could think of the Madonna now very calmly, with no desire to pour out the treasures of earth at her feet, or crown her brows with the golden shafts of heaven. He could think of her as an available subject for the display of transparent shadows, skilful tints, and scientific foreshortenings—as a fair woman, forming, if well painted, a pleasant piece of furniture for the corner of a boudoir, and best imagined by combination of the beauties of the prettiest contadinas.—*Modern Painters*, III., p. 68.

THE HIGHEST ART NO ENCOURAGER OF IDOLATRY OR RELIGION.—The highest branches of the fine arts are no encouragers either of idolatry or of religion. No picture of Leonardo's or Raphael's, no statue of Michael

Angelo's has ever been worshipped, except by accident. Carelessly regarded, and by ignorant persons, there is less to attract in them than in commoner works. Carefully regarded, and by intelligent persons, they instantly divert the mind from their subject to their art, so that admiration takes the place of devotion. . . . Effective religious art, therefore, has always lain, and I believe must always lie, between the two extremes—of barbarous idol-fashioning on one side, and magnificent craftsmanship on the other. It consists partly in missal painting, and such book-illustrations as, since the invention of printing, have taken its place; partly in glass-painting; partly in rude sculpture on the outsides of buildings; partly in mosaics; and partly in the frescos and tempera pictures which, in the fourteenth century, formed the link between this powerful, because imperfect, religious art, and the impotent perfection which succeeded it.

But of all these branches the most important are the inlaying and mosaic of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, represented in a central manner by [the] mosaics of St. Mark's.—*Stones of Venice*, II., pp. 112, 113.

ANGELICO IN HIS CELL AT FIESOLE.—The little cell was as one of the houses of heaven prepared for him by his master. “What need had it to be elsewhere? Was not the Val d'Arno, with its olive woods in white blossom, paradise enough for a poor monk? or could Christ be indeed in heaven more than here? Was he not always with him? Could he breathe or see, but that Christ breathed beside him and looked into his eyes? Under every cypress avenue the angels walked; he had seen their white robes, whiter than the dawn, at his bedside, as he awoke in early summer. They had sung with him, one on each side, when his voice failed for joy at sweet vesper and matin time; his eyes were blinded by their wings in the sunset, when it sank behind the hills of Luni.”—*Modern Painters*, V., p. 306.

The life of Angelico was almost entirely spent in the endeavor to imagine the beings belonging to another world. By purity of life, habitual elevation of thought, and natural sweetness of disposition, he was enabled to

express the sacred affections upon the human countenance as no one ever did before or since. In order to effect clearer distinction between heavenly beings and those of this world, he represents the former as clothed in draperies of the purest color, crowned with glories of burnished gold and entirely shadowless. With exquisite choice of gesture, and disposition of folds of drapery, this mode of treatment gives perhaps the best idea of spiritual beings which the human mind is capable of forming. It is, therefore, a true ideal; but the mode in which it is arrived at (being so far mechanical and contradictory of the appearances of nature) necessarily precludes those who practise it from being complete masters of their art. It is always childish, but beautiful in its childishness.—*Modern Painters*, III., p. 91.

THE RELIGIOUS ART OF ITALY.—As I was correcting these pages [1860], there was put into my hand a little work by a very dear friend—"Travels and Study in Italy," by Charles Eliot Norton;—I have not yet been able to do more than glance at it; but my impression is, that by carefully reading it, together with the essay by the same writer on the Vita Nuova of Dante, a more just estimate may be formed of the religious art of Italy than by the study of any other books yet existing. At least, I have seen none in which the tone of thought was at once so tender and so just.—*Modern Painters*, V., p. 307.

MOSES NOT YET PAINTED.—All the histories of the Bible are, in my judgment, yet waiting to be painted. Moses has never been painted; Elijah never; David never (except as a mere ruddy stripling); Deborah never; Gideon never; Isaiah never.—*Modern Painters*, III., p. 76.

MODERN RELIGIOUS ART.—In politics, religion is now a name; in art, a hypocrisy or affectation. Over German religious pictures the inscription, "See how Pious I am," can be read at a glance by any clear-sighted person. Over French and English religious pictures, the inscription, "See how Impious I am," is equally legible. All sincere and modest art is, among us, profane.—*Modern Painters*, III., p. 277.

VENICE AND THE VENETIAN PAINTERS.

Since the first dominion of men was asserted over the ocean, three thrones, of mark beyond all others, have been set upon its sands: the thrones of Tyre, Venice, and England. Of the First of these great powers only the memory remains; of the Second, the ruin; the Third, which inherits their greatness, if it forget their example, may be led through prouder eminence to less pitied destruction.

The exaltation, the sin, and the punishment of Tyre have been recorded for us, in perhaps the most touching words ever uttered by the Prophets of Israel against the cities of the stranger. But we read them as a lovely song; and close our ears to the sternness of their warning: for the very depth of the Fall of Tyre has blinded us to its reality, and we forget, as we watch the bleaching of the rocks between the sunshine and the sea, that they were once "as in Eden, the Garden of God."

Her successor, like her in perfection of beauty, though less in endurance of dominion, is still left for our beholding in the final period of her decline: a ghost upon the sands of the sea, so weak—so quiet—so bereft of all but her loveliness, that we might well doubt, as we watched her faint reflection in the mirage of the lagoon, which was the City, and which the Shadow.

I would endeavor to trace the lines of this image before it be forever lost, and to record, as far as I may, the warning which seems to me to be uttered by every one of the fast-gaining waves, that beat, like passing bells, against the STONES OF VENICE.—*Stones of Venice*, I., p. 15.

THE APPROACH TO VENICE BY SEA IN THE OLDEN DAYS.—Not but that the aspect of the city itself was generally the source of some slight disappointment, for, seen in this direction, its buildings are far less characteristic than those of the other great towns of Italy; but this inferiority was partly disguised by distance, and more than atoned for by the strange rising of its walls and towers out of the midst, as it seemed, of the deep sea,

for it was impossible that the mind or the eye could at once comprehend the shallowness of the vast sheet of water which stretched away in leagues of rippling lustre to the north and south, or trace the narrow line of islets bounding it to the east. The salt breeze, the white moaning sea-birds, the masses of black weed separating and disappearing gradually, in knots of heaving shoal, under the advance of the steady tide, all proclaimed it to be indeed the ocean on whose bosom the great city rested so calmly; not such blue, soft, lake-like ocean as bathes the Neapolitan promontories, or sleeps beneath the marble rocks of Genoa, but a sea with the bleak power of our own northern waves, yet subdued into a strange spacious rest, and changed from its angry pallor into a field of burnished gold, as the sun declined behind the belfry tower of the lonely island church, fitly named "St. George of the Seaweed." As the boat drew nearer to the city, the coast which the traveller had just left sank behind him into one long, low, sad-colored line, tufted irregularly with brushwood and willows; but, at what seemed its northern extremity, the hills of Arqua rose in a dark cluster of purple pyramids, balanced on the bright mirage of the lagoon: two or three smooth surges of inferior hill extended themselves about their roots, and beyond these, beginning with the craggy peaks above Vicenza, the chain of the Alps girded the whole horizon to the north—a wall of jagged blue, here and there showing through its clefts a wilderness of misty precipices, fading far back into the recesses of Cadore, and itself rising and breaking away eastward, where the sun struck opposite upon its snow, into mighty fragments of peaked light, standing up behind the barred clouds of evening, one after another, countless, the crown of the Adrian Sea, until the eye turned back from pursuing them, to rest upon the nearer burning of the campaniles of Murano, and on the great city, where it magnified itself along the waves, as the quick silent pacing of the gondola drew nearer and nearer. And at last, when its walls were reached, and the outmost of its untrodden streets was entered, not through towered gate or guarded rampart, but as a deep inlet between two rocks of coral in the Indian sea: when first upon the traveller's sight opened the long ranges

of columned palaces—each with its black boat moored at the portal—each with its image cast down, beneath its feet, upon that green pavement which every breeze broke into new fantasies of rich tessellation; when first, at the extremity of the bright vista, the shadowy Rialto threw its colossal curve slowly forth from behind the palace of the Camerlenghi; that strange curve, so delicate, so adamantine, strong as a mountain cavern, graceful as a bow just bent; when first, before its moonlike circumference was all risen, the gondolier's cry, "Ah! Stali," struck sharp upon the ear, and the prow turned aside under the mighty cornices that half met over the narrow canal, where the splash of the water followed close and loud, ringing along the marble by the boat's side; and when at last that boat darted forth upon the breadth of silver sea, across which the front of the Ducal palace, flushed with its sanguine veins, looks to the snowy dome of Our Lady of Salvation, it was no marvel that the mind should be so deeply entranced by the visionary charm of a scene so beautiful and so strange, as to forget the darker truths of its history and its being. . . .

At high water no land is visible for many miles to the north or south of Venice, except in the form of small islands crowned with towers or gleaming with villages: there is a channel, some three miles wide, between the city and the mainland, and some mile and a half wide between it and the sandy breakwater called the Lido, which divides the lagoon from the Adriatic, but which is so low as hardly to disturb the impression of the city's having been built in the midst of the ocean, although the secret of its true position is partly, not yet painfully, betrayed by the clusters of piles set to mark the deep-water channels, which undulate far away in spotty chains like the studded backs of huge sea-snakes, and by the quick glittering of the crisped and crowded waves that flicker and dance before the strong winds upon the unlifted level of the shallow sea. But the scene is widely different at low tide. A fall of eighteen or twenty inches is enough to show ground over the greater part of the lagoon; and at the complete ebb the city is seen standing in the midst of a dark plain of seaweed, of gloomy green, except only where the

larger branches of the Brenta and its associated streams converge towards the port of the Lido. Through this salt and sombre plain the gondola and the fishing-boat advance by tortuous channels, seldom more than four or five feet deep, and often so choked with slime that the heavier keels furrow the bottom till their crossing tracks are seen through the clear sea water like the ruts upon a wintry road, and the oar leaves blue gashes upon the ground at every stroke, or is entangled among the thick weed that fringes the banks with the weight of its sullen waves, leaning to and fro upon the uncertain sway of the exhausted tide. The scene is often profoundly oppressive, even at this day, when every plot of higher ground bears some fragment of fair building; but, in order to know what it was once, let the traveller follow in his boat at evening the windings of some un-frequented channel far into the midst of the melancholy plain; let him remove, in his imagination, the brightness of the great city that still extends itself in the distance, and the walls and towers from the islands that are near; and so wait, until the bright investiture and sweet warmth of the sunset are withdrawn from the waters, and the black desert of their shore lies in its nakedness beneath the night, pathless, comfortless, infirm, lost in dark languor and fearful silence, except where the salt runlets plash into the tideless pools, or the seabirds flit from their margins with a questioning cry; and he will be enabled to enter in some sort into the horror of heart with which this solitude was anciently chosen by man for his habitation. They little thought, who first drove the stakes into the sand, and strewed the ocean reeds for their rest, that their children were to be the princes of that ocean, and their palaces its pride; and yet, in the great natural laws that rule that sorrowful wilderness, let it be remembered what strange preparation had been made for the things which no human imagination could have foretold, and how the whole existence and fortune of the Venetian nation were anticipated or compelled, by the setting of those bars and doors to the rivers and the sea. Had deeper currents divided their islands, hostile navies would again and again have reduced the rising city into servitude; had stronger surges beaten their shores, all the richness and

refinement of the Venetian architecture must have been exchanged for the walls and bulwarks of an ordinary sea-port. Had there been no tide, as in other parts of the Mediterranean, the narrow canals of the city would have become noisome, and the marsh in which it was built pestiferous. Had the tide been only a foot or eighteen inches higher in its rise, the water-access to the doors of the palaces would have been impossible: even as it is, there is sometimes a little difficulty, at the ebb, in landing without setting foot upon the lower and slippery steps: and the highest tides sometimes enter the courtyards, and overflow the entrance halls.—*Stones of Venice*, II., pp. 7-15.

OLD VENICE LIKE OLD YARMOUTH.—FOR seven hundred years Venice had more likeness in her to old Yarmouth than to new Pall Mall; and you might come to shrewder guess of what she and her people were like, by living for a year or two lovingly among the herring-catchers of Yarmouth Roads, or the boatmen of Deal or Bo castle, than by reading any lengths of eloquent history. But you are to know also, and remember always, that this amphibious city—this Phœcæa, or sea-dog of towns—looking with soft human eyes at you from the sand, Proteus himself latent in the salt-smelling skin of her—had fields, and plots of garden here and there; and, far and near, sweet woods of Calypso, graceful with quivering sprays, for woof of nests—gaunt with forked limbs for ribs or ships; had good milk and butter from familiarly couchant cows; thickets wherein familiar birds could sing; and finally was observant of clouds and sky, as pleasant and useful phenomena. And she had at due distances among her simple dwellings, stately churches of marble.—*St. Mark's Rest*, p. 51.

THE GOTHIC PALACES OF VENICE.—Happily, in the pictures of Gentile Bellini, the fresco coloring of the Gothic palaces is recorded, as it still remained in his time; not with rigid accuracy, but quite distinctly enough to enable us, by comparing it with the existing colored designs in the manuscripts and glass of the period, to ascertain precisely what it must have been.

The walls were generally covered with chequers of

very warm color, a russet inclining to scarlet, more or less relieved with white, black, and grey; as still seen in the only example which, having been executed in marble, has been perfectly preserved, the front of the Ducal Palace. . . .

On these russet or crimson backgrounds the entire space of the series of windows was relieved, for the most part, as a subdued white field of alabaster; and on this delicate and veined white were set the circular disks of purple and green. The arms of the family were of course blazoned in their own proper colors, but I think generally on a pure azure ground; the blue color is still left behind the shields in the Casa Priuli and one or two more of the palaces which are unrestored, and the blue ground was used also to relieve the sculptures of religious subject. Finally, all the mouldings, capitals, cornices, cusps, and traceries were either entirely gilded or profusely touched with gold.

The whole front of a Gothic palace in Venice may, therefore, be simply described as a field of subdued russet, quartered with broad sculptured masses of white and gold; these latter being relieved by smaller inlaid fragments of blue, purple, and deep green.—*Stones of Venice*, III., pp. 25, 26.

The Venetian habitually incrustated his work with naure; he built his houses, even the meanest, as if he had been a shell-fish—roughly inside, mother-of-pearl on the surface: he was content, perforce, to gather the clay of the Brenta banks, and bake it into brick for his substance of wall; but he overlaid it with the wealth of ocean, with the most precious foreign marbles. You might fancy early Venice one wilderness of brick, which a petrifying sea had beaten upon till it coated it with marble: at first a dark city—washed white by the sea foam.—*Stones of Venice*, I., p. 268.

Such, then, was that first and fairest Venice which rose out of the barrenness of the lagoon, and the sorrow of her people; a city of graceful arcades and gleaming walls, veined with azure and warm with gold, and fretted with white sculpture like frost upon forest branches turned to marble.—*Stones of Venice*, II., p. 144.

A GOLDEN CITY.—A city of marble, did I say? nay, rather a golden city, paved with emerald. For truly, every pinnacle and turret glanced or glowed, overlaid with gold, or bossed with jasper. Beneath, the unsullied sea drew in deep breathing, to and fro, in eddies of green wave. Deep-hearted, majestic, terrible as the sea—the men of Venice moved in sway of power and war; pure as her pillars of alabaster, stood her mothers and maidens; from foot to brow, all noble, walked her knights; the low bronzed gleaming of sea-rusted armor shot angrily under their blood-red mantle-folds. Fearless, faithful, patient, impenetrable, implacable—every word a fate—sate her senate. In hope and honor, lulled by flowing of wave around their isles of sacred sand, each with his name written and the cross graved at his side, lay her dead. A wonderful piece of world. Rather, itself a world. It lay along the face of the waters, no larger, as its captains saw it from their masts at evening, than a bar of sunset that could not pass away; but, for its power, it must have seemed to them as if they were sailing in the expanse of heaven, and this a great planet, whose orient edge widened through ether.—*Modern Painters*, V., p. 308.

THE VENICE OF BYRON.—The Venice of modern fiction and drama is a thing of yesterday, a mere efflorescence of decay, a stage dream which the first ray of daylight must dissipate into dust. No prisoner, whose name is worth remembering, or whose sorrow deserved sympathy, ever crossed that “Bridge of Sighs,” which is the centre of the Byronic ideal of Venice; no great merchant of Venice ever saw that Rialto under which the traveller now passes with breathless interest: the statue which Byron makes Faliero address as of one of his great ancestors was erected to a soldier of fortune a hundred and fifty years after Faliero’s death; and the most conspicuous parts of the city have been so entirely altered in the course of the last three centuries, that if Henry Dandolo or Francis Foscari could be summoned from their tombs, and stood each on the deck of his galley at the entrance of the Grand Canal, that renowned entrance, the painter’s favorite subject, the novelist’s favorite scene, where the water first narrows by the steps

of the Church of La Salute—the mighty Doges would not know in what spot of the world they stood, would literally not recognize one stone of the great city, for whose sake, and by whose ingratitude, their gray hairs had been brought down with bitterness to the grave. The remains of *their* Venice lie hidden behind the cumbrous masses which were the delight of the nation in its dotage; hidden in many a grass-grown court, and silent pathway, and lightless canal, where the slow waves have sapped their foundations for five hundred years, and must soon prevail over them forever.—*Stones of Venice*, II., p. 9.

VENICE, 23rd June. [1871.]

MODERN VENICE.—My letter will be a day or two late, I fear, after all; for I can't write this morning, because of the accursed whistling of the dirty steam-engine of the omnibus for Lido, waiting at the quay of the Ducal Palace for the dirty population of Venice, which is now neither fish nor flesh, neither noble nor fisherman—cannot afford to be rowed, nor has strength nor sense enough to row itself; but smokes and spits up and down the piazzetta all day, and gets itself dragged by a screaming kettle to Lido next morning, to sea-bathe itself into capacity for more tobacco.—*Fors*, I., p. 256.

THE SANITY AND STRENGTH OF THE VENETIAN CHARACTER.—[The Venetians were] always quarrelling with the Pope. Their religious liberty came, like their bodily health, from that wave-training; for it is one notable effect of a life passed on shipboard to destroy weak beliefs in appointed forms of religion. A sailor may be grossly superstitious, but his superstitions will be connected with amulets and omens, not cast in systems. He must accustom himself, if he prays at all, to pray anywhere and anyhow. Candlesticks and incense not being portable into the maintop, he perceives those decorations to be, on the whole, inessential to a maintop mass. Sails must be set and cables bent, be it never so strict a saint's day, and it is found that no harm comes of it. Absolution on a lee-shore must be had of the breakers, it appears, if at all, and they give it plenary and brief, without listening to confession.

It is enough for the Florentine to know how to use his sword and to ride. We Venetians, also, must be able to use our swords, and on ground which is none of the steadiest; but, besides, we must be able to do nearly everything that hands can turn to—rudders, and yards, and cables, all needing workmanly handling and workmanly knowledge, from captain as well as from men. To drive a nail, lash a spar, reef a sail—rude work this for noble hands: but to be done sometimes, and done well, on pain of death. All which not only takes mean pride out of us, and puts nobler pride of power in its stead; but it tends partly to soothe, partly to chasten, partly to employ and direct, the hot Italian temper, and make us every way greater, calmer, and happier.—*Modern Painters*, V., pp. 235, 236.

THE RELIGION OF VENICE.—The Venetians were the *last believing* school of Italy. . . . The Venetian religion was true. Not only true, but one of the main motives of their lives. . . . For one profane picture by great Venetians you will find ten of sacred subjects; and those, also, including their grandest, most labored, and most beloved works. Tintoret's power culminates in two great religious pictures: the Crucifixion and the Paradise. Titian's in the Assumption, the Peter Martyr, and Presentation of the Virgin. Veronese's in the Marriage in Cana.—*Modern Painters*, V., pp. 240, 242.

The decline of her [Venice's] political prosperity was exactly coincident with that of domestic and individual religion. The most curious phenomenon in all Venetian history is the vitality of religion in private life, and its deadness in public policy. Amidst the enthusiasm, chivalry, or fanaticism of the other states of Europe, Venice stands, from first to last, like a masked statue; her coldness impenetrable, her exertion only aroused by the touch of a secret spring. That spring was her commercial interest—this the one motive of all her important political acts, or enduring national animosities.*

* Years after this was written, Ruskin admitted that he was wrong in the matter. "Venice," he says in his later note, "is superficially and apparently commercial; at heart passionately heroic and religious; precisely the reverse of modern England, who is superficially and apparently religious; and at heart entirely infidel, cowardly, and dishonest."—*Stones of Venice. Introductory Chapters*, 1879.

She could forgive insults to her honor, but never rivalry in her commerce; she calculated the glory of her conquests by their value, and estimated their justice by their facility.

Venice may well call upon us to note with reverence, that of all the towers which are still seen rising like a branchless forest from her islands, there is but one whose office was other than that of summoning to prayer, and that one was a watch-tower only: from first to last, while the palaces of the other cities of Italy were lifted into sullen fortitudes of rampart, and fringed with forked battlements for the javelin and the bow, the sands of Venice never sank under the weight of a war tower, and her roof terraces were wreathed with Arabian imagery, of golden globes suspended on the leaves of lilies.—*Stones of Venice*, pp. 19–24.

VENETIAN PAINTING.—The great splendor of the Venetian school arises from their having seen and held from the beginning this great fact—that shadow is as much color as light, often much more. In Titian's fullest red the lights are pale rose-color, passing into white—the shadows warm deep crimson. In Veronese's most splendid orange, the lights are pale, the shadows crocus color; and so on.—*Lectures on Art*, p. 88.

THE PRIDE OF VENETIAN LANDSCAPE.—The worst point we have to note respecting the spirit of Venetian landscape is its pride. . . .

The Venetian possessed, and cared for, neither fields nor pastures. Being delivered, to his loss, from all the wholesome labors of tillage, he was also shut out from the sweet wonders and charities of the earth, and from the pleasant natural history of the year. . . .

No simple joy was possible to him. Only stateliness and power; high intercourse with kingly and beautiful humanity, proud thoughts, or splendid pleasures; throned sensualities, and ennobled appetites.—*Modern Painters*, V., pp. 239, 240.

RELIGION IN THE ART OF TITIAN.—The religion of Titian is like that of Shakespeare—occult behind his magnificent equity. . . .

It had been the fashion before his time to make the Magdalen always young and beautiful; her, if no one

else, even the rudest painters flattered; her repentance was not thought perfect unless she had lustrous hair and lovely lips. Titian first dared to doubt the romantic fable, and reject the narrowness of sentimental faith. He saw that it was possible for plain women to love no less than beautiful ones; and for stout persons to repent as well as those more delicately made. It seemed to him that the Magdalen would have received her pardon not the less quickly because her wit was none of the readiest; and would not have been regarded with less compassion by her Master because her eyes were swollen, or her dress disordered.

Titian could have put issues of life and death into the face of a man asking the way; nay, into the back of him, if he had so chosen. He has put a whole scheme of dogmatic theology into a row of bishops' backs at the Louvre.—*Modern Painters*, V., p. 248.

BREADTH AND REALISM OF VENETIAN ART.—The Venetian mind, we have said, and Titian's especially, as the central type of it, was wholly realist, universal, and manly.

In this breadth and realism, the painter saw that sensual passion in man was, not only a fact, but a Divine fact; the human creature, though the highest of the animals, was, nevertheless, a perfect animal, and his happiness, health, and nobleness depended on the due power of every animal passion, as well as the cultivation of every spiritual tendency.

He thought that every feeling of the mind and heart, as well as every form of the body, deserved painting. Also to a painter's true and highly trained instinct, the human body is the loveliest of all objects. I do not stay to trace the reasons why, at Venice, the female body could be found in more perfect beauty than the male; but so it was, and it becomes the principal subject therefore, both with Giorgione and Titian. They painted it fearlessly, with all right and natural qualities; never, however, representing it as exercising any overpowering attractive influence on man; but only on the Faun or Satyr.

Yet they did this so majestically that I am perfectly certain no untouched Venetian picture ever yet excited one base thought (otherwise than in base persons any-

thing may do so); while in the greatest studies of the female body by the Venetians, all other characters are overborne by majesty, and the form becomes as pure as that of a Greek statue.—*Modern Painters*, V., p. 249.

THE PICTURES OF TINTORET IN THE SCUOLA DI SAN ROCCO, VENICE.—The number of valuable pictures is fifty-two; arranged on the walls and ceilings of three rooms, so badly lighted, in consequence of the admirable arrangements of the Renaissance architect, that it is only in the early morning that some of the pictures can be seen at all, nor can they ever be seen but imperfectly. They were all painted, however, for their places in the dark, and, as compared with Tintoret's other works, are therefore, for the most part, nothing more than vast sketches, made to produce, under a certain degree of shadow, the effect of finished pictures. Their treatment is thus to be considered as a kind of scene-painting; differing from ordinary scene-painting only in this, that the effect aimed at is not *that of a natural scene* but *a perfect picture*. They differ in this respect from all other existing works; for there is not, as far as I know, any other instance in which a great master has consented to work for a room plunged into almost total obscurity. It is probable that none but Tintoret would have undertaken the task, and most fortunate that he was forced to do it. For in this magnificent scene-painting we have, of course, more wonderful examples, both of his handling, and knowledge of effect, than could ever have been exhibited in finished pictures; while the necessity of doing much with few strokes keeps his mind so completely on the stretch throughout the work (while yet the velocity of production prevented his being wearied), that no other series of his works exhibits powers so exalted. On the other hand, owing to the velocity and coarseness of the painting, it is more liable to injury through drought or damp; and, as the walls have been for years continually running down with rain, and what little sun gets into the place contrives to fall all day right on one or other of the pictures, they are nothing but wrecks of what they were; and the ruins of paintings originally coarse are not likely ever to be attractive to the public mind. Twenty or thirty years ago they were taken

down to be retouched ; but the man to whom the task was committed providentially died, and only one of them was spoiled. I have found traces of his work upon another, but not to an extent very seriously destructive. The rest of the sixty-two, or, at any rate, all that are in the upper room, appear entirely intact.—*Stones of Venice*, III., pp. 340, 341.

YOUNG *RUSKIN'S FIRST VISIT TO THE SCUOLA DI SAN ROCCO IN VENICE*.—When we came away, Harding said that he felt like a whipped schoolboy. I, not having been at school so long as he, felt only that a new world was opened to me, that I had seen that day the Art of Man in its full majesty for the first time ; and that there was also a strange and precious gift in myself enabling me to recognize it, and therein ennobling, not crushing me.—*Modern Painters*, II., p. 256, *Revised Ed.*, 1883.

TINTORET'S MASSACRE OF THE INNOCENTS.—The scene is the outer vestibule of a palace, the slippery marble floor is fearfully barred across by sanguine shadows, so that our eyes seem to become bloodshot and strained with strange horror and deadly vision ; a lake of life before them, like the burning seen of the doomed Moabite on the water that came by the way of Edom ; a huge flight of stairs, without parapet, descends on the left : down this rush a crowd of women mixed with the murderers ; the child in the arms of one has been seized by the limbs, she hurls herself over the edge, and falls head down-most, dragging the child out of the grasp by her weight ;—she will be dashed dead in a second : two others are farther in flight, they reach the edge of a deep river—the water is beat into a hollow by the force of their plunge ;—close to us is the great struggle, a heap of the mothers entangled in one mortal writhe with each other and the swords, one of the murderers dashed down and crushed beneath them, the sword of another caught by the blade and dragged at by a woman's naked hand ; the youngest and fairest of the women, her child just torn away from a death grasp and clasped to her breast with the grip of a steel vice, falls backwards helplessly over the heap, right on the sword points ; all knit together and hurled down in one hopeless, frenzied, furious abandonment of body

and soul in the effort to save. Their shrieks ring in our ears till the marble seems rending around us, but far back, at the bottom of the stairs, there is something in the shadow like a heap of clothes. It is a woman, sitting quiet—quite quiet—still as any stone, she looks down steadfastly on her dead child, laid along on the floor before her, and her hand is pressed softly upon her brow.—*Modern Painters*, II., p. 375.

“THE LAST JUDGMENT,” BY TINTORET.—By Tintoret only has this unmanageable event been grappled with in its verity; not typically nor symbolically, but as they may see it who shall not sleep, but be changed. Only one traditional circumstance he has received with Dante and Michael Angelo, the boat of the condemned; but the impetuosity of his mind bursts out even in the adoption of this image, he has not stopped at the scowling ferryman of the one nor at the sweeping blow and demon dragging of the other, but, seized Hylas-like by the limbs, and tearing up the earth in his agony, the victim is dashed into his destruction; nor is it the sluggish Lethe, nor the fiery lake that bears the cursed vessel, but the oceans of the earth and the waters of the firmament gathered into one white, ghastly cataract, the river of the wrath of God, roaring down into the gulf where the world has melted with its fervent heat, choked with the ruin of nations, and the limbs of its corpses tossed out of its whirling, like water-wheels. Bat-like, out of the holes and caverns and shadows of the earth, the bones gather, and the clay-heaps heave, rattling and adhering into half-kneaded anatomies, that crawl, and startle, and struggle up among the putrid weeds, with the clay clinging to their clotted hair, and their heavy eyes sealed by the earth darkness yet, like his of old who went his way unseeing to Siloam Pool; shaking off one by one the dreams of the prison-house, hardly hearing the clangor of the trumpets of the armies of God, blinded yet more, as they awake, by the white light of the new Heaven, until the great vortex of the four winds bears up their bodies to the judgment seat: the firmament is all full of them, a very dust of human souls, that drifts, and floats, and falls in the interminable, inevitable light; the bright clouds are darkened with them as with thick snow, currents of atom life in

the arteries of heaven, now soaring up slowly, farther, and higher, and higher still, till the eye and the thought can follow no farther, borne up, wingless, by their inward faith and by the angel powers invisible, now hurled in countless drifts of horror before the breath of their condemnation.—*Modern Painters*, II., p. 377.

VERONESE'S MASTIFFS.—Two mighty brindled mastiffs, and beyond them, darkness. You scarcely see them at first, against the gloomy green. No other sky for them, poor things. They are gray themselves, spotted with black all over; their multitudinous dog-gish vices may not be washed out of them—are in grain of nature. Strong thewed and sinewed, however—no blame on them as far as bodily strength may reach; their heads coal-black, with drooping ears and fierce eyes, bloodshot a little. Wildest of beasts perhaps they would have been, by nature. But between them stands the spirit of their human Love, dove-winged and beautiful, the resistless Greek boy, golden-quivered; his glowing breast and limbs the only light upon the sky—purple and pure. He has cast his chain about the dogs' necks, and holds it in his strong right hand, leaning proudly a little back from them. They will never break loose.—*Modern Painters*, V., p. 277.

VENETIAN ART PERISHED.—By reason of one great, one fatal fault;—recklessness in aim. Wholly noble in its sources, it was wholly unworthy in its purposes. . .

The Assumption is a noble picture, because Titian believed in the Madonna. But he did not paint it to make anyone else believe in her. He painted it because he enjoyed rich masses of red and blue, and faces flushed with sunlight. . . .

Other men used their effete faiths and mean faculties with a high moral purpose. The Venetian gave the most earnest faith, and the lordliest faculty, to gild the shadows of an ante-chamber, or heighten the splendors of a holiday.

I know not how far in humility, or how far in bitter and hopeless levity, the great Venetians gave their art to be blasted by the sea-winds or wasted by the worm. I know not whether in sorrowful obedience, or in wanton compliance, they fostered the folly, and en-

riched the luxury of their age. This only I know, that in proportion to the greatness of their power was the shame of its desecration and the suddenness of its fall. The enchanter's spell, woven by centuries of toil, was broken in the weakness of a moment; and swiftly, and utterly, as a rainbow vanishes, the radiance and the strength faded from the wings of the Lion.—*Modern Painters*, V., Part IX., chap. 3, *passim*.

THE DUTCH MASTERS.

[From *Modern Painters*, V., Part IX., Chap. VI.]

NO RELIGION IN DUTCH ART.—So far as I can hear or read, this is an entirely new and wonderful state of things achieved by the Hollanders. The human being never got wholly quit of the terror of spiritual being before. Persian, Egyptian, Assyrian, Hindoo, Chinese, all kept some dim, appalling record of what they called “gods.” Farthest savages had—and still have—their Great Spirit, or, in extremity, their feather idols, large-eyed; but here in Holland we have at last got utterly done with it all. Our only idol glitters dimly, in tangible shape of a pint pot, and all the incense offered thereto, comes out of a small censer or bowl at the end of a pipe.

PAUL POTTER.—You will find that the best Dutch painters do not care about the people, but about the lustres on them. Paul Potter, their best herd and cattle painter, does not care even for sheep, but only for wool; regards not cows, but cowhide.

RUSKIN AND THE DUTCHMEN.—No effort of fancy will enable me to lay hold of the temper of Teniers or Wouvermans, any more than I can enter into the feelings of one of the lower animals. I cannot see why they painted—what they are aiming at—what they liked or disliked. All their life and work is the same sort of mystery to me as the mind of my dog when he rolls on carrion.

“ARTICLES IN OIL PAINT.”—A Dutch picture is, in fact, merely a Florentine table more finely touched: it

has its regular ground of slate, and its mother-of-pearl and tinsel put in with equal precision; and perhaps the fairest view one can take of a Dutch painter is, that he is a respectable tradesman furnishing well-made articles in oil paint.

CUYP.—Cuyp can, indeed, paint sunlight, the best that Holland's sun can show; he is a man of large natural gift, and sees broadly, nay, even seriously. A brewer by trade, he feels the quiet of a summer afternoon, and his work will make you marvelously drowsy. It is good for nothing else that I know of: strong; but unhelpful and unthoughtful. Nothing happens in his pictures, except some indifferent person's asking the way of somebody else, who, by their cast of countenance, seems not likely to know it. For farther entertainment perhaps a red cow and a white one; or puppies at play, not playfully; the man's heart not going even with the puppies. Essentially he sees nothing but the shine on the flaps of their ears.

RUBENS.—Rubens was an honorable and entirely well-intentioned man, earnestly industrious, simple and temperate in habits of life, high-bred, learned, and discreet. His affection for his mother was great; his generosity to contemporary artists unfailing. He is a healthy, worthy, kind-hearted, courtly-phrased—Animal—without any clearly perceptible traces of a soul, except when he paints his children.

TENIERS.—Take a picture by Teniers, of so's quarrelling over their dice: it is an entirely clever picture; so clever that nothing in its kind has ever been done equal to it; but it is also an entirely base and evil picture. It is an expression of delight in the prolonged contemplation of a vile thing, and delight in that is an "unmannered," or "immoral" quality.—*Crown of Wild Olive*, Lect. I., p. 46.

THE CLASSICAL SCHOOL.

THE CLASSICAL SPIRIT.—The school is generally to be characterized as that of taste and restraint. As the school of taste, everything is, in its estimation, beneath

it, so as to be tasted or tested; not above it, to be thankfully received. Nothing was to be fed upon as bread; but only palated as a dainty. The spirit has destroyed art since the close of the sixteenth century, and nearly destroyed French literature, our English literature being at the same time severely depressed, and our education, (except in bodily strength) rendered nearly nugatory by it, so far as it affects common-place minds. It is not possible that the classical spirit should ever take possession of a mind of the highest order.

CLAUDE.—Claude had a fine feeling for beauty of form and considerable tenderness of perception. . . . He first set the pictorial sun in the pictorial heaven. . . . His aërial effects are unequalled. Their character appears to me to arise rather from a delicacy of bodily constitution in Claude, than from any mental sensibility; such as they are, they give a kind of feminine charm to his work, which partly accounts for its wide influence. To whatever the character may be traced, it renders him incapable of enjoying or painting anything energetic or terrible. Hence the weakness of his conceptions of rough sea. . . .

He had sincerity of purpose. That is to say, so far as he felt the truth, he tried to be true; but he never felt it enough to sacrifice supposed propriety, or habitual method to it. . . . His seas are the most beautiful in old art. . . . He had hardly any knowledge of physical science. There is no other sentiment traceable in his work than this weak dislike to entertain the conception of toil or suffering. Ideas of relation, in the true sense, he has none; nor ever makes an effort to conceive an event in its probable circumstances, but fills his foregrounds with decorative figures, using commonest conventionalism to indicate the subject he intends. We may take two examples, merely to show the general character of such designs of his.

St. George and the Dragon. The scene is a beautiful opening in woods by a river side, a pleasant fountain springs on the right, and the usual rich vegetation covers the foreground. The dragon is about the size of ten bramble leaves, and is being killed by the remains of a lance, barely the thickness of a walking-stick, in his throat, curling his tail in a highly offensive

and threatening manner. St. George, notwithstanding, on a prancing horse, brandishes his sword, at about thirty yards' distance from the offensive animal.

A semicircular shelf of rocks encircles the foreground, by which the theatre of action is divided into pit and boxes. Some women and children having descended unadvisedly into the pit, are helping each other out of it again, with marked precipitation. A prudent person of rank has taken a front seat in the boxes—crosses his legs, leans his head on his hand, and contemplates the proceedings with the air of a connoisseur. Two attendants stand in graceful attitudes behind him, and two more walk away under the trees, conversing on general subjects.

Large admiration of Claude is wholly impossible in any period of national vigor in art. He may by such tenderness as he possesses, and by the very fact of his banishing painfulness, exercise considerable influence over certain classes of minds; but this influence is almost exclusively hurtful to them.

Nevertheless, on account of such small sterling qualities as they possess, and of their general pleasantness, as well as their importance in the history of art, genuine Claudes must always possess a considerable value, either as drawing-room ornaments or museum relics. They may be ranked with fine pieces of China manufacture, and other agreeable curiosities, of which the price depends on the rarity rather than the merit, yet always on a merit of a certain low kind—*Modern Painters*, V., pp. 263–269.

NICOLO POUSSIN.—Poussin's landscapes, though more limited in material, are incomparably nobler than Claude's. It would take considerable time to enter into accurate analysis of his strong but degraded mind; and bring us no reward, because whatever he has done has been done better by Titian. His peculiarities are, without exception, weaknesses, induced in a highly intellectual and inventive mind by being fed on medals, books, and bassi-relievi instead of nature, and by the want of any deep sensibility. His best works are his Bacchanalian revels, always brightly wanton and wild, full of frisk and fire; but they are coarser than Titian's, and infinitely less beautiful. . . .

His want of sensibility permits him to paint frightful subjects, without feeling any true horror. . . .

His battle pieces are cold and feeble; his religious subjects wholly nugatory, they do not excite him enough to develop even his ordinary powers of invention.—*Modern Painters*, V., pp. 263-271.

LANDSCAPE.

Education amidst country possessing architectural remains of some noble kind, I believe to be wholly essential to the progress of a landscape artist.—*Modern Painters*, V., p. 322.

The first man who entirely broke through the conventionality of his time, and painted pure landscape, was Masaccio, but he died too young to effect the revolution of which his genius was capable. It was left for other men to accomplish, namely, for Correggio and Titian. These two painters were the first who relieved the foregrounds of their landscape from the grotesque, quaint, and crowded formalism of the early painters; and gave a close approximation to the forms of nature in all things.—*Lectures on Architecture*, p. 88.

HUMAN INTEREST IN LANDSCAPE.—All true landscape, whether simple or exalted, depends primarily for its interest on connection with humanity, or with spiritual powers. Banish your heroes and nymphs from the classical landscape—its laurel shades will move you no more. Show that the dark clefts of the most romantic mountain are uninhabited and untraversed; it will cease to be romantic. . . . If from Veronese's Marriage in Cana we remove the architecture and the gay dresses, we shall not in the faces and hands remaining, find a satisfactory abstract of the picture. But try it the other way. Take out the faces; leave the draperies, and how then? Put the fine dresses and jewelled girdles into the best group you can; paint them with all Veronese's skill: will they satisfy you?—*Modern Painters*, V., p. 216.

A MODERN FRENCH EMOTIONAL LANDSCAPE.—You may paint a modern French emotional landscape with

a pail of whitewash and a pot of gas-tar in ten minutes, at the outside. You put seven or eight streaks of the plaster for your sky, to begin with; then you put in a row of bushes with the gas-tar, then you rub the ends of them into the same shapes upside down—you put three or four more streaks of white, to intimate the presence of a pool of water—and if you finish off with a log that looks something like a dead body, your picture will have the credit of being a digest of a whole novel of Gaboriau, and lead the talk of the season.—*Art of England*, p. 96.

IN MISS GREENAWAY'S CHILD-LAND.—There are no railroads in it, to carry the children away with, are there? no tunnel or pit mouths to swallow them up, no league-long viaducts—no blinkered iron bridges? There are only winding brooks, wooden foot-bridges, and grassy hills without any holes cut into them!

Again—there are no parks, no gentlemen's seats with attached stables and offices!—no rows of model lodging-houses! no charitable institutions!! It seems as if none of these things which the English mind now rages after, possess any attraction whatever for this unimpressionable person. She is a graceful Gallio—*Gallia gratia plena*, and cares for none of those things.

And more wonderful still—there are no gasworks! no waterworks, no mowing machines, no sewing machines, no telegraph poles, no vestige, in fact, of science, civilization, economical arrangements, or commercial enterprise!!!—*Art of England*, pp. 68, 69.

THE NATIVE COUNTRY OF SALVATOR.—We are accustomed to hear the south of Italy spoken of as a beautiful country. Its mountain forms are graceful above others, its sea-bays exquisite in outline and hue; but it is only beautiful in superficial aspect. In closer detail it is wild and melancholy. Its forests are sombre-leaved, labyrinth-stemmed; the carubbe, the olive, laurel, and ilex, are alike in that strange feverish twisting of their branches, as if in spasms of half human pain:—Avernus forests; one fears to break their boughs, lest they should cry to us from their rents; the rocks they shade are of ashes, or thrice-molten lava; iron sponge, whose every pore has been filled

with fire. Silent villages, earthquake-shaken, without commerce, without industry, without knowledge, without hope, gleam in white ruin from hillside to hillside; far-winding wrecks of immemorial walls surround the dust of cities long forsaken: the mountain streams moan through the cold arches of their foundations, green with weed, and rage over the heaps of their fallen towers. Far above, in thunder-blue serration, stand the eternal edges of the angry Apennine, dark with rolling impudence of volcanic cloud.—*Modern Painters*, V., p. 257.

Salvator had not the sacred sense—the sense of color; all the loveliest hues of the Calabrian air were invisible to him; the sorrowful desolation of the Calabrian villages unfelt. He saw only what was gross and terrible—the jagged peak, the splintered tree, the flowerless bank of grass, and wandering weed, prickly and pale. His temper confirmed itself in evil, and became more and more fierce and morose; though not, I believe, cruel, ungenerous, or lascivious.—*Modern Painters*, V., p. 258.

TURNER.

Turner painted the labor of men, their sorrow, and their death; . . . [he] only momentarily dwells on anything else than ruin.—*Modern Painters*, V., pp. 356, 357.

Turner appears never to have desired, from any one, care in favor of his separate works. The only thing he would say sometimes was, “Keep them together.” He seemed not to mind how much they were injured, if only the record of the thought were left in them, and they were kept in the series which would give the key to their meaning.—*Modern Painters*, V., p. 359.

Turner may be beaten on his own ground—so may Tintoret, so may Shakespeare, Dante, or Homer: but my *belief* is that all these first-rate men are lonely men; that the particular work they did was by them done for ever in the best way; and that this work done by Turner among the hills, joining the most intense appre-

ciation of all tenderness with delight in all magnitude, and memory for all detail, is never to be rivalled, or looked upon in similitude again.—*Modern Painters*, IV., p. 322.

A single dusty roll of Turner's brush is more truly expressive of the infinitude of foliage than the niggling of Hobima could have rendered his canvas, if he had worked on it till doomsday. . . .

He could not paint a cluster of leaves better than Titian; but he could a bough, much more a distant mass of foliage. No man ever before painted a distant tree rightly, or a full-leaved branch rightly. All Titian's distant branches are ponderous flakes, as if covered with sea-weed, while Veronese's and Raphael's are conventional, being exquisitely ornamental arrangements of small perfect leaves.—*Modern Painters*, V., p. 52.

TURNER'S OPINION OF SKIES.—He knew the colors of the clouds over the sea, from the Bay of Naples to the Hebrides; and being once asked where, in Europe, were to be seen the loveliest skies, answered instantly, "in the Isle of Thanet." Where, therefore, and in this very town of Margate, he lived, when he chose to be quit of London, and yet not to travel.—*Hours*, I., p. 128.

TURNER AND HIS OPPONENTS.—They had deliberately closed their eyes to all nature, and had gone on inquiring, "Where do you put your brown tree?" A vast revelation was made to them at once [by Turner's color style], enough to have dazzled any one; but to *them*, light unendurable as incomprehensible. They "did to the moon complain," in one vociferous, unanimous, continuous "Tu whoo." Shrieking rose from all dark places at the same instant, just the same kind of shrieking that is now raised against the Pre-Raphaelites. Those glorious old Arabian Nights, how true they are! Mocking and whispering, and abuse loud and low by turns, from all the black stones beside the road, when one living soul is toiling up the hill to get the golden water. Mocking and whispering, that he may look back, and become a black stone like themselves.—*Pre-Raphaelitism*, p. 39.

THE PORT-HOLES OF THE SHIP.—Turner, in his early life, was sometimes good-natured, and would show people what he was about. He was one day making a drawing of Plymouth harbor, with some ships at the distance of a mile or two, seen against the light. Having shown this drawing to a naval officer, the naval officer observed with surprise, and objected with very justifiable indignation, that the ships of the line had no port-holes. “No,” said Turner, “certainly not. If you will walk up to Mount Edgecumbe, and look at the ships against the sunset, you will find you can’t see the port-holes.” “Well, but,” said the naval officer, still indignant, “you know the port-holes are there.” “Yes,” said Turner, “I know that well enough; but my business is to draw what I see, and not what I know is there.”—*Eagle’s Nest*, p. 81.

EACH WORK MUST BE STUDIED SEPARATELY.—Two works of his, side by side, destroy each other to a dead certainty, for each is so vast, so complete, so demandant of every power, so sufficient for every desire of the mind, that it is utterly impossible for two to be comprehended together. Each must have the undivided intellect, and each is destroyed by the attraction of the other; and it is the chief power and might of these pictures, that they are works for the closet and the heart—works to be dwelt upon separately and devotedly, and then chiefly when the mind is in its highest tone, and desirous of a beauty which may be food for its immortality. It is the very stamp and essence of the purest poetry, that it can only be so met and understood; and that the clash of common interests, and the roar of the selfish world, must be hushed about the heart, before it can hear the still, small voice, wherein rests the power communicated from the Holiest.—*Arrows of the Chace*, I., p. 35.

VARIOUS JUDGMENTS AND ANECDOTES OF TURNER.—Turner differed from most men in this—that he was always willing to take anything to do that came in his way. He did not shut himself up in a garret to produce unsaleable works of “high art,” and starve, or lose his senses. He hired himself out every evening to wash in skies in Indian ink, on other people’s drawings,

as many as he could, at half-a-crown a-night, getting his supper into the bargain. "What could I have done better?" he said afterwards: "it was first-rate practice."

There does not exist such a thing as a slovenly drawing by Turner. . . . He never let a drawing leave his hands without having made a step in advance, and having done better in it than he had ever done before; and there is no important drawing of the period which is not executed with a *total* disregard of time and price, and which was not, even then, worth four or five times what Turner received for it. . . .

What Turner did in contest with Claude, he did with every other then-known master of landscape, each in his turn. He challenged and vanquished, each in his own peculiar field, Vandewelde on the sea, Salvator among rocks, and Cuyp on lowland rivers; and, having done this, set himself to paint the natural scenery of skies, mountains, and lakes, which, until his time, had never been so much as attempted.

He thus, in the extent of his sphere, far surpassed even Titian and Leonardo, the great men of the earlier schools. In their foreground work neither Titian nor Leonardo *could* be excelled; but Titian and Leonardò were thoroughly conventional in all *but* their foregrounds. Turner was equally great in all the elements of landscape, and it is on him, and on his daring additions to the received schemes of landscape art, that all modern landscape has been founded. You will never meet any truly great living landscape painter who will not at once frankly confess his obligations to Turner, not, observe, as having copied him, but as having been led by Turner to look in nature for what he would otherwise either not have discerned, or discerning, not have dared to represent.

Turner, therefore, was the first man who presented us with the *type* of perfect landscape art: and the richness of that art, with which you are at present surrounded, and which enables you to open your walls as it were into so many windows, through which you can see whatever has charmed you in the fairest scenery of your country, you will do well to remember as *Turneresque*. . . .

This man, this Turner, of whom you have known so little while he was living among you, will one day take his place beside Shakespeare and Verulam, in the annals of the light of England.

Yes: beside Shakespeare and Verulam, a third star in that central constellation, round which, in the astronomy of intellect, all other stars make their circuit. By Shakespeare, humanity was unsealed to you; by Verulam the *principles* of nature; and by Turner, her *aspect*. . . .

I knew him for ten years, and during that time had much familiar intercourse with him. I *never once* heard him say an unkind thing of a brother artist, *I never once heard him find a fault* with another man's work. I could say this of *no other* artist whom I have ever known. . . .

When Turner's picture of Cologne was exhibited in the year 1826, it was hung between two portraits, by Sir Thomas Lawrence, of Lady Wallscourt, and Lady Robert Manners.

The sky of Turner's picture was exceedingly bright, and it had a most injurious effect on the color of the two portraits. Lawrence naturally felt mortified, and complained openly of the position of his pictures. You are aware that artists were at that time permitted to retouch their pictures on the walls of the Academy. On the morning of the opening of the exhibition, at the private view, a friend of Turner's who had seen the Cologne in all its splendor, led a group of expectant critics up to the picture. He started back from it in consternation. The golden sky had changed to a dun color. He ran up to Turner, who was in another part of the room. "Turner, *what* have you been doing to your picture?" "Oh," muttered Turner, in a low voice, "poor Lawrence was so unhappy. It's only lamp black. It'll all wash off after the exhibition!" He had actually passed a wash of lamp black in water-color over the whole sky, and utterly spoiled his picture for the time, and so left it through the exhibition, lest it should hurt Lawrence's.

Imagine what it was for a man to live seventy years in this hard world, with the kindest heart and the noblest intellect of his time, and never to meet with a

single word or ray of sympathy, until he felt himself sinking into the grave. From the time he knew his true greatness all the world was turned against him: he held his own; but it could not be without roughness of bearing, and hardening of the temper, if not of the heart. No one understood him, no one trusted him, and every one cried out against him. Imagine, any of you, the effect upon your own minds, if every voice that you heard from the human beings around you were raised, year after year, through all your lives, only in condemnation of your efforts, and denial of your success.—*Lectures on Architecture*, III., pp. 95–103.

EMERSON AND TURNER.—No modern person has truer instinct for heroism than [Mr. Emerson]: nay, he is the only man I know of, among all who ever looked at books of mine, who had nobleness enough to understand and believe the story of Turner's darkening his own picture that it might not take the light out of Lawrence's. The level of vulgar English temper is now sunk so far below the power of doing such a thing, that I never told the story yet, in general society, without being met by instant and obstinate questioning of its truth, if not by quiet incredulity. But men with "the pride of the best blood of England" can believe it; and Mr. Emerson believes it.—*Fors*, I., p. 365.

TURNER'S KINDNESS.—One of the points in Turner which increased the general falseness of impression respecting him was a curious dislike he had to *appear* kind. Drawing, with one of his best friends, at the bridge of St. Martin's, the friend got into great difficulty over a colored sketch. Turner looked over him a little while, then said, in a grumbling way—"I haven't got any paper I like; let me try yours." Receiving a block book, he disappeared for an hour and a half. Returning, he threw the book down, with a growl, saying—"I can't make anything of your paper." There were three sketches on it, in three distinct states of progress, showing the process of coloring from beginning to end, and clearing up every difficulty which his friend had got into.—*Modern Painters*, V., p. 369.

This one fact I now record joyfully and solemnly, that, having known Turner for ten years, and that during the period of his life when the brightest qualities of his mind were, in many respects, diminished, and when he was suffering most from the evil speaking of the world, I never heard him say one depreciating word of living man, or man's work; I never saw him look an unkind or blameful look; I never knew him let pass, without some sorrowful remonstrance, or endeavor at mitigation, a blameful word spoken by another.—*Modern Painters*, V., p. 366.

TURNER AND THE SPLÜGEN DRAWING

[Shortly after his recovery from the most serious illness of his life, in the Spring of 1878, Professor Ruskin was presented, by his friends with Turner's "Pass of the Splügen," a drawing which he had coveted for years, and which he says has mainly directed all his practical study of mountain forms, and all his geological researches. The drawing was purchased at the Novar sale, the idea of the presentation having been taken from Professor Ruskin's Notes on his Turner Drawings, wherein he gave a graphic and sprightly report of the origin of the "Splügen," and his own share in getting Turner the commission.

In 1840-41 Turner had been in Switzerland making sketches, and in the winter of 1841-42, having returned to London, he went to picture dealer Griffith, with fifteen of these, and left them with him, offering to realize ten if buyers could be found. He also took to Griffith four realized sketches in order to show his hand. Let Professor Ruskin continue the story]:

So he went to Mr. Griffith of Norwood. I loved—yes, loved, Mr. Griffith; and the happy hours he got for me! (I was introduced to Turner on Mr. Griffith's garden-lawn.) He was the only person whom Turner minded at that time. But my father could not bear him. So there were times, and times.

One day, then, early in 1842, Turner brought the four [sign] drawings above-named, [The Pass of the Splügen, Mont Righi (morning), Mont Righi (evening),

and Lake Lucerne] and the fifteen sketches in a roll in his pocket, to Mr. Griffith (in Waterloo Place, where the sale-room was).

I have no reason to doubt the substantial accuracy of Mr. Griffith's report of the first conversation. Says Mr. Turner to Mr. Griffith, "What do you think you can get for such things as these?"

Says Mr. Griffith to Mr. Turner: "Well, perhaps, commission included, eighty guineas each."

Says Mr. Turner to Mr. Griffith, "Ain't they worth more?"

Says Mr. Griffith to Mr. Turner, (after looking curiously into the execution, which, you will please note, is rather what some people would call hazy): "They 're a little different from your usual style"—(Turner silent, Griffith does not push the point)—"but—but—yes, they are *worth* more, but I could not *get* more." (Question of intrinsic value, and political economy in Art, you see, early forced on my attention).

So the bargain was made that if Mr. Griffith could sell ten drawings—the four signs [or specimens] to wit, and six others—for eighty guineas each, Turner would make the six others from such of the fifteen sketches as the purchasers chose, and Griffith should have ten per cent. *out* of the eight hundred total (Turner had expected a thousand, I believe).

So then Mr. Griffith thinks over the likely persons to get commissions from, out of all England, for ten drawings by Turner! and these not quite in his usual style, too, and he sixty-five years old;—reputation also pretty nearly overthrown finally, by *Blackwood's Magazine*;—a hard thing enough; but the old man must be pleased, if possible! So Griffith did his best.

He sent to Mr. Munro of Novar, Turner's old companion in travel; he sent to Mr. Windus of Tottenham; he sent to Mr. Bicknell of Herne Hill; he sent to my father and me.

Mr. Windus of Tottenham came first, and at once said "the style was changed, he did not quite like it." (He was right, mind you, he knew his Turner, in style). "He would not have any of these drawings." I, as Fors would have it, came next; but my father was travelling for orders, and I had no authority to do any-

thing. The Splügen Pass I saw in an instant to be the noblest Alpine drawing Turner had ever till then made; and the red Righi, such a piece of color as had never come *my* way before. I wrote to my father, saying I would fain have that Splügen Pass, if he were home in time to see it, and give me leave. Of more than one drawing I had no hope, for my father knew the worth of eighty guineas.

[After some talk and bargaining two of the sketches got ordered and three of the finished drawings were purchased]. “And not *that*,” said Turner, shaking his fist at the Pass of the Splügen;—but said no more!

I came and saw the Pass of the Splügen again, and heard how things were going on, and I knew well why Turner had said, “And not *that*.”

The next day Munro of Novar came again; and *he* also knew why Turner had said “not *that*,” and made up his mind; and bought the Pass of the Splügen.

At last my father came home. I had not the way of explaining my feelings to him somehow, any more than Cordelia to *her* father; nevertheless, he knew them enough to say I might have *one* of the sketches realized. He went with me, and chose with me, to such end, the original of the Ehrenbreitstein.

[By hard coaxing, John got his father to promise him one more drawing; on condition that it turned out well. Turner set to work on nine pictures and finished them. John's conditional “Lucerne” turned out well, and was purchased by the indulgent father].

Four or five years ago—[continues Mr. Ruskin] Mr. Vokins knows when, I haven't the date handy here—he came out to me, saying he wanted a first-rate Turner drawing, had I one to spare?

“Well,” I said, “I have none to *spare*, yet I have a reason for letting *one* first-rate one go, if you give me a price.”

“What will you take?”

“A thousand pounds.”

Mr. Vokins wrote me the cheque in Denmark Hill drawing-room (my old servant, Lucy Tovey, bringing pen and ink), and took the Lucerne. Lucy, amazed and sorrowful, put the drawing into his carriage.

I wished to get *dead* Turner, for one drawing, his

own original price for the whole ten, and thus did.—*Notes on his Turner Drawings—Epilogue*, pp. 71-75.

TURNER UNAPPRECIATED BY THE PUBLIC.—I spent the ten strongest years of my life (from twenty to thirty), in endeavoring to show the excellence of the work of the man whom I believed, and rightly believed, to be the greatest painter of the schools of England since Reynolds. I had then perfect faith in the power of every great truth or beauty to prevail ultimately, and take its right place in usefulness and honor; and I strove to bring the painter's work into this due place, while the painter was yet alive. But he knew, better than I, the uselessness of talking about what people could not see for themselves. He always discouraged me scornfully, even when he thanked me—and he died before even the superficial effect of my work was visible. I went on, however, thinking I could at least be of use to the public, if not to him, in proving his power. My books got talked about a little. The prices of modern pictures, generally, rose, and I was beginning to take some pleasure in a sense of gradual victory, when, fortunately or unfortunately, an opportunity of perfect trial undeceived me at once, and for ever. The Trustees of the National Gallery commissioned me to arrange the Turner drawings there, and permitted me to prepare three hundred examples of his studies from nature, for exhibition at Kensington. At Kensington they were and are placed for exhibition; but they are not exhibited, for the room in which they hang is always empty.—*The Mystery of Life*, p. 105.

“THE REST IS SILENCE.”—The account of gain and loss, of gifts and gratitude, between Turner and his countrymen, was for ever closed. *He* could only be left to his quiet death at Chelsea—the sun upon his face; *they* to dispose a length of funeral through Ludgate, and bury, with threefold honor, his body in St. Paul's, his pictures at Charing Cross, and his purposes in Chancery.—*Modern Painters*, III., p. 7.

TURNER'S “SLAVE SHIP.”—I think the noblest sea that Turner has ever painted, and if so, the noblest certainly ever painted by man, is that of the Slave

Ship, the chief Academy picture of the Exhibition of 1840. It is a sunset on the Atlantic, after prolonged storm; but the storm is partially lulled, and the torn and streaming rain-clouds are moving in scarlet lines to lose themselves in the hollow of the night. The whole surface of sea included in the picture is divided into two ridges of enormous swell, not high nor local, but a low, broad heaving of the whole ocean, like the lifting of its bosom by deep-drawn breath after the torture of the storm. Between these two ridges the fire of the sunset falls along the trough of the sea, dyeing it with an awful but glorious light—the intense and lurid splendor which burns like gold and bathes like blood. Along this fiery path and valley, the tossing waves by which the swell of the sea is restlessly divided lift themselves in dark, indefinite, fantastic forms, each casting a faint and ghastly shadow behind it along the illumined foam. They do not rise everywhere, but three or four together in wild groups, fitfully and furiously, as the under-strength of the swell compels or permits them, leaving between them treacherous spaces of level and whirling water, now lighted with green and lamp-like fire, now flashing back the gold of the declining sun, now fearfully dyed from above with the undistinguishable images of the burning clouds, which fall upon them in flakes of crimson and scarlet, and give to the reckless waves the added motion of their own fiery flying. Purple and blue, the lurid shadows of the hollow breakers are cast upon the mist of the night, which gathers cold and low, advancing like the shadow of death upon the guilty* ship as it labors amidst the lightning of the sea, its thin masts written upon the sky in lines of blood, girded with condemnation in that fearful hue which signs the sky with horror and mixes its flaming flood with the sunlight, and, cast far along the desolate heave of the sepulchral waves, incarnadines the multitudinous sea.

I believe if I were reduced to rest Turner's immortality upon any single work, I should choose this. Its daring conception, ideal in the highest sense of the word, is based on the purest truth, and wrought out

* She is a Slave, throwing her slaves overboard. The near sea is encumbered with corpses.

with the concentrated knowledge of a life; its color is absolutely perfect, not one false or morbid hue in any part or line, and so modulated that every square inch of canvas is a perfect composition; its drawing as accurate as fearless; the ship buoyant, bending, and full of motion; its tones as true as they are wonderful; and the whole picture dedicated to the most sublime of subjects and impressions (completing thus the perfect system of all truth, which we have shown to be formed by Turner's works)—the power, majesty, and deathfulness of the open, deep, illimitable sea.—*Modern Painters*, II., p. 140.

[In the *University Magazine* for May, 1878, Mr W. H. Harrison, the friend and literary counsellor of Ruskin in his boyhood, gives a whimsical anecdote of Turner. He says:—

“I used to meet Turner at the table of Mr. Ruskin the father of the art critic. The first occasion was a few days after the appearance of a notice in the *Atteneum*, of a picture of Turner's, which was therein characterized as ‘Eggs and Spinach.’ This stuck in the great painter's throat, and as we were returning together, in Mr. Ruskin's carriage, Turner ejaculated the obnoxious phrase every five minutes. I told him that if I had attained to his eminence in art, I should not care a rush for what anyone said of me. But the only reply I could get was ‘Eggs and Spinach.’”

The best Life of Turner is by Walter Thornbury.—On Epochs in his Art Life consult the Introduction (pp. 7-9) to “Notes by Mr. Ruskin on his Drawings, the Late J. M. W. Turner;” also “Modern Painters,” I., pp. 190-209, and “Pre-Raphaelitism,” pp. 28-48. Chapter VIII. of the “Laws of Fésolé,” describes Turner's method of laying his colors. Mr. Ruskin has had made by his draughtsman, Mr. Wm. Ward, facsimile copies of Turner's paintings which he thinks nearly equal to the originals. They are for sale by Mr. Ward at 2 Church Terrace, Richmond, Surrey].

COLOR.

Color is the type of love.—*Modern Painters*, V., p. 342.

Color, generally, but chiefly the scarlet, used with the hyssop, in the Levitical law, is the great sanctifying element of visible beauty inseparably connected with purity and life.—*Modern Painters*, V., p. 341.

THE LOVELIEST COLORS.—The loveliest colors ever granted to human sight—those of morning and evening clouds before or after rain—are produced on minute particles of finely-divided water, or perhaps sometimes, ice.

There are no colors, either in the nacre of shells, or the plumes of birds and insects, which are so pure as those of clouds, opal, or flowers.

No diamond shows color so pure as a dewdrop.—*Lectures on Art*, p. 119.

To color perfectly is the rarest and most precious (technical) power an artist can possess. There have been only seven supreme colorists among the true painters whose works exist (namely, Giorgione, Titian, Veronese, Tintoret, Correggio, Reynolds, and Turner); but the names of great designers, including sculptors, architects, and metal-workers are multitudinous.—*Modern Painters*, V., p. 342.

FORM BEFORE COLOR.—Abstract color is of far less importance than abstract form; that is to say, if it could rest in our choice whether we would carve like Phidias (supposing Phidias had never used color), or arrange the colors of a shawl like Indians, there is no question as to which power we ought to choose. The difference of rank is vast; there is no way of estimating or measuring it.—*Modern Painters*, V., p. 341.

COLOR AND FORM.—The man who can see all the grays, and reds, and purples in a peach, will paint the peach rightly round, and rightly altogether; but the man who has only studied its roundness, may not see its purples and grays, and if he does not, will never get it to look like a peach; so that great power over

color is always a sign of large general art-intellect. . . . To color well requires real talent and earnest study, and to color perfectly is the rarest and most precious power an artist can possess.—*Modern Painters*, IV., p. 67.

THE INTERDEPENDENCE OF COLORS.—In giving an account of anything for its own sake, the most important points are those of form. Nevertheless, the form of the object is its own attribute; special, not shared with other things. An error in giving an account of it does not necessarily involve wider error. But its color is partly its own, partly shared with other things round it. The hue and power of all broad sunlight is involved in the color it has cast upon this single thing; to falsify that color, is to misrepresent and break the harmony of the day: also, by what color it bears, this single object is altering hues all round it; reflecting its own into them, displaying them by opposition, softening them by repetition; one falsehood in color in one place, implies a thousand in the neighborhood. Hence, there are peculiar penalties attached to falsehood in color, and peculiar rewards granted to veracity in it.—*Modern Painters*, V., p. 345.

THE SACREDNESS OF COLOR.—The fact is, we none of us enough appreciate the nobleness and sacredness of color. Nothing is more common than to hear it spoken of as a subordinate beauty—nay, even as the mere source of a sensual pleasure: and we might almost believe that we were daily among men who

“ Could strip, for aught the prospect yields
To them, their verdure from the fields;
And take the radiance from the clouds
With which the sun his setting shrouds.”

But it is not so. Such expressions are used for the most part in thoughtlessness; and if the speakers would only take the pains to imagine what the world and their own existence would become, if the blue were taken from the sky, and the gold from the sunshine, and the verdure from the leaves, and the crimson from the blood which is the life of man, the flush from the cheek, the darkness from the eye, the radiance from the hair—if they could but see for an instant, white human crea-

tures living in a white world—they would soon feel what they owe to color. The fact is, that, of all God's gifts to the sight of man, color is the holiest, the most divine, the most solemn. We speak rashly of gay color, and sad color, for color cannot at once be good and gay. All good color is in some degree pensive, the loveliest is melancholy, and the purest and most thoughtful minds are those which love color the most.—*Stones of Venice*, II., p. 145.

CHIAROSCURO AND COLOR INCOMPATIBLE.—In our modern art we have indeed lost sight of one great principle which regulated that of the Middle Ages, namely, that chiaroscuro and color are incompatible in their highest degrees. Wherever chiaroscuro enters, color must lose some of its brilliancy. There is no *shade* in a rainbow, nor in an opal, nor in a piece of mother-of-pearl, nor in a well-designed painted window; only various hues of perfect color.—*Giotto and his Works*, p. 26.

COLORS WET.—Every color, wet, is twice as brilliant as it is when dry; and when distances are obscured by mist, and bright colors vanish from the sky, and gleams of sunshine from the earth, the foreground assumes all its loveliest hues, the grass and foliage revive into their perfect green, and every sunburnt rock glows into an agate.—*Modern Painters*. IV., p. 263.

A drop of water, while it subdues the hue of a green leaf or blue flower into a soft grey, and shows itself therefore on the grass or the dock-leaf as a lustrous dimness, enhances the force of all warm colors, so that you never can see what the color of a carnation or a wild rose really is till you get the dew on it.—*Art of England*, p. 100.

WHY WE LIKE A ROSE.—Perhaps few people have ever asked themselves why they admire a rose so much more than all other flowers. If they consider, they will find, first, that red is, in a delicately gradated state, the loveliest of all pure colors; and secondly, that in the rose there is *no shadow*, except what is composed of color. All its shadows are fuller in color than its lights, owing to the translucency and reflective power of its leaves.—*Modern Painters*, III., p. 57.

MOUNTAIN COLORS THE MOST TENDER.—In some sense, a person who has never seen the rose-color of the rays of dawn crossing a blue mountain twelve or fifteen miles away, can hardly be said to know what *tenderness* in color means at all; *bright* tenderness he may, indeed, see in the sky or in a flower, but this grave tenderness of the far-away-hill purples he cannot conceive.—*Modern Painters*, IV., p. 371.

LOVE OF BRIGHT COLOR WILL RETURN TO US.—Our reprobation of bright color is, I think, for the most part, mere affectation, and must soon be done away with. Vulgarity, dulness, or impiety, will indeed always express themselves through art in brown and grey, as in Rembrandt, Caravaggio, and Salvator; but we are not wholly vulgar, dull, or impious; nor, as moderns, are we necessarily obliged to continue so in any wise. Our greatest men, whether sad or gay, still delight, like the great men of all ages, in brilliant hues. The coloring of Scott and Byron is full and pure; that of Keats and Tennyson rich even to excess.—*Modern Painters*, III., p. 281.

ABSENCE OF COLOR-SENSE IN THE GREEKS.—A Greek would have regarded the apple-blossom simply with the eyes of a Devonshire farmer, as bearing on the probable price of cider, and would have called it red, cerulean, purple, white, hyacinthine, or generally “*aglaos*,” agreeable, as happened to suit his verse.

Again: we have seen how fond the Greek was of composing his paradises of rather damp grass; but that in this fondness for grass there was always an undercurrent of consideration for his horses; and the characters in it which pleased him most were its depth and freshness; not its color.—*Modern Painters*, III., p. 244.

TURNER AS A COLORIST.—Claude and Cuyp had painted the *sunshine*, Turner alone the *sun color*. . . .

Note, with respect to this matter, that the peculiar innovation of Turner was the perfection of the color chord by means of *scarlet*. Other painters had rendered the golden tones, and the blue tones, of sky; Titian especially the last, in perfectness. But none had

dared to paint, none seem to have seen, the scarlet and purple.

Nor was it only in seeing this color in vividness when it occurred in full light, that Turner differed from preceding painters. His most distinctive innovation as a colorist was his discovery of the scarlet *shadow*. "True, there is a sunshine whose light is golden, and its shadow gray; but there is another sunshine, and that the purest, whose light is white, and its shadow scarlet." This was the essentially offensive, inconceivable thing, which he could not be believed in. There was some ground for the incredulity, because no color is vivid enough to express the pitch of light of pure white sunshine, so that the color given without the true intensity of light *looks* false. Nevertheless, Turner could not but report of the color truly. "I must indeed be lower in the key, but that is no reason why I should be false in the note. Here is sunshine which glows even when subdued; it has not cool shade, but fiery shade."—*Modern Painters*, V., pp. 338-341.

THE CHINESE AND HINDOOS AS COLORISTS.—The great men never know how or why they do things. They have no rules; cannot comprehend the nature of rules;—do not, usually, even know, in what they do, what is best or what is worst: to them it is all the same; something they cannot help saying or doing—one piece of it as good as another, and none of it (it seems to *them*) worth much. . . .

And this is the reason for the somewhat singular, but very palpable truth that the Chinese, and Indians, and other semi-civilized nations, can color better than we do, and that an Indian shawl or Chinese vase are still, in invention of color, inimitable by us. It is their glorious ignorance of all rules that does it; the pure and true instincts have play, and do their work—instincts so subtle, that the least warping or compression breaks or blunts them; and the moment we begin teaching people any rules about color, and make them do this or that, we crush the instinct generally forever. Hence, hitherto, it has been an actual necessity, in order to obtain power of coloring, that a nation should be half-savage: everybody could color in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries; but we were ruled and legalized into grey in the fif-

teenth;—only a little salt simplicity of their sea natures at Venice still keeping their precious shell-fishy purpleness and power; and now that is gone; and nobody can color anywhere, except the Hindoos and Chinese; but that need not be so, and will not be so long; for, in a little while, people will find out their mistake, and give up talking about rules of color; and then everybody will color again, as easily as they now talk.—*Modern Painters*, III., pp. 104-107.

SALVATOR AND FRÂ ANGELICO.—It will be found that so surely as a painter is irreligious, thoughtless, or obscene in disposition, so surely is his coloring cold, gloomy, and valueless. The opposite poles of art in this respect are Frâ Angelico and Salvator Rosa; of whom the one was a man who smiled seldom, wept often, prayed constantly, and never harbored an impure thought. His pictures are simply so many pieces of jewelry, the colors of the draperies being perfectly pure, as various as those of a painted window, chastened only by paleness, and relieved upon a gold ground. Salvator was a dissipated jester and satirist, a man who spent his life in masquing and revelry. But his pictures are full of horror, and their color is for the most part gloomy grey.—*Stones of Venice*, II., p. 146.

DEAD COLOR.—The law concerning color is very strange, very noble, in some sense almost awful. In every given touch laid on canvas, if one grain of the color is inoperative, and does not take its full part in producing the hue, the hue will be imperfect. The grain of color which does not work is dead. It infects all about it with its death. It must be got quit of, or the touch is spoiled. We acknowledge this instinctively in our use of the phrases “dead color,” “killed color,” “foul color.” Those words are, in some sort, literally true. If more color is put on than is necessary, a heavy touch when a light one would have been enough, the quantity of color that was not wanted, and is overlaid by the rest, is as dead, and it pollutes the rest. There will be no good in the touch.

The art of painting, properly so called, consists in laying on the least possible color that will produce the required result, and this measurement, in all the ulti-

mate, that is to say, the principal, operations of coloring, is so delicate that not one human hand in a million has the required lightness. The final touch of any painter properly so named, of Correggio—Titian—Turner—or Reynolds—would be always quite invisible to any one watching the progress of the work, the films of hue being laid thinner than the depths of the grooves in mother-of-pearl. The work may be swift, apparently careless, nay, to the painter himself almost unconscious. Great painters are so organized that they do their best work without effort; but analyze the touches afterwards, and you will find the structure and depth of the color laid mathematically demonstrable to be of literally infinite fineness, the last touches passing away at their edges by untraceable gradation. The very essence of a master's work may thus be removed by a picture-cleaner in ten minutes.—*The Two Paths*, p. 143.

FIVE LAWS OF COLOR.—1. *All good color is graduated.* A blush rose (or, better still, a blush itself), is the type of rightness in arrangement of pure hue.—2. *All harmonies of color depend for their vitality on the action and helpful operation of every particle of color they contain.*—3. *The final particles of color necessary to the completeness of a color harmony are always infinitely small; either laid by immeasurably subtle touches of the pencil, or produced by portions of the coloring substance, however distributed, which are so absolutely small as to become at the intended distance infinitely so to the eye.*—4. *No color harmony is of high order unless it involves indescribable tints.* It is the best possible sign of a color when nobody who sees it knows what to call it, or how to give an idea of it to any one else. Even among simple hues the most valuable are those which cannot be defined; the most precious purples will look brown beside pure purple, and purple beside pure brown; and the most precious greens will be called blue if seen beside pure green, and green if seen beside pure blue.—5. *The finer the eye for color, the less it will require to gratify it intensely.* But that little must be supremely good and pure, as the finest notes of a great singer, which are so near to silence. And a

great colorist will make even the absence of color lovely, as the fading of the perfect voice makes silence sacred.—*The Two Paths*, p. 150.

PRE-RAPHAELITISM.

TRUE PRE-RAPHAELITE WORK AND ITS IMITATIONS.—The true work represents all objects exactly as they would appear in nature, in the position and at the distances which the arrangement of the picture supposes. The false work represents them with all their details, as if seen through a microscope.—*Modern Painters*, IV., p. 93.

THE GIOTTESQUE AND THE PRE-RAPHAELITE MOVEMENTS SIMILAR.—The Giottesque movement in the fourteenth, and Pre-Raphaelite movement in the nineteenth centuries, are precisely similar in bearing and meaning: both being the protests of vitality against mortality, of spirit against letter, and truth against tradition: and both, which is the more singular, literally links in one unbroken chain of feeling; for exactly as Niccolò Pisano and Giotto were helped by the classical sculptures discovered in their time, the Pre-Raphaelites have been helped by the works of Niccolò and Giotto at Pisa and Florence: and thus the fiery cross of truth has been delivered from spirit to spirit, over the dust of intervening generations.—*Giotto and his Works*, p. 17.

THE UNION OF EXPRESSION AND FINISH.—The perfect unison of expression, as the painter's main purpose, with the full and natural exertion of his pictorial power in the details of the work, is found only in the old Pre-Raphaelite periods, and in the modern Pre-Raphaelite school. In the works of Giotto, Angelico, Orcagna, John Bellini, and one or two more, these two conditions of high art are entirely fulfilled, so far as the knowledge of those days enable them to be fulfilled; and in the modern Pre-Raphaelite school they are fulfilled nearly to the uttermost. Hunt's *Light of the World* is, I believe, the most perfect instance of expressional purpose with technical power, which the world has yet produced.—*Modern Painters*, III., p. 46.

ROSSETTI'S "ANNUNCIATION," MILLAIS'S "BLIND GIRL," AND BURNE-JONES'S "MARRIAGE DANCE."—Consider how the pious persons who had always been accustomed to see their Madonnas dressed in scrupulously folded and exquisitely falling robes of blue, with edges embroidered in gold—to find them also, sitting under arcades of exquisitest architecture by Bernini—and reverently to observe them receive the angel's message with their hands folded on their breasts in the most graceful positions, and the missals they had been previously studying laid open on their knees. Consider, I repeat, the shock to the feelings of all these delicately minded persons, on being asked to conceive a Virgin waking from her sleep on a pallet bed, in a plain room, startled by sudden words and ghostly presence which she does not comprehend, and casting in her mind what manner of salutation this should be.

Again, consider, with respect to the second picture, how the learned possessors of works of established reputation by the ancient masters, classically catalogued as "landscapes with figures;" and who held it for eternal, artistic law, that such pictures should either consist of a rock, with a Spanish chestnut growing out of the side of it, and three banditti in helmets and big feathers on the top, or else of a Corinthian temple, built beside an arm of the sea; with the queen of Sheba beneath, preparing for embarkation to visit Solomon—the whole properly toned down with amber varnish:—imagine the first consternation, and final wrath, of these *cognoscenti*, at being asked to contemplate, deliberately, and to the last rent of her ragged gown, and for principal object in a finished picture, a vagrant who ought at once to have been sent to the workhouse; and some really green grass and blue flowers, as they may actually any day be seen on an English common-side.

And, finally, let us imagine, if imagination fail us not, the far more wide and weighty indignation of the public, accustomed always to see its paintings of marriages elaborated in Christian propriety and splendor; with a bishop officiating, assisted by a dean and an archdeacon; the modesty of the bride expressed by a veil of the most expensive Valenciennes, and the robes of

the bridesmaids designed by the perfectest of Parisian artists, and looped up with stuffed robins or other such tender rarities;—think with what sense of hitherto unheard of impropriety, the British public must have received a picture of a marriage, in which the bride was only crowned with flowers—at which the bridesmaids danced barefoot—and in which nothing was known, or even conjecturable, respecting the bridegroom, but his love!—*The Three Colors of Pre-Raphaelitism*, Nineteenth Century, 1878.*

*[Prof. Ruskin's chief words on the Pre-Raphaelites will be found in the following books chronologically arranged: *Arrows of the Chace*, I., pp. 66-81; *Pre-Raphaelitism* (1851); *Lectures on Architecture and Painting*, III. (1853); *Art of England* (1883).

See also the *Edinburgh Witness*, March 27, 1858. The *Nineteenth Century*, for November and December, 1878, contains articles by Ruskin on "The Three Colors of Pre-Raphaelitism."]

SECTION II.—THE GRAPHIC ARTS.

CHAPTER II.—ENGRAVING—ILLUMINATION, ETC.

ENGRAVING.—Engraving is, in brief terms, the Art of Scratch. . . . To engrave is, in final strictness, “to decorate a surface with furrows.” Cameos, in accuratest terms, are minute sculptures, not engravings. A ploughed field is the purest type of such art; and is, on hilly land, an exquisite piece of decoration.—*Ariadne*, pp. 21–23.

In metal engraving, you cut ditches, fill them with ink, and press your paper into them. In wood engraving, you leave ridges, rub the tops of them with ink, and stamp them on your paper.

The instrument with which the substance, whether of the wood or steel, is cut away, is the same. It is a solid ploughshare, which, instead of throwing the earth aside, throws it up and out, producing at first a simple ravine, or furrow, in the wood or metal, which you can widen by another cut, or extend by successive cuts. . . .

Since, then, in wood printing, you print from the surface left solid; and, in metal printing, from the hollows cut into it, it follows that if you put few touches on wood, you draw, as on a slate, with white lines, leaving a quantity of black; but if you put few touches on metal, you draw with black lines, leaving a quantity of white.

Now the eye is not in the least offended by quantity of white, but is, or ought to be, greatly saddened and offended by quantity of black. Hence it follows that you must never put little work on wood. You must not sketch upon it. You may sketch on metal as much as you please.—*Ariadne*, p. 46.

THE ANCIENT AND THE MODERN STYLES OF ENGRAVING.—The essential difference between these men

[Dürer and the artists of the Renaissance] and the moderns is that these central masters cut their line for the most part with a single furrow, giving it depth by force of hand or wrist, and retouching, *not in the furrow itself, but with others beside it . . .*

[The Modern school deepens its] lines in successive cuts. The instant consequence of the introduction of this method is the restriction of curvature; you cannot follow a complex curve again with precision through its furrow. If you are a dextrous ploughman, you can drive your plough any number of times along the simple curve. But you cannot repeat again exactly the motions which cut a variable one. You may retouch it, energize it, and deepen it in parts, but you cannot cut it all through again equally. And the retouching and energizing in parts is a living and intellectual process; but the cutting all through, equally, a mechanical one. The difference is exactly such as that between the dexterity of turning out two similar mouldings from a lathe, and carving them with the free hand, like a Pisan sculptor. And although splendid intellect, and subtlest sensibility, have been spent on the production of some modern plates, the mechanical element introduced by their manner of execution always overpowers both; nor *can any plate of consummate value ever be produced in the modern method.*—*Ariadne*, pp. 75, 76.

BLAKE AND REMBRANDT.—In expressing conditions of glaring and flickering light, Blake is greater than Rembrandt.—*Elements of Drawing*, p. 190.

ENGRAVERS THEMSELVES HAVE DESTROYED THEIR CRAFT.—Engravers complain that photography and cheap woodcutting have ended their finer craft. No complaint can be less grounded. They themselves destroyed their own craft, by vulgarizing it. Content in their beautiful mechanism, they ceased to learn and to feel, as artists; they put themselves under the order of publishers and printsellers; they worked indiscriminately from whatever was put into their hands—from Bartlett as willingly as from Turner, and from Mulready as carefully as from Raphael.—*Ariadne*, p. 79.

ENGRAVING THE GRAMMAR OF PAINTING.—The excellence of a beautiful engraving is primarily in the use of these resources [dots and net-work of lines] to exhibit the qualities of the original picture, with delight to the eye in the method of translation; and the language of engraving, when once you begin to understand it, is, in these respects, so fertile, so ingenious, so ineffably subtle and severe in its grammar, that you may quite easily make it the subject of your life's investigation, as you would the scholarship of a lovely literature.

But in doing this, you would withdraw, and necessarily withdraw, your attention from the higher qualities of art, precisely as a grammarian, who is that, and nothing more, loses command of the matter and substance of thought. And the exquisitely mysterious mechanisms of the engraver's method have, in fact, thus entangled the intelligence of the careful draughtsman of Europe; so that since the final perfection of this translator's power, all the men of finest patience and finest hand have stayed content with it—the subtle draughtsmanship has perished from the canvas,* and sought more popular praise in this labyrinth of disciplined language, and more or less dulled or degraded thought. And, in sum, I know no cause more direct or fatal, in the destruction of the great schools of European art, than the perfectness of modern line engraving.—*Ariadne*, p. 68.

ILLUMINATED MANUSCRIPTS.—Perfect illumination is only writing made lovely; the moment it passes into picture-making it has lost its dignity and function. For pictures, small or great, if beautiful, ought not to be painted on leaves of books, to be worn with service; and pictures, small or great, not beautiful, should be painted nowhere.—*Lectures on Art*, p. 96.

A well-written book is as much pleasanter and more beautiful than a printed one as a picture is than an engraving; and there are many forms of the art of illumination which were only in their infancy at the time

* An effort has lately been made in France, by Meissonier, Gérôme, and their school, to recover it, with marvelous collateral skill of engravers. The etching of Gérôme's Louis XVI. and Molière is one of the completest pieces of skilful mechanism ever put on metal.

when the wooden blocks of Germany abolished the art of scripture, and of which the revival will be a necessary result of a proper study of natural history.—*For's*, III., p. 54.

PAINTED GLASS WINDOWS.—In the case of windows, the points which we have to insist upon are, the transparency of the glass and its susceptibility of the most brilliant colors; and therefore the attempt to turn painted windows into pretty pictures is one of the most gross and ridiculous barbarisms of this pre-eminently barbarous century. The true perfection of a painted window is to be serene, intense, brilliant, like flaming jewelry; full of easily legible and quaint subjects, and exquisitely subtle, yet simple, in its harmonies. In a word, this perfection has been consummated in the designs, never to be surpassed, if ever again to be approached by human art, of the French windows of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries.—*Stones of Venice*, II., pp. 395, 396.

The value of hue in all illuminations on painted glass of fine periods depends primarily on the expedients used to make the colors palpitate and fluctuate; *inequality* of brilliancy being the *condition* of brilliancy, just as inequality of accent is the condition of power and loveliness in sound. The skill with which the thirteenth century illuminators in books, and the Indians in shawls and carpets, use the minutest atoms of color to gradate other colors, and confuse the eye, is the first secret in their gift of splendor: associated, however, with so many other artifices which are quite instinctive and unteachable, that it is of little use to dwell upon them. Delicacy of organization in the designer given, you will soon have all, and without it, nothing.—*The Two Paths*, p. 150.

WOOD-CUTS.—The execution of the plumage in Bewick's birds is the most masterly thing ever yet done in wood-cutting—*Elements of Drawing*, p. 190.

Now calculate—or think enough to feel the impossibility of calculating—the number of wood-cuts used daily for our popular prints, and how many men are night and day cutting 1,050 square holes to the square inch, as the occupation of their manly life. And Mrs.

Beecher Stowe and the North Americans fancy they have abolished slavery!—*Ariadne*, p. 55.

A wood-cut never can be so beautiful or good a thing as a painting, or line engraving. But in its own separate and useful way, an excellent thing, because, practised rightly, it exercises in the artist, and summons in you, the habit of abstraction; that is to say, of deciding what are the essential points in the things you see, and seizing these.—*Ariadne*, p. 58.

If we were at this moment to come across a Titian wood-cut, or a Dürer wood-cut, we should not like it—those of us at least who are accustomed to the cheap work of the day. We don't like, and can't like, *that* long; but when we are tired of one bad cheap thing, we throw it aside and buy another bad cheap thing; and so keep looking at bad things all our lives. Now, the very men who do all that quick bad work for us are capable of doing perfect work. Only, perfect work can't be hurried, and therefore it can't be cheap beyond a certain point.—*A Joy For Ever*, p. 30.

While no entirely beautiful thing can be represented in a wood-cut, every form of vulgarity or unpleasantness can be given to the life; and the result is, that, especially in our popular scientific books, the mere effort to be amusing and attractive leads to the publication of every species of the abominable. No microscope can teach the beauty of a statue, nor can any wood-cut represent that of a nobly bred human form; but only last term we saw the whole Ashmolean Society held in a trance of rapture by the inexplicable decoration of the posteriors of a flea; and I have framed for you here, around a page of the scientific journal which styles itself, "Knowledge," a collection of wood-cuts out of a scientific survey of South America, presenting collectively to you, in designs ignorantly drawn and vilely engraved, yet with the peculiar advantage belonging to the cheap wood-cut, whatever, through that fourth part of the round world, from Mexico to Patagonia, can be found of savage, sordid, vicious, or ridiculous in humanity, without so much as one exceptional indication of a graceful form, a true

instinct, or a cultivable capacity.—*Art of England*, p. 74.

ETCHING.—Etching is an indolent and blundering method at the best.—*Ariadne*, p. 106.

If you ever happen to meet with the two volumes of "Grimm's German Stories," which were illustrated [by Cruikshank] long ago, pounce upon them instantly; the etchings in them are the finest things, next to Rembrandt's, that, as far as I know, have been done since etching was invented.—*Elements of Drawing*, p. 189.

FLAXMAN'S OUTLINES TO DANTE.—Flaxman's outlines to Dante contain, I think, examples of almost every kind of falsehood and feebleness which it is possible for a trained artist, not base in thought, to commit or admit, both in design and execution.—*Elements of Drawing*, p. 191.

CARICATURE.—No teaching, no hard study, will ever enable other people to equal, in their several ways, the works of Leech or Cruikshank; whereas, the power of pure drawing is communicable, within certain limits, to every one who has good sight and industry. I do not, indeed, know how far, by devoting the attention to points of character, caricaturist skill may be laboriously attained; but certainly the power is, in the masters of the school, innate from their childhood.—*Modern Painters*, IV., p. 413.

"PUNCH."—The definite and every year more emphatic assertion [of the laws of Beauty] in the pages of "Punch" is the ruling charm and most legitimate pride of the immortal periodical. Day by day the search for grotesque, ludicrous, or loathsome subject which degraded the caricatures in its original, the "Charivari," and renders the dismally comic journals of Italy the mere plagues and cancers of the State, became, in our English satirists, an earnest comparison of the things which were graceful and honorable, with those which were graceless and dishonest, in modern life. Gradually the kind and vivid genius of John Leech, capable in its brightness of finding pretty jest in everything, but capable in its tenderness also of rejoicing in the beauty of every-

thing, softened and illumined with its loving wit the entire scope of English social scene; the graver power of Tenniel brought a steady tone and law of morality into the license of political contention; and finally the acute, highly trained, and accurately physiological observation of Du Maurier traced for us, to its true origin in vice or virtue, every order of expression in the mixed circle of metropolitan rank and wealth: and has done so with a closeness of delineation the like of which has not been seen since Holbein, and deserving the most respectful praise in that, whatever power of satire it may reach by the selection and assemblage of telling points of character, it never degenerates into caricature.—*Art of England*, p. 79.

THE ANIMAL DRAWINGS OF JOHN LEWIS.—Rubens, Rembrandt, Snyders, Tintoret, and Titian, have all, in various ways, drawn wild beasts magnificently; but they have in some sort humanized or demonized them, making them either ravenous fiends or educated beasts, that would draw cars, and had respect for hermits. The sullen isolation of the brutal nature; the dignity and quietness of the mighty limbs; the shaggy mountainous power, mingled with grace, as of a flowing stream; the stealthy restraint of strength and wrath in every soundless motion of the gigantic frame; all this seems never to have been seen, much less drawn, until Lewis drew and himself engraved a series of animal subjects, now many years ago.—*Pre-Raphaelitism*, p. 26.

✓ RAPHAEL AND REMBRANDT AS CHIAROSCURISTS.—You probably have been beguiled, before now, into admiring Raphael's Transfiguration, in which everybody's faces and limbs are half black; and into supposing Rembrandt a master of chiaroscuro, because he can paint a vigorous portrait with a black dab under the nose!

Both Raphael and Rembrandt *are* masters, indeed; but neither of them masters of light and shade, in treatment of which the first is always false, and the second always vulgar. The only absolute masters of light and shade are those who never make you *think* of light and shade, more than Nature herself does.

It will be twenty years, however, at least, before you can so much as *see* the finer conditions of shadow in masters of that calibre.—*Laws of Féssole*, p. 117.

GUSTAVE DORÉ.—Thank you for sending me your friend's letter about Gustave Doré; he is wrong, however, in thinking there is any good in those illustrations of Elaine. I had intended to speak of them afterwards, for it is to my mind quite as significant—almost as awful—a sign of what is going on in the midst of us, that our great English poet should have suffered his work to be thus contaminated, as that the lower Evangelicals, never notable for sense in the arts, should have got their Bibles dishonored. Those Elaine illustrations are just as impure as anything else that Doré has done; but they are also vapid, and without any one merit whatever in point of art. The illustrations to the *Contes Drolatiques* are full of power and invention; but those to Elaine are merely and simply stupid; theatrical bêtises, with the taint of the charnel-house on them besides.—*Letter to Thos. Dixon, Time and Tide*, p. 71.

STAMPED PAPER FOR WATER-COLORS.—From all I can gather respecting the recklessness of modern paper manufacture, my belief is, that though you may still handle an Albert Dürer engraving, two hundred years old, fearlessly, not one-half of that time will have passed over your modern water-colors, before most of them will be reduced to mere white or brown rags; and your descendants, twitching them contemptuously into fragments between finger and thumb, will mutter against you, half in scorn and half in anger, “Those wretched nineteenth century people! they kept vapor-ing and fuming about the world, doing what they called business, and they couldn't make a sheet of paper that wasn't rotten.” . . . I am inclined to think, myself, that water-color ought not to be used on paper at all, but only on vellum, and then, if properly taken care of, the drawing would be almost imperishable. Still, paper is a much more convenient material for rapid work; and it is an infinite absurdity not to secure the goodness of its quality, when we could do so without the slightest trouble. Among the many favors

which I am going to ask from our paternal government when we get it, will be that it will supply its little boys with good paper. You have nothing to do but to let the government establish a paper manufactory, under the superintendence of any of our leading chemists, who should be answerable for the safety and completeness of all the processes of the manufacture. The government stamp on the corner of your sheet of drawing-paper, made in the perfect way, should cost you a shilling, which would add something to the revenue; and when you bought a water-color drawing for fifty or a hundred guineas, you would have merely to look in the corner for your stamp, and pay your extra shilling for the security that your hundred guineas were given really for a drawing, and not for a colored rag.—*A Joy For Ever*, pp. 31, 32.

SECTION III.—ARCHITECTURE.

True architecture is a thing which puts its builders to cost—not which pays them dividends. . . . True architecture is built by the man who wants a house for himself, and builds it to his own liking, at his own cost; not for his own gain, to the liking of other people.—*Fors*, I., p. 280.

Every great national architecture has been the result and exponent of a great national religion. You can't have bits of it here, bits there—you must have it everywhere, or nowhere. It is not the monopoly of a clerical company—it is not the exponent of a theological dogma—it is not the hieroglyphic writing of an initiated priesthood; it is the manly language of a people inspired by resolute and common purpose, and rendering resolute and common fidelity to the legible laws of an undoubted God.—*Crown of Wild Olive*, *Lecture*, II., p. 53.

Architecture is the work of nations; but we cannot have nations of great sculptors. Every house in every street of every city ought to be good architecture, but we cannot have Flaxman or Thorwaldsen at work upon it. . . . Your business as an architect, is to calculate only on the co-operation of inferior men, to think for them, to indicate for them such expressions of your thoughts as the weakest capacity can comprehend and the feeblest hand can execute. This is the definition of the purest architectural abstractions. They are the deep and laborious thoughts of the greatest men, put into such easy letters that they can be written by the simplest. *They are expressions of the mind of*

manhood by the hands of childhood.—*Stones of Venice*, p. 241.

You cannot have good architecture merely by asking people's advice on occasion. All good architecture is the expression of national life and character; and it is produced by a prevalent and eager national taste, or desire for beauty.—*Crown of Wild Olive*, Lect. II., p. 45.

Every man has, at some time of his life, personal interest in architecture. He has influence on the design of some public building; or he has to buy, or build, or alter his own house. It signifies less whether the knowledge of other arts be general or not; men may live without buying pictures or statues: but, in architecture, all must in some way commit themselves; they *must* do mischief, and waste their money, if they do not know how to turn it to account.—*Stones of Venice*, I., p. 8.

SCULPTURE NOT SUBORDINATE TO ARCHITECTURE.—Do you think the man who designed the procession on the portal of Amiens was the subordinate workman? that there was an architect over *him*, restraining him within certain limits, and ordering of him his bishops at so much a mitre, and his cripples at so much a crutch? Not so. *Here*, on this sculptured shield, rests the Master's hand; *this* is the centre of the Master's thought; from this, and in subordination to this, waved the arch and sprang the pinnacle. Having done this, and being able to give human expression and action to the stone, all the rest—the rib, the niche, the foil, the shaft—were mere toys to his hand and accessories to his conception: and if once you also gain the gift of doing this, if once you can carve one fronton such as you have here, I tell you, you would be able—so far as it depended on your invention—to scatter cathedrals over England as fast as clouds rise from its streams after summer rain.—*The Two Paths*, pp. 89, 90.

A great architect must be a great sculptor or painter. This is a universal law. No person who is not a great sculptor or painter *can* be an architect. If

he is not a sculptor or painter, he can only be a *builder*. The three greatest architects hitherto known in the world were Phidias, Giotto, and Michael Angelo; with all of whom, architecture was only their play, sculpture and painting their work.—*Lectures on Architecture*, p. 65.

THE SO-CALLED FIVE ORDERS OF ARCHITECTURE.—Five orders [of architecture]! There is not a side chapel in any Gothic cathedral but it has fifty orders, the worst of them better than the best of the Greek ones, and all new; and a single inventive human soul could create a thousand orders in an hour.—*Stones of Venice*, III., p. 100.

NOVELTY IN ARCHITECTURE.—The very essence of a Style, properly so-called, is that it should be practised *for ages*, and applied to all purposes; and that so long as any given style is in practice, all that is left for individual imagination to accomplish must be within the scope of that style, not in the invention of a new one.—*The Two Paths*, p. 81.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE.—I have received, “with the respects of the author,” a pamphlet on the Crystal Palace; which tells me, in its first sentence, that the Crystal Palace is a subject which every cultivated Englishman has at heart; in its second, that the Crystal Palace is a household word, and is the loftiest moral triumph of the world; and in its third, that the Palace is declining, it is said—verging towards decay. I have not heard anything for a long time which has more pleased me; and beg to assure the author of the pamphlet in question that I never get up at Herne Hill after a windy night without looking anxiously towards Norwood in the hope that “the loftiest moral triumph of the world” may have been blown away.—*Forbs*, II., p. 415.

THE CASTLES OF THE MIDDLE AGES.—Nothing can be more noble or interesting than the true thirteenth or fourteenth century castle, when built in a difficult position, its builder taking advantage of every inch of ground to gain more room, and of every irregularity of surface for purposes of outlook and defence; so that the castle *sate* its rock as a strong rider sits his horse—

fitting its limbs to every writhe of the flint beneath it; and fringing the mountain promontory far into the sky with the wild crests of its fantastic battlements. Of such castles we can see no more.—*Arrows of the Chace*, I., p. 146.

THE ENGLISH COTTAGE.—If you think over the matter you will find that you actually do owe, and ought to owe, a great part of your pleasure in all cottage scenery, and in all the inexhaustible imagery of literature which is founded upon it, to the conspicuousness of the cottage roof—to the subordination of the cottage itself to its covering, which leaves, in nine cases out of ten, really more roof than anything else. It is, indeed, not so much the whitewashed walls—nor the flowery garden—nor the rude fragments of stones set for steps at the door—nor any other picturesqueness of the building which interests you, so much as the grey bank of its heavy eaves, deep-cushioned with green moss and golden stonecrop.—*Lectures on Architecture*, p. 25.

BRICK AND TERRA-COTTA IN ARCHITECTURE.—Just as many of the finest works of the Italian sculptors were executed in porcelain, many of the best thoughts of their architects are expressed in brick, or in the softer material of terra-cotta; and if this were so in Italy, where there is not one city from whose towers we may not descry the blue outline of Alp or Apennine, everlasting quarries of granite or marble, how much more ought it to be so among the fields of England! I believe that the best academy for her architects, for some half century to come, would be the brick-field; for of this they may rest assured, that till they know how to use clay, they will never know how to use marble.—*Stones of Venice*, II., p. 260.

MEDIUM-SIZED BLOCKS BEST FOR BUILDINGS.—The invention of expedients for the raising of enormous stones has always been a characteristic of partly savage or corrupted races. A block of marble not larger than a cart with a couple of oxen could carry, and a cross-beam, with a couple of pulleys raise, is as large as should generally be used in any building. The employment of large masses is sure to lead to vulgar exhibi-

tions of geometrical arrangement, and to draw away the attention from the sculpture. In general, rocks naturally break into such pieces as the human beings that have to build with them can easily lift, and no larger should be sought for.—*Aratra Pentelici*, p. 97.

LET NOT ART BE TOO COMMON OR FAMILIAR.—Nor do I hold it usually an advantage to art, in teaching, that it *should* be common, or constantly seen. In becoming intelligibly and kindly beautiful, while it remains solitary and unrivalled, it has a greater power. Westminster Abbey is more didactic to the English nation, than a million of popular illustrated treatises on architecture.—*Ariadne*, p. 26.

PERMANENT HOMES.—I believe that the wandering habits which have now become almost necessary to our existence, lie more at the root of our bad architecture than any other character of modern times. We always look upon our houses as mere temporary lodgings.—*Lectures on Architecture*, p. 55.

The one point you may be assured of is, that your happiness does not at all depend on the size of your house—(or, if it does, rather on its smallness than largeness); but depends entirely on your having peaceful and safe possession of it—on your habits of keeping it clean and in order—on the materials of it being trustworthy, if they are no more than stone and turf—and on your contentment with it, so that gradually you may mend it to your mind, day by day, and leave it to your children a better house than it was.

To your children, and to theirs, desiring for them that they may live as you have lived; and not strive to forget you, and stammer when any one asks who you were, because, forsooth, they have become fine folks by your help.—*Fors*, l., pp. 280, 281.

A HOUSE SUITED TO YOU.—“But I mean to make money, and have a better and better house every ten years.”

Yes, I know you do.

If you intend to keep that notion, I have no word more to say to you. Fare you—not well, for you cannot; but as you may.

But if you have sense, and feeling, determine what

sort of a house will be fit for you;—determine to work for it—to get it—and to die in it, if the Lord will.

“What sort of house will be fit for me?—but of course the biggest and finest I can get will be fittest!”

Again, so says the Devil to you; and if you believe him, he will find you fine lodgings enough—for rent. But if you don't believe him, consider, I repeat, what sort of house will be fit for you?

“Fit!—but what do you mean by fit?”

I mean, one that you can entirely enjoy and manage; but which you will not be proud of, except as you make it charming in its modesty. If you are proud of it, it is *unfit* for you—better than a man in your station of life can by simple and sustained exertion obtain; and it should be rather under such quiet level than above. Ashesteil was entirely fit for Walter Scott, and Walter Scott was entirely happy there. Abbotsford was fit also for *Sir* Walter Scott; and had he been content with it, his had been a model life. But he would fain still add field to field—and died homeless.—*For's*, II., p. 298.

Round every railroad station, out of the once quiet fields, there bursts up first a blotch of brick-fields, and then of ghastly houses, washed over with slime into miserable fineries of cornice and portico. A gentleman would hew for himself a log hut, and thresh for himself a straw bed, before he would live in such.—*Arrows of the Chace*, II., p. 98.

THE ARCHITECTURE OF CITIES.—All lovely architecture was designed for cities in cloudless air; for cities in which piazzas and gardens opened in bright populousness and peace; cities built that men might live happily in them, and take delight daily in each other's presence and powers. But our cities, built in black air, which, by its accumulated foulness, first renders all ornament invisible in distance, and then chokes its interstices with soot; cities which are mere crowded masses of store, and warehouse, and counter, and are therefore to the rest of the world what the larder and cellar are to a private house; cities in which the object of men is not life, but labor; and in which all chief magnitude of edifice is to enclose machinery; cities

in which the streets are not the avenues for the passing and procession of a happy people, but the drains for the discharge of a tormented mob, in which the only object in reaching any spot is to be transferred to another; in which existence becomes mere transition, and every creature is only one atom in a drift of human dust, and current of interchanging particles, circulating here by tunnels under ground, and there by tubes in the air; for a city, or cities, such as this, no architecture is possible—nay, no desire of it is possible to their inhabitants.—*Lectures on Architecture*, p. 137.

It does not matter how many beautiful public buildings you possess, if they are not supported by, and in harmony with, the private houses of the town. Neither the mind nor the eye will accept a new college, or a new hospital, or a new institution, for a city. It is the Canongate, and the Princes Street, and the High Street that are Edinburgh. . . . Do not think that you can have good architecture merely by paying for it. It is not by subscribing liberally for a large building once in forty years that you can call up architects and inspiration. It is only by active and sympathetic attention to the domestic and every day work which is done for each of you, that you can educate either yourselves to the feeling, or your builders to the doing, of what is truly great.

Well but, you will answer, you cannot feel interested in architecture: you do not care about it, and *cannot* care about it. I know you cannot. About such architecture as is built now-a-days, no mortal ever did or could care. You do not feel interested in *hearing* the same thing over and over again;—why do you suppose you can feel interested *in seeing* the same thing over and over again, were that thing even the best and most beautiful in the world?—*Lectures on Architecture*, p. 11.

SUBURBAN ARCHITECTURE.—An English clergyman, a master of this University, a man not given to sentiment, but of middle age, and great practical sense, told me . . . that he never could enter London from his country parsonage but with closed eyes, lest the sight of the

blocks of houses which the railroad intersected in the suburbs should unfit him, by the horror of it, for his day's work. . . . To have any right morality, happiness, or art in any country where the cities are thus built, or thus, let me rather say, clotted and coagulated; spots of a dreadful mildew spreading by patches and blotches over the country they consume. You must have lovely cities, crystalized, not coagulated, into form; limited in size, and not casting out the scum and scurf of them into an encircling eruption of shame, but girded each with its sacred pomcerium, and with garlands of gardens full of blossoming trees, and softly guided streams.—*Lectures on Art*, p. 79.

BLACKFRIAR'S BRIDGE.—As a Greek put human life into his pillars and produced the caryatid; and an Egyptian lotos life into his pillars, and produced the lily capital: so here, either of them would have put some gigantic or some angelic life into those colossal sockets. He would perhaps have put vast winged statues of bronze, folding their wings, and grasping the iron rails with their hands; or monstrous eagles, or serpents holding with claw or coil, or strong four-footed animals couchant, holding with the paw, or in fierce action, holding with teeth. Thousands of grotesque or of lovely thoughts would have risen before him, and the bronze forms, animal or human, would have signified, either in symbol or in legend, whatever might be gracefully told respecting the purposes of the work and the districts to which it conducted. Whereas, now, the entire invention of the designer seems to have exhausted itself in exaggerating to an enormous size a weak form of iron nut, and in conveying the information upon it, in large letters, that it belongs to the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway Company.—*Athena*, p. 138.

CATHEDRALS.—All the great thirteenth-century cathedrals in France have been destroyed, within my own memory, only that architects might charge commission for putting up false models of them in their place.—*Fors*, I., p. 71.

Nothing is more unseemly than that a great multitude should find its way out and in, as ants and wasps

do, through holes; and nothing more undignified than the paltry doors of many of our English cathedrals, which look as if they were made, not for the open egress, but for the surreptitious drainage of a stagnant congregation. Besides, the expression of the church door should lead us, as far as possible, to desire at least the western entrance to be single, partly because no man of right feeling would willingly lose the idea of unity and fellowship in going up to worship, which is suggested by the vast single entrance; partly because it is at the entrance that the most serious words of the building are always addressed, by its sculptures or inscriptions, to the worshipper; and it is well, that these words should be spoken to all at once, as by one great voice, not broken up into weak repetitions over minor doors. —*Stones of Venice*, I., p. 179.

AN ENGLISH CATHEDRAL.—Let us go together up the more retired street, at the end of which we can see the pinnacles of one of the towers, and then through the low grey gateway, with its battlemented top and small latticed window in the centre, into the inner private-looking road or close, where nothing goes in but the carts of the tradesmen who supply the bishop and the chapter, and where there are little shaven grass-plots, fenced in by neat rails, before old-fashioned groups of somewhat diminutive and excessively trim houses, with little oriel and bay windows jutting out here and there, and deep wooden cornices and eaves painted cream color and white, and small porches to their doors in the shape of cockle-shells, or little, crooked, thick, indescribable wooden gables warped a little on one side; and so forward till we come to larger houses, also old-fashioned but of red brick, and with gardens behind them, and fruit walls, which show here and there, among the nectarines, the vestiges of an old cloister arch or shaft, and looking in front on the cathedral square itself, laid out in rigid divisions of smooth grass and gravel walk, yet not uncheerful, especially on the sunny side where the canon's children are walking with their nurserymaids. And so, taking care not to tread on the grass, we will go along the straight walk to the west front, and there stand for a

time, looking up at its deep-pointed porches and the dark places between their pillars where there were statues once, and where the fragments, here and there, of a stately figure are still left, which has in it the likeness of a king, perhaps indeed a king on earth, perhaps a saintly king long ago in heaven; and so higher and higher up to the great mouldering wall of rugged sculpture and confused arcades, shattered, and grey, and grisly with heads of dragons and mocking fiends, worn by the rain and swirling winds into yet unseemlier shape, and colored on their stony scales by the deep russet-orange lichen, melancholy gold; and so, higher still, to the bleak towers, so far above that the eye loses itself among the bosses of their traceries, though they are rude and strong, and only sees like a drift of eddying black points, now closing, now scattering, and now settling suddenly into invisible places among the bosses and flowers, the crowd of restless birds that fill the whole square with that strange clangor of theirs, so harsh and yet so soothing, like the cries of birds on a solitary coast between the cliffs and sea.—*Stones of Venice*, II., pp. 67, 68.

THE MATERIALS OF THE SCULPTOR-ARCHITECT.—From visions of angels, down to the least important gesture of a child at play, whatever may be conceived of Divine, or beheld of Human, may be dared or adopted by you: throughout the kingdom of animal life, no creature is so vast, or so minute, that you cannot deal with it, or bring it into service; the lion and the crocodile will couch about your shafts; the moth and the bee will sun themselves upon your flowers; for you, the fawn will leap; for you, the snail be slow; for you, the dove smooth her bosom; and the hawk spread her wings toward the south. All the wide world of vegetation blooms and bends for you; the leaves tremble that you may bid them be still under the marble snow; the thorn and the thistle, which the earth casts forth as evil, are to you the kindest servants; no dying petal, nor drooping tendril, is so feeble as to have no more help for you; no robed pride of blossom so kingly, but it will lay aside its purple to receive at your hands the pale immortality. Is there anything in

common life too mean—in common things too trivial—to be ennobled by your touch? As there is nothing in life, so there is nothing in lifelessness which has not its lesson for you, or its gift; and when you are tired of watching the strength of the plume, and the tenderness of the leaf, you may walk down to your rough river shore, or into the thickest markets of your thoroughfares, and there is not a piece of torn cable that will not twine into a perfect moulding; there is not a fragment of cast-away matting, or shattered basket-work, that will not work into a chequer or capital. Yes: and if you gather up the very sand, and break the stone on which you tread, among its fragments of all but invisible shells you will find forms that will take their place, and that proudly, among the starred traceries of your vaulting; and you, who can crown the mountain with its fortress, and the city with its towers, are thus able also to give beauty to ashes, and worthiness to dust.—*The Two Paths*, pp. 95, 96.

EUROPEAN ARCHITECTURE IN GENERAL.—All European architecture, bad and good, old and new, is derived from Greece through Rome, and colored and perfected from the East. The history of Architecture is nothing but the tracing of the various modes and directions of this derivation. Understand this, once for all: if you hold fast this great connecting clue, you may string all the types of successive architectural invention upon it like so many beads. The Doric and the Corinthian orders are the roots, the one of all Romanesque, massy-capitaled buildings—Norman, Lombard, Byzantine, and what else you can name of the kind; and the Corinthian of all Gothic, Early English, French, German and Tuscan. Now observe: those old Greeks gave the shaft; Rome gave the arch; the Arabs pointed and foliated the arch. The shaft and arch, the frame-work and strength of architecture, are from the race of Japheth; the spirituality and sanctity of it from Ismael, Abraham, and Shem.—*Stones of Venice*, I., p. 27.

THE ROMAN, THE LOMBARD, AND THE ARABIAN STYLES.—The work of the Lombard was to give hardihood and system to the enervated body and enfeebled

mind of Christendom; that of the Arab was to punish idolatry, and to proclaim the spirituality of worship. The Lombard covered every church which he built with the sculptured representations of bodily exercises—hunting and war. The Arab banished all imagination of creature form from his temples, and proclaimed from their minarets, “There is no god but God.” Opposite in their character and mission, alike in their magnificence of energy, they came from the North and from the South, the glacier torrent and the lava stream: they met and contended over the wreck of the Roman empire; and the very centre of the struggle, the point of pause of both, the dead water of the opposite eddies, charged with embayed fragments of the Roman wreck, is VENICE.

The Ducal Palace of Venice contains the three elements in exactly equal proportions—the Roman, Lombard, and Arab. It is the central building of the world.

The lava stream of the Arab, even after it ceased to flow, warmed the whole of the northern air; and the history of Gothic architecture is the history of the refinement and spiritualization of Northern work under its influence.—*Stones of Venice*, I., pp. 27, 30, 33.

The Lombard of early times seems to have been exactly what a tiger would be, if you could give him love of a joke, vigorous imagination, strong sense of justice, fear of hell, knowledge of northern mythology, a stone den, and a mallet and chisel; fancy him pacing up and down in the said den to digest his dinner, and striking on the wall, with a new fancy in his head, at every turn, and you have the Lombardie sculptor. . . .

The Lombard animals are all *alive*, and fiercely alive too, all impatience and spring: the Byzantine birds peck idly at the fruit, and the animals hardly touch it with their noses. The cinquecento birds in Venice hold it up daintily, like train-bearers; the birds in the earlier Gothic peck at it hungrily and naturally; but the Lombard beasts gripe at it like tigers, and tear it off with writhing lips and glaring eyes.

GOTHIC ARCHITECTURE.

A Gothic cathedral is properly to be defined as a piece of the most magnificent associative sculpture, arranged on the noblest principles of building, for the service and delight of multitudes; and the proper definition of architecture, as distinguished from sculpture, is merely "the art of designing sculpture for a particular place, and placing it there on the best principles of building."

Hence it clearly follows, that in modern days we have no *architects*. The term "architecture" is not so much as understood by us.—*Lectures on Architecture*, pp. 65, 66.

Modern architects decorate the tops of their buildings. Mediæval ones decorated the bottom. . . . It is not putting ornament *high* that is wrong; but it is cutting it too fine to be seen, wherever it is. . . . This is the great modern mistake.

Now the Gothic builders placed their decoration on a precisely contrary principle, and on the only rational principle. All their best and most delicate work they put on the foundation of the building, close to the spectator, and on the upper parts of the walls they put ornaments large, bold, and capable of being plainly seen at the necessary distance.—*Lectures on Architecture*, pp. 43, 45.

GOTHIC ARCHITECTURE NOT THE WORK OF THE CLERGY.—Good architecture is the work of good and believing men; therefore, you say, at least some people say, "Good architecture must essentially have been the work of the clergy, not of the laity." No—a thousand times no; good architecture has always been the work of the commonalty, *not* of the clergy. What, you say, those glorious cathedrals—the pride of Europe—did their builders not form Gothic architecture? No; they corrupted Gothic architecture. Gothic was formed in the baron's castle, and the burgher's street. It was formed by the thoughts, and hands, and powers of free citizens and soldier kings. By the monk it was used as an instrument for the aid

of his superstition; when that superstition became a beautiful madness, and the best hearts of Europe vainly dreamed and pined in the cloister, and vainly raged and perished in the crusade—through that fury of perverted faith and wasted war, the Gothic rose also to its loveliest, most fantastic, and, finally, most foolish dreams; and, in those dreams, was lost.—*Crown of Wild Olive*, Lect. II., p. 53.

The flamboyant traceries that adorn the façade of Rouen Cathedral had once their fellows in every window of every house in the market-place; the sculptures that adorn the porches of St. Mark's had once their match [in kind] on the walls of every palace on the Grand Canal; and the only difference between the church and the dwelling-house was, that there existed a symbolical meaning in the distribution of the parts of all buildings meant for worship, and that the painting or sculpture was, in the one case, less frequently of profane subject than in the other.—*Stones of Venice*, II., p. 103.

THE FRENCH CATHEDRALS.—As examples of Gothic, ranging from the twelfth to the fourteenth century, the cathedrals of Chartres, Rouen, Amiens, Rheims, and Bourges, form a kind of cinque-foil round Notre Dame of Paris, of which it is impossible to say which is the more precious petal; but any of those leaves would be worth a complete rose of any other country's work except Italy's. Nothing else in art, on the surface of the round earth, could represent any one of them, if destroyed, or be named as of any equivalent value.—*Arrows of the Chace*, I., p. 151.

THE GOTHIC STYLE NOT DERIVED FROM VEGETATION.—I have before alluded to the strange and vain supposition, that the original conception of Gothic architecture had been derived from vegetation—from the symmetry of avenues, and the interlacing of branches. It is a supposition which never could have existed for a moment in the mind of any person acquainted with early Gothic; but, however idle as a theory, it is most valuable as a testimony to the character of the perfected style. It is precisely because the reverse of this theory is the fact, because the Gothic did not arise

out of, but develop itself into, a resemblance to vegetation, that this resemblance is so instructive as an indication of the temper of the builders. It was no chance suggestion of the form of an arch from the bending of a bough, but a gradual and continual discovery of a beauty in natural forms which could be more and more perfectly transferred into those of stone, that influenced at once the heart of the people, and the form of the edifice. The Gothic architecture arose in massy and mountainous strength, axe-hewn, and iron-bound, block heaved upon block by the monk's enthusiasm and the soldier's force; and cramped and stanchioned into such weight of grisly wall, as might bury the anchoret in darkness, and beat back the utmost storm of battle, suffering by the same narrow crosslet the passing of the sunbeam, or of the arrow. Gradually, as that monkish enthusiasm became more thoughtful, and as the sound of war became more and more intermittent beyond the gates of the convent or the keep, the stony pillar grew slender and the vaulted roof grew light, till they had wreathed themselves into the semblance of the summer woods at their fairest; and of the dead field-flowers, long trodden down in blood, sweet monumental statues were set to bloom for ever, beneath the porch of the temple, or the canopy of the tomb.—*Stones of Venice* II., p. 201.

THE TRUE SOURCES OF GOTHIC ARCHITECTURE.—The true gable, as it is the simplest and most natural, so I esteem it the grandest of roofs; whether rising in ridgy darkness, like a grey slope of slaty mountains, over the precipitous walls of the northern cathedrals, or stretched in burning breadth above the white and square-set groups of the southern architecture. But this difference between its slope in the northern and southern structure is a matter of far greater importance than is commonly supposed, and it is this to which I would especially direct the reader's attention.

One main cause of it, the necessity of throwing off snow in the north, has been a thousand times alluded to: another I do not remember having seen noticed, namely, that rooms in a roof are comfortably habitable in the north, which are painful *sotto piombi* in Italy; and that there is in wet climates a natural tendency in

all men to live as high as possible, out of the damp and mist. These two causes, together with accessible quantities of good timber, have induced in the north a general steep pitch of gable, which, when rounded or squared above a tower, becomes a spire or turret; and this feature, worked out with elaborate decoration, is the key-note of the whole system of aspiration, so called, which the German critics have so ingeniously and falsely ascribed to a devotional sentiment pervading the Northern Gothic: I entirely and boldly deny the whole theory; our cathedrals were for the most part built by worldly people, who loved the world, and would have gladly staid in it for ever; whose best hope was the escaping hell, which they thought to do by building cathedrals, but who had very vague conceptions of Heaven in general, and very feeble desires respecting their entrance therein: and the form of the spired cathedral has no more intentional reference to Heaven, as distinguished from the flattened slope of the Greek pediment, than the steep gable of a Norman house has, as distinguished from the flat roof of a Syrian one. . . .

There is, however, in the north an animal activity which materially aided the system of building begun in mere utility—an animal life, naturally expressed in erect work, as the languor of the south in reclining or level work. Imagine the difference between the action of a man urging himself to his work in a snow storm, and the inaction of one laid at his length on a sunny bank among cicadas and fallen olives, and you will have the key to a whole group of sympathies which were forcefully expressed in the architecture of both; remembering always that sleep would be to the one luxury, to the other death.

And to the force of this vital instinct we have farther to add the influence of natural scenery; and chiefly of the groups and wildernesses of the tree which is to the German mind what the olive or palm is to the southern, the spruce fir. The eye which has once been habituated to the continual serration of the pine forest, and to the multiplication of its infinite pinnacles, is not easily offended by the repetition of similar forms, nor easily satisfied by the simplicity of flat or massive outlines.--*Stones of Venice*, I., pp. 154-156.

THE POETRY OF GOTHIC TERMS.—These [Greek] pediments, and stylobates, and architraves never excited a single pleasurable feeling in you—never will, to the end of time. They are evermore dead, lifeless, and useless, in art as in poetry, and though you built as many of them as there are slates on your house-roofs, you will never care for them. They will only remain to later ages as monuments of the patience and pliability with which the people of the nineteenth century sacrificed their feelings to fashions, and their intellects to forms. But on the other hand, that strange and thrilling interest with which such words strike you as are in any wise connected with Gothic architecture—as for instance, Vault, Arch, Spire, Pinnacle, Battlement, Barbican, Porch, and myriads of such others, words everlastingly poetical and powerful wherever they occur—is a most true and certain index that the things themselves are delightful to you, and will ever continue to be so.—*Lectures on Architecture*, p. 35.

THE GOTHIC PORCH.—You know how the east winds blow through those unlucky couples of pillars [of the Greek portico], which are all that your architects find consistent with due observance of the Doric order. Then, away with these absurdities; and the next house you build, insist upon having the pure old Gothic porch, walled in on both sides, with its pointed arch entrance and gable roof above. Under that, you can put down your umbrella at your leisure, and, if you will, stop a moment to talk with your friend as you give him the parting shake of the hand. And if now and then a wayfarer found a moment's rest on a stone seat on each side of it, I believe you would find the insides of your houses not one whit the less comfortable.—*Lectures on Architecture*, p. 37.

THE GOTHIC ARCH.—There is a farther reason for our adopting the pointed arch than its being the strongest form; it is also the most beautiful form in which a window or door-head can be built. Not the most beautiful because it is the strongest; but most beautiful, because its form is one of those which, as we know by its frequent occurrence in the work of nature around

us, has been appointed by the Deity to be an everlasting source of pleasure to the human mind.

Gather a branch from any of the trees or flowers to which the earth owes its principal beauty. You will find that every one of its leaves is terminated, more or less, in the form of the pointed arch; and to that form owes its grace and character.—*Lectures on Architecture*, p. 18.

HOW TO TELL GOOD GOTHIC.—First. Look if the roof rises in a steep gable, high above the walls. If it does not do this, there is something wrong; the building is not quite pure Gothic, or has been altered. . . .

Secondly. Look if the principal windows and doors have pointed arches with gables over them. If not pointed arches, the building is not Gothic. . . .

Thirdly. Look if the arches are cusped, or apertures foliated. . . .

Fourthly. If the building meets all the first three conditions, look if its arches in general, whether of windows and doors, or of minor ornamentation, are carried on *true shafts with bases and capitals*. If they are, then the building is assuredly of the finest Gothic style. *Stones of Venice*, II., pp. 227, 228.

TO TELL WHETHER A PIECE OF PURE GOTHIC BE ALSO MASTERLY ARCHITECTURE.—[For a building] may be very pure Gothic, and yet, if a copy, or originally raised by an ungifted builder, very bad architecture. . . .

First. See if it looks as if it had been built by strong men; if it has the sort of roughness, and largeness, and nonchalance, mixed in places with the exquisite tenderness which seems always to be the sign-manual of the broad vision, and massy power of men who can see *past* the work they are doing, and betray here and there something like disdain for it. If the building has this character, it is much already in its favor; it will go hard but it proves a noble one. If it has not this, but is altogether accurate, minute, and scrupulous in its workmanship, it must belong to either the very best or the very worst of schools: the very best, in which exquisite design is wrought out with untiring and conscientious care, as in the Giottesque

Gothic; or the very worst, in which mechanism has taken the place of design. . . .

Secondly. Observe if it be irregular, its different parts fitting themselves to different purposes, no one caring what becomes of them, so that they do their work. If one part always answers accurately to another part, it is sure to be a bad building; and the greater and more conspicuous the irregularities, the greater the chances are that it is a good one. . . .

Thirdly. Observe if all the traceries, capitals, and other ornaments are of perpetually varied design. If not, the work is assuredly bad.

Lastly. *Read* the sculpture. Preparatory to reading it, you will have to discover whether it is legible (and, if legible, it is nearly certain to be worth reading). On a good building, the sculpture is *always* so set, and on such a scale, that at the ordinary distance from which the edifice is seen, the sculpture shall be thoroughly intelligible and interesting. In order to accomplish this, the uppermost statues will be ten or twelve feet high, and the upper ornamentation will be colossal, increasing in fineness as it descends, till on the foundation it will often be wrought as if for a precious cabinet in a king's chamber; but the spectator will not notice that the upper sculptures are colossal. He will merely feel that he can see them plainly, and make them all out at his ease.—*Stones of Venice*, II., pp. 229, 230.

Egyptian and Greek buildings stand, for the most part, by their own weight and mass, one stone passively incumbent on another: but in the Gothic vaults and traceries there is a stiffness analogous to that of the bones of a limb, or fibres of a tree; an elastic tension and communication of force from part to part, and also a studious expression of this throughout every visible line of the building. And, in like manner, the Greek and Egyptian ornament is either mere surface engraving, as if the face of the wall had been stamped with a seal, or its lines are flowing, lithe, and luxuriant; in either case, there is no expression of energy in framework of the ornament itself. But the Gothic ornament stands out in prickly independence, and frosty fortitude,

jutting into crockets, and freezing into pinnacles; here starting up into a monster, there germinating into a blossom; anon knitting itself into a branch, alternately thorny, bossy, and bristly, or writhed into every form of nervous entanglement; but, even when most graceful, never for an instant languid, always quickset; erring, if at all, ever on the side of brusquerie.—*Stones of Venice*, II., p. 203.

RENAISSANCE ARCHITECTURE.—Raised at once into all the magnificence of which it was capable by Michael Angelo, then taken up by men of real intellect and imagination, such as Scamozzi, Sansovino, Inigo Jones, and Wren, it is impossible to estimate the extent of its influence on the European mind; and that the more, because few persons are concerned with painting, and, of those few, the larger number regard it with slight attention; but all men are concerned with architecture, and have at some time of their lives serious business with it. It does not much matter that an individual loses two or three hundred pounds in buying a bad picture, but it is to be regretted that a nation should lose two or three hundred thousand in raising a ridiculous building. Nor is it merely wasted wealth or distempered conception which we have to regret in this Renaissance architecture: but we shall find in it partly the root, partly the expression, of certain dominant evils of modern times—over-sophistication and ignorant classicism; the one destroying the healthfulness of general society, the other rendering our schools and universities useless to a large number of the men who pass through them.

Now Venice, as she was once the most religious, was in her fall the most corrupt, of European states; and as she was in her strength the centre of the pure currents of Christian architecture, so she is in her decline the source of the Renaissance. It was the originality and splendor of the Palaces of Vicenza and Venice which gave this school its eminence in the eyes of Europe; and the dying city, magnificent in her dissipation, and graceful in her follies, obtained wider worship in her decrepitude than in her youth, and sank from the midst of her admirers into the grave.—*Stones of Venice*, I., p. 38.

Renaissance architecture is the school which has conducted men's inventive and constructive faculties from the Grand Canal to Gower Street; from the marble shaft, and the lancet arch, and the wreathed leafage, and the glowing and melting harmony of gold and azure, to the square cavity in the brick wall.—*Stones of Venice*, III., p. 6.

If we think over this matter a little, we shall soon feel that in those meagre lines there is indeed an expression of aristocracy in its worst characters; coldness, perfectness of training, incapability of emotion, want of sympathy with the weakness of lower men, blank, hopeless, haughty self-sufficiency. All these characters are written in the Renaissance architecture as plainly as if they were graven on it in words. For, observe, all other architectures have something in them that common men can enjoy; some concession to the simplicities of humanity, some daily bread for the hunger of the multitude. Quaint fancy, rich ornament, bright color, something that shows a sympathy with men of ordinary minds and hearts; and this wrought out at least in the Gothic, with a rudeness showing that the workman did not mind exposing his own ignorance if he could please others. But the Renaissance is exactly the contrary of all this. It is rigid, cold, inhuman; incapable of glowing, of stooping, of conceding for an instant. Whatever excellence it has is refined, high-trained, and deeply erudite; a kind which the architect well knows no common mind can taste. He proclaims to us aloud. "You cannot feel my work unless you study Vitruvius. I will give you no gay color, no pleasant sculpture, nothing to make you happy; for I am a learned man. All the pleasure you can have in anything I do is in its proud breeding, its rigid formalism, its perfect finish, its cold tranquillity. I do not work for the vulgar, only for the men of the academy and the court." . . . Here was an architecture that would not shrink, that had in it no submission, no mercy. The proud princes and lords rejoiced in it. It was full of insult to the poor in its every line. It would not be built of the materials at the poor man's hand; it would not roof itself with thatch or shingle,

and black oak beams; it would not wall itself with rough stone or brick; it would not pierce itself with small windows where they were needed; it would not niche itself, wherever there was room for it, in the street corners. It would be of hewn stone; it would have its windows and its doors, and its stairs and its pillars, in lordly order, and of stately size; it would have its wings and its corridors, and its halls and its gardens, as if all the earth were its own. And the rugged cottages of the mountaineers, and the fantastic streets of the laboring burgher were to be thrust out of its way, as of a lower species.—*Stones of Venice*, III., pp. 62, 63.

I have not grasp enough of thought to embrace the evils which have resulted among all the orders of European society from the introduction of the renaissance schools of building, in turning away the eyes of the beholder from natural beauty, and reducing the workman to the level of a machine. In the Gothic times, writing, painting, carving, casting—it mattered not what—were all works done by thoughtful and happy men; and the illumination of the volume, and the carving and casting of wall and gate, employed, not thousands, but millions, of true and noble *artists* over all Christian lands. Men in the same position are now left utterly without intellectual power or pursuit, and, being unhappy in their work, they rebel against it; hence one of the worst forms of Unchristian Socialism.—*Lectures on Architecture*, p. 76.

[Ruskin's first work on Architecture—the "Seven Lamps," is so immature and flat in style (as he says himself in the preface to edition of 1880—"being overlaid with gilding, and overshot too splashily and cascade-fashion with gushing of words"), and so entirely devoid of the brilliant and epigrammatic paragraphs that make the interest of his later works, that it seems best to give a brief summary of the noteworthy portions of its contents rather than quote from it at length. In regard to the title Prof. Ruskin states, in one of his prefaces, that he has always had a suspicion of the number seven; for when he wrote his "Seven Lamps" he had great difficulty in preventing them from becoming eight or nine on his hands. By the word "lamp" he is understood to mean

the inner spirit, or principle, which both inspired and is embodied in various works of architecture. The Lamp of Sacrifice, the Lamp of Truth, of Beauty, Power, Life, Memory, Obedience—under these headings are grouped his thoughts. Ornament, he says, cannot be overcharged, if it be good and in its place. All beautiful designs are taken from natural objects. Power in architecture is obtained by increase of magnitude in a building; sublimity is attained by mass, deep glooms and shadows, and vast areas of towering wall-surface on which the sunshine may sleep in noble strength. Don't place the decorations of a temple on a shop-front: in a place where rest is forbidden, so is beauty. Do not forge golden ploughshares, bind ledgers with enamel, nor thrash with sculptured flails. It is proper that railroad stations should be built in a severe and simple style, because the people who pass through them have no time for the contemplation of elaborate and beautiful sculptures. It is a law of architectural proportion that one large or principal object shall be harmonized with a number of smaller or inferior ones: the pinnacles of a cathedral are employed chiefly to furnish the third term to the spire and tower.

No one may dare to touch sculpture with color unless he be a Tintoret or Giorgione. The lovely and mellow tones of the natural stones are preferable to color laid on by an inferior hand. Color in nature is arranged on an entirely separate system from form, or anatomy: the spots of the leopard, the stripes of the zebra, or the plumage of a bird are independent of the muscular lines of their bodies. So in architecture, color must be visibly independent of form: a column should never be painted with vertical lines, but crosswise.

The life of good architecture consists in its freedom from a distressing mechanical regularity or symmetry: the old master-architects purposely broke up the regularity of their arches and columns by deft adjustments to the irregularities of the walls and other architectural masses.

In vital carving, a masculine touch is often shown by rough handling: all carving is good which is done with enjoyment and zest: all carving bad which is done as an enforced task.

To this summary of the "Seven Lamps" may be added a few words from the preface to the 1873 edition of the "Stones of Venice":—"No book of mine," says Prof. Ruskin, "has had so much influence on art as the 'Stones of Venice';" but this influence has been possessed only by the third part of it, the remaining two-thirds having been resolutely ignored by the British public. And, as a physician would in most cases rather hear that his patient had thrown all of his medicine out of the window, than that he had sent word to his apothecary

cary to leave out two of its three ingredients, so I would rather, for my own part, that no architects had ever condescended to adopt one of the views suggested in this book, than that any should have made the partial use of it which has mottled our manufactory chimneys with black and red brick, dignified our banks and drapers' shops with Venetian tracery, and pinched our parish churches into dark and slippery arrangements for the advertisement of cheap colored glass and pantiles."]

SECTION IV.—SCULPTURE.

Carlyle's general symbol of the best attainments of northern religious sculpture—"three whale-cubs combined by boiling."—*Pleasures of England*, p. 9.

No great sculptor, from the beginning of art to the end of it, has ever carved, or ever will, a deceptive drapery. He has neither time nor will to do it. His mason's lad may do that if he likes. A man who can carve a limb or a face never finishes inferior parts, but either with a hasty and scornful chisel, or with such grave and strict selection of their lines as you know at once to be imaginative, not imitative.—*Mornings in Florence*, p. 17.

From the Elgin marbles down to the lightest tendril that curls round a capital in the thirteenth century, every piece of stone that has been touched by the hand of a master, becomes soft with under-life, not resembling nature merely in skin-texture, nor in fibres of leaf, or veins of flesh; but in the broad, tender, unspeakably subtle undulation of its organic form.—*Lectures on Art*, p. 114.

The sculpture on your friend's house unites in effect with that on your own. The two houses form one grand mass—far grander than either separately; much more if a third be added—and a fourth; much more if the whole street—if the whole city—join in the solemn harmony of sculpture. Your separate possessions of pictures and prints are to you as if you sang pieces of music with your single voices in your own houses. But your architecture would be as if you all sang together in one mighty choir.—*Lectures on Architecture*, p. 55.

PORTRAIT SCULPTURE THIRD-RATE WORK.—Portrait sculpture, which is nothing more, is always third-rate

work, even when produced by men of genius;—nor does it in the least require men of genius to produce it. To paint a portrait, indeed, implies the very highest gifts of painting; but any man, of ordinary patience and artistic feeling, can carve a satisfactory bust — *Aratra Pontelici*, p. 41.

THE CHOIR OF THE CATHEDRAL OF AMIENS.—Wood-carving was the Picard's joy from his youth up, and, so far as I know, there is nothing else so beautiful cut out of the goodly trees of the world.

Sweet and young-grained wood it is: oak, *trained* and chosen for such work, sound now as four hundred years since. Under the carver's hand it seems to cut like clay, to fold like silk, to grow like living branches, to leap like living flame. Canopy crowning canopy, pinnacle piercing pinnacle—it shoots and wreathis itself into an enchanted glade, inextricable, imperishable, fuller of leafage than any forest, and fuller of story than any book.—*Bible of Amiens*, p. 93.

THE TWO GREAT SCHOOLS OF SCULPTURE.—The conditions necessary for the production of a perfect school of sculpture have only twice been met in the history of the world, and then for a short time; nor for short time only, but also in narrow districts, namely, in the valleys and islands of Ionian Greece, and in the strip of land deposited by the Arno, between the Apennine crests and the sea.

All other schools, except these two, led severally by Athens in the fifth century before Christ, and by Florence in the fifteenth of our own era, are imperfect; and the best of them are derivative: these two are consummate in themselves, and the origin of what is best in others. . . . And so narrow is the excellence even of these two exclusive schools, that it cannot be said of either of them that they represented the entire human form. The Greeks perfectly drew, and perfectly moulded the body and limbs; but there is, so far as I am aware, no instance of their representing the face as well as any great Italian. On the other hand, the Italian painted and carved the face insuperably; but I believe there is no instance of his having perfectly represented the body, which, by command of his religion, it

became his pride to despise, and his safety to mortify.—*Aratra Pentelici*, pp. 117, 118.

NICCOLA PISANO'S PULPIT.—Behold! between the capitals of the pillars and the sculptured tablets there are interposed five cusped arches, the hollow beneath the pulpit showing dark through their foils. You have seen such cusped arches before, you think?

Yes, gentlemen, *you* have; but the Pisans had *not*. And that intermediate layer of the pulpit means—the change, in a word, for all Europe, from the Parthenon to Amiens Cathedral. For Italy it means the rise of her Gothic dynasty; it means the duomo of Milan instead of the temple of Pæstum.—*Val D'Arno*, p. 14.

SCULPTURE AND THE DRAMA.—Of the two mimetic arts, [sculpture and the drama] the drama being more passionate, and involving conditions of greater excitement and luxury, is usually in its excellence the sign of culminating strength in the people; while a fine sculpture, requiring always submission to severe law, is an unailing proof of their being in early and active progress. *There is no instance of fine sculpture being produced by a nation either torpid, weak, or in decadence.* Their drama may gain in grace and wit; but their sculpture, in days of decline, is *always* base.—*Aratra Pentelici*, p. 28.

THE APOLLO BELVIDERE.—The fall of Greece was instant when her gods again became fables. The Apollo Belvidere is the work of a sculptor to whom Apollonism is merely an elegant idea on which to exhibit his own skill. He does not himself feel for an instant that the handsome man in the unintelligible attitude, with drapery hung over his left arm, as it would be hung to dry over a clothes-line, is the Power of the Sun.—*Iriadicæ*, p. 92.

NOTHING BUT LIFE MUST BE SCULPTURED.—All delight in mere incidental beauty, which painting often triumphs in, is wholly forbidden to sculpture;—for instance, in *painting* the branch of a tree, you may rightly represent and enjoy the lichens and moss on it, but a sculptor must not touch one of them: they are inessential to the tree's life—he must give the flow and

bending of the branch only, else he does not enough "see Pallas" in it.

Or to take a higher instance, here is an exquisite little painted poem, by Edward Frere; a cottage interior, one of the thousands which within the last two months have been laid desolate in unhappy France. Every accessory in the painting is of value—the fire-side, the tiled floor, the vegetables lying upon it, and the basket hanging from the roof. But not one of these accessories would have been admissible in sculpture. You must carve nothing but what has life. "Why?" you probably feel instantly inclined to ask me.—You see the principle we have got, instead of being blunt or useless, is such an edged tool that you are startled the moment I apply it. "Must we refuse every pleasant accessory and picturesque detail, and petrify nothing but living creatures?"—Even so: I would not assert it on my own authority. It is the Greeks who say it, but whatever they say of sculpture, be assured, is true.—*Aratra Pentelici*, p. 73.

SCULPTURE IN ITS RELATION TO THE LIFE OF THE WORKMAN.—Understand this clearly. You can teach a man to draw a straight line, and to cut one; to strike a curved line, and to carve it; and to copy and carve any number of given lines or forms, with admirable speed and perfect precision; and you find his work perfect of its kind: but if you ask him to think about any of those forms, to consider if he cannot find any better in his own head, he stops; his execution becomes hesitating; he thinks, and ten to one he thinks wrong; ten to one he makes a mistake in the first touch he gives to his work as a thinking being. But you have made a man of him for all that. He was only a machine before, an animated tool. . . .

Go forth again to gaze upon the old cathedral front, where you have smiled so often at the fantastic ignorance of the old sculptors: examine once more those ugly goblins, and formless monsters, and stern statues, anatomiless and rigid; but do not mock at them, for they are signs of the life and liberty of every workman who struck the stone; a freedom of thought, and rank in scale of being, such as no laws, no charters, no char-

ities can secure ; but which it must be the first aim of all Europe at this day to regain for her children.—*Stones of Venice*, II., pp. 162, 163.

THE DUOMO OF PISA AND THE CRYSTAL PALACE.—In the vault of the apse of the Duomo of Pisa, was a colossal image of Christ, in colored mosaic, bearing to the temple, as nearly as possible, the relation which the statue of Athena bore to the Parthenon; and in the same manner, concentrating the imagination of the Pisan on the attributes of the God in whom he believed.

In precisely the same position with respect to the nave of the building, but of larger size, as proportioned to the three or four times greater scale of the whole, a colossal piece of sculpture was placed by English designers, at the extremity of the Crystal Palace, in preparation for their solemnities in honor of the birthday of Christ, in December, 1867 or 1868.

That piece of sculpture was the face of the clown in a pantomime, some twelve feet high from brow to chin, which face, being moved by the mechanism which is our pride, every half minute opened its mouth from ear to ear, showed its teeth, and revolved its eyes, the force of these periodical seasons of expression being increased and explained by the illuminated inscription underneath "Here we are again."

When it is assumed, and with too good reason, that the mind of the English populace is to be addressed, in the principal Sacred Festival of its year, by sculpture such as this, I need scarcely point out to you that the hope is absolutely futile of advancing their intelligence by collecting within this building, (itself devoid absolutely of every kind of art, and so vilely constructed that those who traverse it are continually in danger of falling over the cross-bars that bind it together) examples of sculpture filched indiscriminately from the past work, bad and good, of Turks, Greeks, Romans, Moors, and Christians, miscoloring, misplaced, and misinterpreted; here thrust into unseemly corners, and there mortised together into mere confusion of heterogeneous obstacle; pronouncing itself hourly more intolerable in weariness, until any kind of relief is sought from it in steam

wheelbarrows or cheap toyshops; and most of all in beer and meat, the corks and the bones being dropped through the chinks in the damp deal flooring of the English Fairy Palace.—*Aratra Pentelici*, p. 40.

TERRA COTTA WORK.—You must put no work into it requiring niceness in dimension, nor any so elaborate that it would be a great loss if it were broken, but as clay yields at once to the hand, and the sculptor can do anything with it he likes, it is a material for him to sketch with and play with—to record his fancies in, before they escape him—and to express roughly, for people who can enjoy such sketches, what he has not time to complete in marble. The clay, being ductile, lends itself to all softness of line; being easily frangible, it would be ridiculous to give it sharp edges, so that a blunt and massive rendering of graceful gesture will be its natural function; but as it can be pinched, or pulled, or thrust in a moment into projection which it would take hours of chiselling to get in stone, it will also properly be used for all fantastic and grotesque form, not involving sharp edges. Therefore, what is true of chalk and charcoal, for painters, is equally true of clay, for sculptors; they are all most precious materials for true masters, but tempt the false ones into fatal license; and to judge rightly of terra cotta work is a far higher reach of skill in sculpture-criticism than to distinguish the merits of a finished statue.—*Aratra Pentelici*, p. 100.

THE TOMBS OF THE DOGES TOMASO MOCENIGO AND ANDREA VENDRAMIN IN VENICE.—Like all the lovely tombs of Venice and Verona, it is a sarcophagus with a recumbent figure above, and this figure is a faithful but tender portrait, wrought as far as it can be without painfulness, of the doge as he lay in death. He wears his ducal robe and bonnet—his head is laid slightly aside upon his pillow—his hands are simply crossed as they fall. The face is emaciated, the features large, but so pure and lordly in their natural chiselling, that they must have looked like marble even in their animation. They are deeply worn away by thought and death; the veins on the temples branched and starting; the skin gathered in sharp folds; the brow high-arched

and shaggy: the eye-ball magnificently large; the curve of the lips just veiled by the light moustache at the side; the beard short, double, and sharp-pointed: all noble and quiet; the white sepulchral dust marking like light the stern angles of the cheek and brow. . . .

In the choir of the same church, St. Giov. and Paolo, is another tomb, that of the Doge Andrea Vendramin. This doge died in 1748, after a short reign of two years, the most disastrous in the annals of Venice. He died of a pestilence which followed the ravage of the Turks, carried to the shores of the lagoons. He died, leaving Venice disgraced by sea and land, with the smoke of hostile devastation rising in the blue distances of Friuli; and there was raised to him the most costly tomb ever bestowed on her monarchs.

The tomb is pronounced by Ciognra "the very culminating point to which the Venetian arts attained by ministry of the chisel."

To this culminating point, therefore, covered with dust and cobwebs, I attained, as I did to every tomb of importance in Venice, by the ministry of such ancient ladders as were to be found in the sacristan's keeping. I was struck at first by the excessive awkwardness and want of feeling in the fall of the hand towards the spectator, for it is thrown off the middle of the body in order to show its fine cutting. Now the Mocenigo hand, severe and even stiff in its articulations, has its veins finely drawn, its sculptor having justly felt that the delicacy of the veining expresses alike dignity and age and birth. The Vendramin hand is far more laboriously cut, but its blunt and clumsy contour at once makes us feel that all the care has been thrown away, and well it may be, for it has been entirely bestowed in cutting gouty wrinkles about the joints. Such as the hand is, I looked for its fellow. At first I thought it had been broken off, but, on clearing away the dust, I saw the wretched effigy had only *one* hand, and was a mere block on the inner side. The face, heavy and disagreeable in its features, is made monstrous by its semi-sculpture. One side of the forehead is wrinkled elaborately, the other left smooth; one side only of the doge's cap is chased; one cheek only is finished, and the other blocked out and distorted besides; finally, the

ermine robe, which is elaborately imitated to its utmost lock of hair and of ground hair on the one side, is blocked out only on the other; it having been supposed throughout the work that the effigy was only to be seen from below, and from one side.

It was indeed to be so seen by nearly every one; and I do not blame—I should, on the contrary, have praised—the sculptor for regulating his treatment of it by its position; if that treatment had not involved, first, dishonesty, in giving only half a face, a monstrous mask, when we demanded true portraiture of the dead; and, secondly, such utter coldness of feeling, as could only consist with an extreme of intellectual and moral degradation. Who, with a heart in his breast, could have stayed his hand as he drew the dim lines of the old man's countenance—unmajestic once, indeed, but at least sanctified by the solemnities of death—could have stayed his hand, as he reached the bend of the grey forehead, and measured out the last veins of it at so much the zecchin?

But now, reader, comes the very gist and point of the whole matter. This lying monument to a dishonored doge, this culminating pride of the Renaissance art of Venice, is at least veracious, if in nothing else, in its testimony to the character of its sculptor. *He was banished from Venice for forgery in 1487.*—*Stones of Venice*, I., pp. 39-43.

ST. MARK'S.—A sea-borne vase of alabaster full of incense of prayers; and a purple manuscript—floor, walls, and roof blazoned with the scrolls of the gospel.—*Deucalion*, p. 84.

A multitude of pillars and white domes, clustered in to a long low pyramid of colored light; a treasure-heap, it seems, partly of gold, and partly of opal and mother-of-pearl, hollowed beneath into five great vaulted porches, ceiled with fair mosaic, and beset with sculpture of alabaster, clear as amber and delicate as ivory,—sculpture fantastic and involved, of palm-leaves and lilies, and grapes and pomegranates, and birds clinging and fluttering among the branches, all twined together in an endless network of buds and plumes; and, in the midst of it, the solemn forms of angels, sceptred, and

robed to the feet, and leaning to each other across the gates, their figures indistinct among the gleaming of the golden ground through the leaves beside them, interrupted and dim, like the morning light as it faded back among the branches of Eden, when first its gates were angel-guarded long ago. And round the walls of the porches there are set pillars of variegated stones, jasper and porphyry, and deep-green serpentine spotted with flakes of snow, and marbles, that half refuse and half yield to the sunshine, Cleopatra-like, "their bluest veins to kiss"—the shadow, as it steals back from them, revealing line after line of azure undulation, as a receding tide leaves the waved sand; their capitals rich with interwoven tracery, rooted knots of herbage, and drifting leaves of acanthus and vine, and mystical signs, all beginning and ending in the Cross; and above them, in the broad archivolts, a continuous chain of language and of life—angels, and the signs of heaven, and the labors of men, each in its appointed season upon the earth; and above these, another range of glittering pinnacles, mixed with white arches edged with scarlet flowers—a confusion of delight, amidst which the breasts of the Greek horses are seen blazing in their breadth of golden strength, and the St. Mark's Lion, lifted on a blue-field covered with stars, until at last, as if in ecstasy, the crests of the arches break into a marble foam, and toss themselves far into the blue sky in flashes and wreaths of sculptured spray, as if the breakers on the Lido shore had been frost-bound before they fell, and the sea-nymphs had inlaid them with coral and amethyst. . . .

The interior is lost in deep twilight, to which the eye must be accustomed for some moments before the form of the building can be traced; and then there opens before us a vast cave, hewn out into the form of a Cross, and divided into shadowy aisles by many pillars. Round the domes of its roof the light enters only through narrow apertures like large stars; and here and there a ray or two from some far away casement wanders into the darkness, and casts a narrow phosphoric stream upon the waves of marble that heave and fall in a thousand colors along the floor. What else there is of light is from torches, or silver lamps, burn-

ing ceaselessly in the recesses of the chapels ; the roof sheeted with gold, and the polished walls covered with alabaster, give back at every curve and angle some feeble gleaming to the flames ; and the glories round the heads of the sculptured saints flash out upon us as we pass them, and sink again into the gloom. Under foot and over head, a continual succession of crowded imagery, one picture passing into another, as in a dream ; forms beautiful and terrible mixed together ; dragons and serpents, and ravening beasts of prey, and graceful birds that in the midst of them drink from running fountains and feed from vases of crystal ; the passions and pleasures of human life symbolized together, and the mystery of its redemption ; for the mazes of interwoven lines and changeful pictures lead always at last to the Cross, lifted and carved in every place and upon every stone. . . .

The very first requisite for true judgment of St. Mark's, is the perfection of that color-faculty which few people ever set themselves seriously to find out, whether they possess or not. For it is on its value as a piece of perfect and unchangeable coloring, that the claims of this edifice to our respect are finally rested ; and a deaf man might as well pretend to pronounce judgment on the merits of a full orchestra, as an architect trained in the composition of form only, to discern the beauty of St. Mark's. . . . While the burghers and barons of the North were building their dark streets and grisly castles of oak and sandstone, the merchants of Venice were covering their palaces with porphyry and gold ; and at last, when her mighty painters had created for her a color more priceless than gold or porphyry, even this, the richest of her treasures, she lavished upon walls whose foundations were beaten by the sea ; and the strong tide, as it runs beneath the Rialto, is reddened to this day by the reflection of the frescoes of Giorgione.

The whole edifice is to be regarded less as a temple wherein to pray, than as itself a Book of Common Prayer, a vast illuminated missal, bound with alabaster instead of parchment, studded with porphyry pillars instead of jewels, and written within and without in letters of enamel and gold. . . .

It would be easier to illustrate a crest of Scottish mountain, with its purple heather and pale harebells at their fullest and fairest, or a glade of Jura forest, with its floor of anemone and moss, than a single portico of St. Mark's.—*Stones of Venice*, II., pp. 70-98.

It seems to me that the English visitor never realizes thoroughly what it is that he looks at in the St. Mark's porches: its glittering confusion in a style unexampled, its bright colors, its mingled marbles, produce on him no real impression of age, and its diminutive size scarcely any of grandeur. It looks to him almost like a stage-scene, got up solidly for some sudden festa. No mere guide-book's passing assertion of date—this century or the other—can in the least make him even conceive, and far less feel, that he is actually standing before the very shafts and stones that were set on their foundations here while Harold the Saxon stood by the grave of the Confessor under the fresh-raised vaults of the first Norman Westminster Abbey, of which now a single arch only remains standing. He cannot, by any effort, imagine that those exquisite and lace-like sculptures of twined acanthus—every leaf-edge as sharp and fine as if they were green weeds fresh springing in the dew, by the Pan-droseion—were, indeed, cut and finished to their perfect grace while the Norman axes were hewing out rough zigzags and dentils round the aisles of Durham and Lindisfarne. . . . Beyond all measure of value as a treasury of art, it is also, beyond all our other volumes, venerable as a codex of religion. Just as the white foliage and birds on their golden ground are descendants, in direct line, from the ivory and gold of Phidias, so the Greek pictures and inscriptions, whether in mosaic or in sculpture, throughout the building, record the unbroken unity of spiritual influence from the Father of Light—or the races whose own poets had said “We also are his offspring”—down to the day when all their gods, not slain, but changed into new creatures, became the types to them of the mightier Christian spirits; and Perseus became St. George, and Mars St. Michael, and Athena the Madonna, and Zeus their revealed Father in Heaven.

In all the history of human mind, there is nothing so

wonderful, nothing so eventful, as this spiritual change. So inextricably is it interwoven with the most divine, the most distant threads of human thought and effort, that while none of the thoughts of St. Paul or the visions of St. John can be understood without our understanding first the imagery familiar to the Pagan worship of the Greeks; on the other hand, no understanding of the real purport of Greek religion can be securely reached without watching the translation of its myths into the message of Christianity.—*Arrows of the Chace*, I., pp. 158, 159.

Throughout the whole façade of St. Mark's, the capitals have only here and there by casualty lost so much as a volute or an acanthus leaf, and whatever remains is perfect as on the day it was set in its place, mellowed and subdued only in color by time, but white still, clearly white; and gray, still softly gray; its porphyry purple as an Orleans plum, and the serpentine as green as a greengage. Note also, that in this throughout perfect decorated surface there is not a loose joint.—*Arrows of the Chace*, II., p. 163.

PART II.

SOCIAL PHILOSOPHY.

“Some treasures are heavy with human tears, as an ill-stored harvest with untimely rain.”

RUSKIN, “UNTO THIS LAST,” p. 39.

“Unless opinions favorable to democraey and to aristocraey, to property and to equality, to coöperation and to competition, to luxury and to abstenence, to sociality and to individuality, to liberty and discipline, and all the other standing antagonisms of practical life, are expressed with equal freedom, and enforced and defended with equal talent and energy, there is no chance of both elements obtaining their due.”

JOHN STUART MILL.

A RUSKIN ANTHOLOGY.

PART II.—SOCIAL PHILOSOPHY.

CHAPTER I.

ECONOMIC CANONS.

POLITICAL ECONOMY is not itself a science, but a system of conduct founded on the sciences, and impossible, except under certain conditions of moral culture. Which is only to say, that industry, frugality, and discretion, the three foundations of economy, are moral qualities, and cannot be attained without moral discipline: a flat truism, the reader may think, thus stated, yet a truism which is denied both vociferously, and in all endeavor, by the entire populace of Europe; who are at present hopeful of obtaining wealth by tricks of trade, without industry.

The study which lately in England has been called Political Economy is in reality nothing more than the investigation of some accidental phenomena of modern commercial operations, nor has it been true in its investigation even of these.—*Munera Pulveris*, p. 11, 19.

Among the delusions which at different periods have possessed themselves of the minds of large masses of the human race, perhaps the most curious—certainly the least creditable—is the modern *soi-disant* science of political economy, based on the idea that an advantageous code of social action may be determined irrespectively of the influence of social affection.

Observe, I neither impugn nor doubt the conclu-

sions of the science, if its terms are accepted. I am simply uninterested in them, as I should be in those of a science of gymnastics which assumed that men had no skeletons. It might be shown, on that supposition, that it would be advantageous to roll the students up into pellets, flatten them into cakes, or stretch them into cables; and that when these results were effected, the re-insertion of the skeleton would be attended with various inconveniences to their constitution. The reasoning might be admirable, the conclusions true, and the science deficient only in applicability. Modern political economy stands on a precisely similar basis. Assuming, not that the human being has no skeleton, but that it is all skeleton, it founds an ossifiant theory of progress on this negation of a soul; and having shown the utmost that may be made of bones, and constructed a number of interesting geometrical figures with death's-heads and humeri, successfully proves the inconvenience of the reappearance of a soul among these corpuscular structures. I do not deny the truth of this theory: I simply deny its applicability to the present phase of the world.—*Unto This Last*, p. 14.

The real science of political economy, which has yet to be distinguished from the bastard science, as medicine from witchcraft, and astronomy from astrology, is that which teaches nations to desire and labor for the things that lead to life; and which teaches them to scorn and destroy the things that lead to destruction.—*Unto This Last*, p. 66.

Political economy (the economy of a State, or of citizens) consists simply in the production, preservation, and distribution, at fittest time and place, of useful or pleasurable things. The farmer who cuts his hay at the right time; the shipwright who drives his bolts well home in sound wood; the builder who lays good bricks in well-tempered mortar; the housewife who takes care of her furniture in the parlor, and guards against all waste in her kitchen; and the singer who rightly disciplines, and

never overstrains her voice : are all political economists in the true and final sense ; adding continually to the riches and well-being of the nation to which they belong.

But mercantile economy, the economy of “merces” or of “pay,” signifies the accumulation, in the hands of individuals, of legal or moral claim upon, or power over, the labor of others ; every such claim implying precisely as much poverty or debt on one side, as it implies riches or right on the other. It does not, therefore, necessarily involve an addition to the actual property, or well-being, of the State in which it exists.—*Unto This Last*, p. 32.

THE PRODUCTION OF GOOD MEN AND WOMEN THE OBJECT OF TRUE ECONOMY.—This is the object of all true policy and true economy : “utmost multitude of good men on every given space of ground”—imperatively always, good, sound, honest men, not a mob of white-faced thieves.—*Athena*, p. 91.

A little group of wise hearts is better than a wilderness full of fools.—*Crown of Wild Olive*, Lect. III., p. 82.

It is strange that men always praise enthusiastically any person who, by a momentary exertion, saves a life ; but praise very hesitatingly a person who, by exertion and self-denial prolonged through years, creates one. We give the crown “ob civem servatum ;”—why not “ob civem natum ?” Born, I mean, to the full, in soul as well as body. England has oak enough, I think, for both chaplets.—*Unto This Last*, p. 77.

THE FUNCTION OF LABOR IN NATIONAL LIFE.—It is physically impossible that true religious knowledge, or pure morality, should exist among any classes of a nation who do not work with their hands for their bread.—*Fors*, III., p. 249.

A MONEY-MAKING MOB.—A nation cannot last as a money-making mob : it cannot with impunity,—it cannot with existence,—go on despising literature,

despising science, despising art, despising nature, despising compassion, and concentrating its soul on Pence.—*Sesame and Lilies*, p.54.

VITALITY AND DECAY IN NATIONS.—The customs and manners of a sensitive and highly-trained race are always Vital: that is to say, they are orderly manifestations of intense life, like the habitual action of the fingers of a musician. The customs and manners of a vile and rude race, on the contrary, are conditions of decay: they are not, properly speaking, habits, but incrustations; not restraints, or forms of life; but gangrenes, noisome, and the beginnings of death.—*Munera Pulveris*, p. 90.

“AN HONEST MAN IS THE NOBLEST WORK OF GOD.”—I have sometimes heard Pope condemned for the lowness, instead of the height of his standard:—“Honesty is indeed a respectable virtue; but how much higher may men attain! Shall nothing more be asked of us than that we be honest?”

For the present, good friends, nothing. It seems that in our aspirations to be more than that, we have to some extent lost sight of the propriety of being so much as that.—*Unto This Last*, p. 7.

Whenever in my writings on Political Economy, I assume that a little honesty or generosity,—or what used to be called “virtue”—may be calculated upon as a human motive of action, people always answer me, saying, “You must not calculate on that: that is not in human nature: you must not assume anything to be common to men but acquisitiveness and jealousy; no other feeling ever has influence on them, except accidentally, and in matters out of the way of business.”—*Sesame and Lilies*, p. 30.

Fight—will you?—and pull other people’s houses down; while I am to be set to build your barracks, that you may go smoking and spitting about all day, with a cock’s comb on your head, and spurs to your heels?—(I observe, by the way, the Italian

soldiers have now got cocks' tails on their heads, instead of cocks' combs.)—Lay down the law to me in a wig,—will you? and tell me the house I have built is—NOT mine? and take my dinner from me, as a fee for *that* opinion? Build, my man,—build, or dig,—one of the two; and then eat your honestly earned meat, thankfully, and let other people alone, if you can't help them.—*Fors*, II., p. 300.

DEFINITION OF CURRENCY.—The currency of any country consists of every document acknowledging debt, which is transferable in the country.—*Munera Pulveris*, p. 59.

INFLATION OF CURRENCY.—The Government may at any time, with perfect justice, double its issue of coinage, if it gives every man who had ten pounds in his pocket, another ten pounds, and every man who had ten pence, another ten pence; for it thus does not make any of them richer; it merely divides their counters for them into twice the number. But if it gives the newly-issued coins to other people, or keeps them itself, it simply robs the former holders to precisely that extent.—*Athena*, p. 92.

If ten men are cast away on a rock, with a thousand pounds in their pockets, and there is on the rock neither food nor shelter, their money is worth simply nothing; for nothing is to be had for it: if they build ten huts, and recover a cask of biscuit from the wreck, then their thousand pounds, at its maximum value, is worth ten huts and a cask of biscuit. If they make their thousand pounds into two thousand by writing new notes, their two thousand pounds are still only worth ten huts and a cask of biscuit.—*Athena*, p. 91.

The lowered value of money is often (and this is a very curious case of economical back current) indicated, not so much by a rise in the price of goods, as by a fall in that of labor. The household lives as comfortably as it did on a hundred a year, but the master has to work half as hard again to get it. This increase of toil is to an active nation often a

kind of play ; men go into it as into a violent game ; fathers of families die quicker, and the gates of orphan asylums are choked with applicants ; distress and crime spread and fester through a thousand silent channels ; but there is no commercial or elementary convulsion ; no chasm opens into the abyss through the London clay ; no gilded victim is asked of the Guards : the Stock-Exchange falls into no hysterics ; and the old lady of Threadneedle Street does not so much as ask for “ My fan, Peter.”—*Arrows of the Chace*, II., p. 45.

GOLD COIN.—Every bit of gold found in Australia, so long as it remains uncoined, is an article offered for sale like any other ; but as soon as it is coined into pounds, it diminishes the value of every pound we have now in our pockets.

The waste of labor in obtaining the gold, though it cannot be estimated by help of any existing data, may be understood in its bearing on entire economy by supposing it limited to transactions between two persons. If two farmers in Australia have been exchanging corn and cattle with each other for years, keeping their accounts of reciprocal debt in any simple way, the sum of the possessions of either would not be diminished, though the part of it which was lent or borrowed were only reckoned by marks on a stone, or notches on a tree ; and the one counted himself accordingly, so many scratches, or so many notches, better than the other. But it would soon be seriously diminished if, discovering gold in their fields, each resolved only to accept golden counters for a reckoning ; and accordingly, whenever he wanted a sack of corn or a cow, was obliged to go and wash sand for a week before he could get the means of giving a receipt for them.—*Munera Pulveris*, pp. 60, 62.

THE NATURE OF INTRINSIC VALUE.—Intrinsic value is the absolute power of anything to support life. A sheaf of wheat of given quality and weight has in it a measurable power of sustaining the substance of the body ; a cubic foot of pure air a fixed

power of sustaining its warmth ; and a cluster of flowers of given beauty a fixed power of enlivening or animating the senses and heart.—*Munera Pulveris*, p. 24.

The economist, in saying that his science takes no account of the qualities of pictures, merely signifies that he cannot conceive of any quality of essential badness or goodness existing in pictures ; and that he is incapable of investigating the laws of wealth in such articles. Which is the fact. But, being incapable of defining intrinsic value in pictures, it follows that he must be equally helpless to define the nature of intrinsic value in painted glass, or in painted pottery, or in patterned stuffs, or in any other national produce requiring true human ingenuity. Nay, though capable of conceiving the idea of intrinsic value with respect to beasts of burden, no economist has endeavored to state the general principles of National Economy, even with regard to the horse or the ass. And, in fine, *the modern political economists have been, without exception, incapable of apprehending the nature of intrinsic value at all.*

When, in the winter of 1851, I was collecting materials for my work on Venetian architecture, three of the pictures of Tintoret on the roof of the School of St. Roch were hanging down in ragged fragments, mixed with lath and plaster, round the apertures made by the fall of three Austrian heavy shot. The city of Venice was not, it appeared, rich enough to repair the damage that winter ; and buckets were set on the floor of the upper room of the school to catch the rain, which not only fell directly through the shot holes, but found its way, owing to the generally pervious state of the roof, through many of the canvases of Tintoret's in other parts of the ceiling.

It was a lesson to me, as I have just said, no less direct than severe ; for I knew already at that time (though I have not ventured to assert, until recently at Oxford,) that the pictures of Tintoret in Venice were accurately the most precious articles of wealth

in Europe, being the best existing productions of human industry. Now at the time that three of them were thus fluttering in moist rags from the roof they had adorned, the shops of the Rue Rivoli at Paris were, in obedience to a steadily-increasing public Demand, beginning to show a steadily-increasing Supply of elaborately-finished and colored lithographs, representing the modern dances of delight, among which the cancan has since taken a distinguished place.

The labor employed on the stone of one of these lithographs is very much more than Tintoret was in the habit of giving to a picture of average size. Considering labor as the origin of value, therefore, the stone so highly wrought would be of greater value than the picture; and since also it is capable of producing a large number of immediately saleable or exchangeable impressions, for which the "demand" is constant, the city of Paris naturally supposed itself, and on all hitherto believed or stated principles of political economy, was, infinitely richer in the possession of a large number of these lithographic stones. (not to speak of countless oil pictures and marble carvings of similar character), than Venice in the possession of those rags of mildewed canvas, flaunting in the south wind and its salt rain. And, accordingly, Paris provided (without thought of the expense) lofty arcades of shops, and rich recesses of innumerable private apartments, for the protection of these better treasures of hers from the weather.

Yet, all the while, Paris was not the richer for these possessions. Intrinsically, the delightful lithographs were not wealth, but polar contraries of wealth. She was, by the exact quantity of labor she had given to produce these, sunk below, instead of above, absolute Poverty. They not only were false Riches—they were true *Debt*, which had to be paid at last—and the present aspect of the Rue Rivoli shows in what manner.

And the faded stains of the Venetian ceiling, all the while, were absolute and inestimable wealth.

Useless to their possessors as forgotten treasure in a buried city, they had in them, nevertheless, the intrinsic and eternal nature of wealth; and Venice, still possessing the ruins of them, was a rich city; only, the Venetians had *not* a notion sufficiently correct even for the very common purpose of inducing them to put slates on a roof, of what was "meant by wealth."—*Munera Pulveris*, pp. 6-8.

WEALTH.

Wealth is THE POSSESSION OF THE VALUABLE BY THE VALIANT.—*Unto This Last*, p. 69.

The study of Wealth is a province of natural science:—it deals with the essential properties of things.

The study of Money is a province of commercial science:—it deals with conditions of engagement and exchange.

The study of Riches is a province of moral science:—it deals with the due relations of men to each other in regard of material possessions: and with the just laws of their association for purposes of labor.—*Munera Pulveris*, p. 24.

One mass of money is the outcome of action which has created,—another, of action which has annihilated,—ten times as much in the gathering of it; such and such strong hands have been paralyzed, as if they had been numbed by nightshade; so many strong men's courage broken, so many productive operations hindered; this and the other false direction given to labor, and lying image of prosperity set up, on Dura plains dug into seven-times-heated furnaces. That which seems to be wealth may in verity be only the gilded index of far-reaching ruin; a wrecker's handful of coin gleaned from the beach to which he has beguiled an argosy; a camp-follower's bundle of rags unwrapped from the breasts of goodly soldiers dead; the purchase-pieces of potter's fields, wherein shall

be buried together the citizen and the stranger.—
Unto This Last, p. 39.

THERE IS NO WEALTH BUT LIFE.—Life, including all its powers of love, of joy, and of admiration. That country is the richest which nourishes the greatest number of noble and happy human beings; that man is richest who, having perfected the functions of his own life to the utmost, has also the widest helpful influence, both personal, and by means of his possessions, over the lives of others.—
Unto This Last, p. 83.

THE TRUE VEINS OF WEALTH.—Since the essence of wealth consists in power over men, will it not follow that the nobler and the more in number the persons are over whom it has power, the greater the wealth? Perhaps it may even appear after some consideration, that the persons themselves *are* the wealth—that these pieces of gold with which we are in the habit of guiding them, are, in fact, nothing more than a kind of Byzantine harness or trappings, very glittering and beautiful in barbaric sight, wherewith we bridle the creatures; but that if these same living creatures could be guided without the fretting and jingling of the Byzants in their mouths and ears, they might themselves be more valuable than their bridles. In fact, it may be discovered that the true veins of wealth are purple—and not in Rock, but in Flesh—perhaps even that the final outcome and consummation of all wealth is in the producing as many as possible full-breathed, bright-eyed, and happy-hearted human creatures.—*Unto This Last*, p. 41.

WEALTH AS POWER.—Since the essence of wealth consists in its authority over men, if the apparent or nominal wealth fail in this power, it fails in essence; in fact, ceases to be wealth at all. It does not appear lately in England, that our authority over men is absolute. The servants show some disposition to rush riotously upstairs, under an impression that their wages are not regularly paid. We should augur ill of any gentleman's property

to whom this happened every other day in his drawing-room.

So also, the power of our wealth seems limited as respects the comfort of the servants, no less than their quietude. The persons in the kitchen appear to be ill-dressed, squalid, half-starved. One cannot help imagining that the riches of the establishment must be of a very theoretical and documentary character.—*Unto This Last*, p. 41.

LABOR.

The beginning of all good law, and nearly the end of it, is in these two ordinances,—That every man shall do good work for his bread; and secondly, That every man shall have good bread for his work.—*Fors*, I., p. 141.

To succeed to my own satisfaction in a manual piece of work, is life,—to me, as to all men; and it is only the peace which comes necessarily from manual labor which in all time has kept the honest country people patient in their task of maintaining the rascals who live in towns.—*Fors*, II., p. 306.

Labor is the contest of the life of man with an opposite. Literally, it is the quantity of "Lapse," loss, or failure of human life, caused by any effort. It is usually confused with effort itself, or the application of power (*opera*); but there is much effort which is merely a mode of recreation, or of pleasure. The most beautiful actions of the human body, and the highest results of the human intelligence, are conditions, or achievements, of quite un-laborious,—nay, of recreative,—effort. But labor is the *suffering* in effort. It is the negative quantity, or quantity of de-feat, which has to be counted against every Feat, and of de-fect which has to be counted against every Fact, or Deed of men. In brief, it is "that quantity of our toil which we die in."—*Munera Pulveris*, p. 49.

There is one fixed idea in the mind of every European progressive politician, at this time; namely, that by a certain application of Financial Art, and by the erection of a certain quantity of new buildings on a colossal scale, it will be possible for society hereafter to pass its entire life in eating, smoking, harlotry, and talk; without doing anything whatever with its hands or feet of a laborious character.—*Fors*, II., p. 236.

A happy nation may be defined as one in which the husband's hand is on the plough, and the housewife's on the needle; so in due time reaping its golden harvest, and shining in golden vesture: and an unhappy nation is one which, acknowledging no use of plough nor needle, will assuredly at last find its storehouse empty in the famine, and its breast naked to the cold.—*The Two Paths*, p. 121.

GOOD WORK ILL-PAID OR NOT PAID AT ALL.—Generally, good, useful work, whether of the hand or head, is either ill-paid, or not paid at all. I don't say it should be so, but it always is so. People, as a rule, only pay for being amused or being cheated, not for being served. Five thousand a year to your talker, and a shilling a day to your fighter, digger, and thinker, is the rule. None of the best head work in art, literature, or science, is ever paid for. How much do you think Homer got for his Iliad? or Dante for his Paradise? only bitter bread and salt, and going up and down other people's stairs.—*Crown of Wild Olive*, Lect. II., p. 35.

WAGES NOT ALWAYS DETERMINED BY COMPETITION.—I pay my servants exactly what wages I think necessary to make them comfortable. The sum is not determined at all by competition; but sometimes by my notions of their comfort and deserving, and sometimes by theirs. If I were to become penniless to-morrow, several of them would certainly still serve me for nothing.

In both the real and supposed cases the so-called "law" of vulgar political economy is absolutely set at defiance. But I cannot set the law of gravita-

tion at defiance, nor determine that in my house I will not allow ice to melt, when the temperature is above thirty-two degrees. A true law outside of my house, will remain a true one inside of it. It is not, therefore, a law of Nature that wages are determined by competition.—*Munera Pulveris*, p. 10.

EMPLOYMENTS.—There being three great classes of mechanical powers at our disposal, namely (*a*) vital or muscular power; (*b*) natural mechanical power of wind, water, and electricity; and (*c*) artificially produced mechanical power, it is the first principle of economy to use all available vital power first, then the inexpensive natural forces, and only at last to have recourse to artificial power. And this, because it is always better for a man to work with his own hands to feed and clothe himself, than to stand idle while a machine works for him; and if he cannot, by all the labor healthily possible to him, feed and clothe himself, then it is better to use an inexpensive machine—as a windmill or water-mill—than a costly one like a steam-engine, so long as we have natural force enough at our disposal. . . . The principal point of all to be kept in view is, that in every idle arm and shoulder throughout the country there is a certain quantity of force, equivalent to the force of so much fuel; and that it is mere insane waste to dig for coal for our force, while the vital force is unused; and not only unused, but, in being so, corrupting and polluting itself. We waste our coal, and spoil our humanity at one and the same instant. . . . Then, in employing all the muscular power at our disposal we are to make the employments we choose as educational as possible. For a wholesome human employment is the first and best method of education, mental as well as bodily.

The next great principle of employment is, that whenever there is pressure of poverty to be met, all enforced occupation should be directed to the production of useful articles only, that is to say, of food, of simple clothing, of lodging, or of the means

of conveying, distributing, and preserving these. . . . Men cannot live on ribands, or buttons, or velvets, or by going quickly from place to place; and every coin spent in useless ornament, or useless motion, is so much withdrawn from the national means of life. One of the most beautiful uses of railroads is to enable A to travel from the town of X to take away the business of B in the town of Y; while, in the meantime, B travels from the town of Y to take away A's business in the town of X. But the national wealth is not increased by these operations. . . .

And lastly: Since for every idle person, some one else must be working somewhere to provide him with clothes and food, and doing, therefore, double the quantity of work that would be enough for his own needs, it is only a matter of pure justice to compel the idle person to work for his maintenance himself.—*Athena*, pp. 96-99.

RICHES.

The first of all English games is making money. That is an all-absorbing game; and we knock each other down oftener in playing at that than at football, or any other roughest sport; and it is absolutely without purpose; no one who engages heartily in that game ever knows why.—*Crown of Wild Olive*, Lect. I., p. 21.

And I can tell you, the poor vagrants by the roadside suffer now quite as much from the bag-baron, as ever they did from the crag-baron. Bags and crags have just the same result on rags.—*Crown of Wild Olive*, Lect. I., p. 29.

The guilty Thieves of Europe, the real sources of all deadly war in it, are the Capitalists—that is to say, people who live by percentages on the labor of others; instead of by fair wages for their own.—*Fors*, I., p. 97.

For, during the last eight hundred years, the upper classes of Europe have been one large Picnic

Party. Most of them have been religious also; and in sitting down, by companies, upon the green grass, in parks, gardens, and the like, have considered themselves commanded into that position by Divine authority, and fed with bread from Heaven: of which they duly considered it proper to bestow the fragments in support, and the tithes in tuition, of the poor.—*Fors*, I., p. 25.

There will be always a number of men who would fain set themselves to the accumulation of wealth as the sole object of their lives. Necessarily, that class of men is an uneducated class, inferior in intellect, and more or less cowardly. It is physically impossible for a well-educated, intellectual, or brave man to make money the chief object of his thoughts; as physically impossible as it is for him to make his dinner the principal object of them.—*Crown of Wild Olive*, Lect. I., p. 26.

There is a working class—strong and happy—among both rich and poor; there is an idle class—weak, wicked, and miserable—among both rich and poor. And the worst of the misunderstandings arising between the two orders come of the unlucky fact that the wise of one class habitually contemplate the foolish of the other.—*Crown of Wild Olive*, Lect. I., p. 19.

LOWLY PLEASURES.—What is chiefly needed in England at the present day is to show the quantity of pleasure that may be obtained by a consistent, well-administered competence, modest, confessed, and laborious. We need examples of people who, leaving Heaven to decide whether they are to rise in the world, decide for themselves that they will be happy in it, and have resolved to seek—not greater wealth, but simpler pleasure; not higher fortune, but deeper felicity; making the first of possessions, self-possession; and honoring themselves in the harmless pride and calm pursuits of peace.—*Unto This Last*, p. 89.

Money is a strange kind of seed; scattered, it is poison; but set, it is bread: so that a man whom

God has appointed to be a sower must bear as lightly as he may the burden of gold and of possessions, till he find the proper places to sow them in.—*Fors*, III., p. 124.

INEQUALITIES OF WEALTH.—As diseased local determination of the blood involves depression of the general health of the system, all morbid local action of riches will be found ultimately to involve a weakening of the resources of the body politic.—*Unto This Last*, p. 35.

Inequalities of wealth justly established, benefit the nation in the course of their establishment; and, nobly used, aid it yet more by their existence. That is to say, among every active and well-governed people, the various strength of individuals, tested by full exertion and specially applied to various need, issues in unequal, but harmonious results, receiving reward or authority according to its class and service; while in the inactive or ill-governed nation, the gradations of decay and the victories of treason work out also their own rugged system of subjection and success: and substitute, for the melodious inequalities of concurrent power, the iniquitous dominances and depressions of guilt and misfortune.—*Unto This Last*, p. 33.

WHERE DOES THE RICH MAN GET HIS MEANS OF LIVING?—Well, for the point in question then, as to means of living: the most exemplary manner of answer is simply to state how I got my own, or rather how my father got them for me. He and his partners entered into what your correspondent mellifluously styles "a mutually beneficent partnership," with certain laborers in Spain. These laborers produced from the earth annually a certain number of bottles of wine. These productions were sold by my father and his partners, who kept nine-tenths, or thereabouts, of the price themselves, and gave one-tenth, or thereabouts, to the laborers. In which state of mutual beneficence my father and his partners naturally became rich, and the laborers as naturally remained poor. Then my good father

gave all his money' to me (who never did a stroke of work in my life worth my salt, not to mention my dinner).—*Arrows of the Chace*, II., p. 73.

MONEY AND ITS USES.—You will find that wherever and whenever men are endeavoring to *make money hastily*, and to avoid the labor which Providence has appointed to be the only source of honorable profit;—and also wherever and whenever they permit themselves to *spend it luxuriously*, without reflecting how far they are misguiding the labor of others;—there and then, in either case, they are literally and infallibly causing, for their own benefit or their own pleasure, a certain annual number of human deaths; that, therefore, the choice given to every man born into this world is, simply, whether he will be a laborer or an assassin; and that whosoever has not his hand on the Stilt of the plough, has it on the Hilt of the dagger.—*The Two Paths*, p. 130.

THE UPPER CLASSES.—The upper classes, broadly speaking, are always originally composed of the best-bred (in the merely animal sense of the term), the most energetic, and most thoughtful, of the population, who either by strength of arm seize the land from the rest, and make slaves of them, or bring desert land into cultivation, over which they have therefore, within certain limits, true personal right; or by industry, accumulate other property, or by choice devote themselves to intellectual pursuits, and, though poor, obtain an acknowledged superiority of position, shown by benefits conferred in discovery, or in teaching, or in gifts of art. This is all in the simple course of the law of nature. . . .

The office of the upper classes, then, as a body, is to keep order among their inferiors, and raise them always to the nearest level with themselves of which those inferiors are capable. So far as they are thus occupied, they are invariably loved and revered intensely by all beneath them, and reach, themselves, the highest types of human power and beauty.—*Time and Tide*, pp. 93, 94.

How far is it lawful to suck a portion of the soul out of a great many persons, in order to put the abstracted psychical quantities together, and make one very beautiful or ideal soul? . . . We live, we gentlemen, on delicatest prey, after the manner of weasels; that is to say, we keep a certain number of clowns digging and ditching, and generally stupefied, in order that we, being fed gratis, may have all the thinking and feeling to ourselves. Yet there is a great deal to be said for this. A highly bred and trained English, French, Austrian or Italian gentleman (much more a lady) is a great production; a better production than most statues; being beautifully colored as well as shaped, and plus all the brains; a glorious thing to look at, a wonderful thing to talk to; and you cannot have it, any more than a pyramid or a church, but by sacrifice of much contributed life. And it is, perhaps, better to build a beautiful human creature than a beautiful dome or steeple, and more delightful to look up reverently to a creature far above us, than to a wall; only the beautiful human creature will have some duties to do in return—duties of living belfry and rampart.—*Sesame and Lilies*, p. 53.

THE OPPORTUNITIES AND POWER OF THE RICH.—You may stretch out your sceptre over the heads of the English laborers, and say to them, as they stoop to its waving, “Subdue this obstacle that has baffled our fathers; put away this plague that consumes our children; water these dry places, plough these desert ones; carry this food to those who are in hunger; carry this light to those who are in darkness; carry this life to those who are in death;” or on the other side you may say to her laborers: “Here am I; this power is in my hand; come, build a mound here for me to be throned upon, high and wide; come, make crowns for my head, that men may see them shine from far away; come, weave tapestries for my feet, that I may tread softly on the silk and purple; come, dance before me, that I may be gay; and sing sweetly to me, that I may

slumber; so shall I live in joy, and die in honor." And better than such an honorable death, it were that the day had perished wherein we were born, and the night in which it was said, There is a child conceived.—*A Joy For Ever*, p. 82.

It is nothing to give pension and cottage to the widow who has lost her son; it is nothing to give food and medicine to the workman who has broken his arm, or the decrepit woman wasting in sickness. But it is something to use your time and strength to war with the waywardness and thoughtlessness of mankind; to keep the erring workman in your service till you have made him an unerring one; and to direct your fellow-merchant to the opportunity which his dulness would have lost.—*A Joy For Ever*, pp. 81, 82.

You would be indignant if you saw a strong man walk into a theatre or a lecture-room, and, calmly choosing the best place, take his feeble neighbor by the shoulder, and turn him out of it into the back seats, or the street. You would be equally indignant if you saw a stout fellow thrust himself up to a table where some hungry children were being fed, and reach his arm over their heads and take their bread from them. But you are not the least indignant if when a man has stoutness of thought and swiftness of capacity, and, instead of being long-armed only, has the much greater gift of being long-headed—you think it perfectly just that he should use his intellect to take the bread out of the mouths of all the other men in the town who are of the same trade with him; or use his breadth and sweep of sight to gather some branch of the commerce of the country into one great cobweb, of which he is himself to be the central spider, making every thread vibrate with the points of his claws, and commanding every avenue with the facets of his eyes. You see no injustice in this.

But there is injustice; and, let us trust, one of which honorable men will at no very distant period disdain to be guilty.—*A Joy For Ever*, pp. 80, 81.

ADVICE TO RICH WORDLINGS.—Is the earth only an hospital? Play, if you care to play, on the floor of the hospital dens. Knit its straw into what crowns please you; gather the dust of it for treasure, and die rich in that, clutching at the black motes in the air with your dying hands;—and yet, it may be well with you. But if this life be no dream, and the world no hospital; if all the peace and power and joy you can ever win, must be won now; and all fruit of victory gathered here, or never;—will you still, throughout the puny totality of your life, weary yourselves in the fire for vanity? If there is no rest which remaineth for you, is there none you might presently take? was this grass of the earth made green for your shroud only, not for your bed? and can you never lie down *upon* it, but only *under* it? The heathen, to whose creed you have returned, thought not so. They knew that life brought its contest, but they expected from it also the crown of all contest: No proud one! no jewelled circlet flaming through Heaven above the height of the unmerited throne; only some few leaves of wild olive, cool to the tired brow, through a few years of peace. It should have been of gold, they thought; but Jupiter was poor; this was the best the god could give them. Seeking a greater than this, they had known it a mockery. Not in war, not in wealth, not in tyranny, was there any happiness to be found for them—only in kindly peace, fruitful and free. The wreath was to be of *wild* olive, mark you:—the tree that grows carelessly, tufting the rocks with no vivid bloom, no verdure of branch; only with soft snow of blossom, and scarcely fulfilled fruit, mixed with grey leaf and thorn-set stem; no fastening of diadem for you but with such sharp embroidery! But this, such as it is, you may win while yet you live; type of grey honor and sweet rest.—*Crown of Wild Olive*, Preface, p. 15.

THE EIDOLON OR PHANTASM OF WEALTH.—A man's power over his property is at the widest range of it, fivefold; it is power of Use, for himself,

Administration, to others, Ostentation, Destruction, or Bequest: and possession is in use only, which for each man is sternly limited; so that such things, and so much of them as he can use, are, indeed, well for him, or Wealth; and more of them, or any other things, are ill for him, or Illth. Plunged to the lips in Orinoco, he shall drink to his thirst-measure; more, at his peril: with a thousand oxen on his lands, he shall eat to his hunger-measure; more, at his peril. He cannot live in two houses at once; a few bales of silk or wool will suffice for the fabric of all the clothes he can ever wear, and a few books will probably hold all the furniture good for his brain. Beyond these, in the best of us but narrow, capacities, we have but the power of administering, or *mal*-administering, wealth: (that is to say, distributing, lending, or increasing it);—of exhibiting it (as in magnificence of retinue or furniture),—of destroying, or, finally, of bequeathing it. And with multitudes of rich men, administration degenerates into curatorship; they merely hold their property in charge, as Trustees, for the benefit of some person or persons to whom it is to be delivered upon their death; and the position, explained in clear terms, would hardly seem a covetable one. What would be the probable feelings of a youth, on his entrance into life, to whom the career hoped for him was proposed in terms such as these: “You must work unremittingly, and with your utmost intelligence, during all your available years, you will thus accumulate wealth to a large amount; but you must touch none of it, beyond what is needful for your support. Whatever sums you gain, beyond those required for your decent and moderate maintenance, and whatever beautiful things you may obtain possession of, shall be properly taken care of by servants, for whose maintenance you will be charged, and whom you will have the trouble of superintending, and on your death-bed you shall have the power of determining to whom the accumulated property shall belong, or to what purposes be applied.”

The labor of life, under such conditions, would probably be neither zealous nor cheerful; yet the only difference between this position and that of the ordinary capitalist is the power which the latter supposes himself to possess, and which is attributed to him by others, of spending his money at any moment. This pleasure, taken *in the imagination of power to part with that with which we have no intention of parting*, is one of the most curious, though commonest forms of the Eidolon, or Phantasm of Wealth. But the political economist has nothing to do with this idealism, and looks only to the practical issue of it—namely, that the holder of wealth, in such temper, may be regarded simply as a mechanical means of collection; or as a money-chest with a slit in it, not only receptant but suctional, set in the public thoroughfare;—chest of which only Death has the key, and evil Chance the distribution of the contents.—*Munera Pulveris*. pp. 36, 37.

LARGE FORTUNES CAN NOT HONESTLY BE MADE BY ONE MAN.—No man can become largely rich by his personal toil.* The work of his own hands, wisely directed, will indeed always maintain himself and his family, and make fitting provision for his age. *Put it is only by the discovery of some method of taxing the labor of others that he can become opulent.* Every increase of his capital enables him to extend this taxation more widely; that is, to invest larger funds in the maintenance of laborers,—to direct, accordingly, vaster and yet vaster masses of labor, and to appropriate its profits.

Large fortunes cannot honestly be made by the work of *one* man's hands or head. If his work benefits multitudes, and involves position of high trust, it may be (I do not say that it *is*) expedient to reward him with great wealth or estate; but fortune of this kind is freely given in gratitude for benefit,

* By his art he may; but only when its produce, or the sight or hearing of it, becomes a subject of dispute, so as to enable the artist to tax the labor of multitudes highly, in exchange for his own.

not as repayment for labor. Also, men of peculiar genius in any art, if the public can enjoy the product of their genius, may set it at almost any price they choose ; but this, I will show you when I come to speak of art, is unlawful on their part, and ruinous to their own powers. . . .

Such fortunes as are now the prizes of commerce can be made only in one of three ways :—

1. By obtaining command over the labor of multitudes of other men, and taxing it for our own profit.

2. By treasure-trove,—as of mines, useful vegetable products, and the like,—in circumstances putting them under our own exclusive control.

3. By speculation (commercial gambling).

The two first of these means of obtaining riches are, in some forms and within certain limits, lawful, and advantageous to the State. The third is entirely detrimental to it ; for in all cases of profit derived from speculation, at best, what one man gains another loses ; and the net result to the State is zero (pecuniarily), with the loss of the time and ingenuity spent in the transaction ; besides the disadvantage involved in the discouragement of the losing party, and the corrupted moral natures of both. This is the result of speculation at its best. At its worst, not only B. loses what A. gains (having taken his fair risk of such loss for his fair chance of gain), but C. and D., who never had any chance at all, are drawn in by B.'s fall, and the final result is that A. sets up his carriage on the collected sum which was once the means of living to a dozen families.—*Time and Tide*, p. 61.

NOBLESSE OBLIGE.—This ought to be the first lesson of every rich man's political code. "Sir," his tutor should early say to him, "you are so placed in society—it may be for your misfortune, it *must* be for your trial—that you are likely to be maintained all your life by the labor of other men. You will have to make shoes for nobody, but some one will have to make a great many for you. You will have to dig ground for nobody, but some one

will have to dig through every summer's hot day for you. You will build houses and make clothes for no one, but many a rough hand must knead clay, and many an elbow be crooked to the stitch, to keep that body of yours warm and fine. Now remember, whatever you and your work may be worth, the less you keep costs, the better. It does not cost money only. It costs degradation. You do not merely employ these people. You also tread upon them. It cannot be helped;—you have your place, and they have theirs; but see that you tread as lightly as possible, and on as few as possible. What food, and clothes, and lodging you honestly need, for your health and peace, you may righteously take. See that you take the plainest you can serve yourself with—that you waste or wear nothing vainly;—and that you employ no man in furnishing you with any useless luxury.”—*Time and Tide*, p. 89.

RICHES A FORM OF STRENGTH.—I do not countenance one whit, the common socialist idea of division of property; division of property is its destruction; and with it the destruction of all hope, all industry, and all justice: it is simply chaos—a chaos towards which the believers in modern political economy are fast tending, and from which I am striving to save them. The rich man does not keep back meat from the poor by retaining his riches; but by basely using them. Riches are a form of strength; and a strong man does not injure others by keeping his strength, but by using it injuriously. The socialist, seeing a strong man oppress a weak one, cries out—“Break the strong man's arms;” but I say, “Teach him to use them to better purpose.” The fortitude and intelligence which acquire riches are intended, by the Giver of both, not to scatter, nor to give away, but to employ those riches in the service of mankind; in other words, in the redemption of the erring and aid of the weak—that is to say, there is first to be the Work to gain money; then the Sabbath of use

for it—the Sabbath, whose law is, not to lose life, but to save.—*Unto This Last*, p. 84.

Yet, in some far-away and yet undreamt-of hour, I can even imagine that England may cast all thoughts of possessive wealth back to the barbaric nations among whom they first arose; and that, while the sands of the Indus and adamant of Golconda may yet stiffen the housings of the charger, and flash from the turban of the slave, she, as a Christian mother, may at last attain to the virtues and the treasures of a Heathen one, and be able to lead forth her Sons, saying,—“These are MY Jewels.”—*Unto This Last*, p. 42.

CAPITAL.—The best and simplest general type of capital is a well-made ploughshare. Now, if that ploughshare did nothing but beget other ploughshares, in a polypous manner,—however the great cluster of polypous plough might glitter in the sun, it would have lost its function of capital. It becomes true capital only by another kind of splendor,—when it is seen, “splendescere sulco,” to grow bright in the furrow; rather with diminution of its substance, than addition, by the noble friction. And the true home question, to every capitalist and to every nation, is not, “how many ploughs have you?”—but, “where are your furrows?” not—“how quickly will this capital reproduce itself?”—but, “what will it do during reproduction?” What substance will it furnish, good for life? what work construct, protective of life? if none, its own reproduction is useless—if worse than none,—(for capital may destroy life as well as support it), its own reproduction is worse than useless.—*Unto This Last*, p. 78.

If, having certain funds for supporting labor at my disposal, I pay men merely to keep my ground in order, my money is, in that function, spent once for all; but if I pay them to dig iron out of my ground, and work it, and sell it, I can charge rent for the ground, and percentage both on the manufacture and the sale, and make my capital profita-

ble in these three bye-ways. The greater part of the profitable investment of capital, in the present day, is in operations of this kind, in which the public is persuaded to buy something of no use to it, on production, or sale, of which, the capitalist may charge percentage; the said public remaining all the while under the persuasion that the percentages thus obtained are real national gains, whereas, they are merely filchings out of partially light pockets, to swell heavy ones.—*Crown of Wild Olive*, Preface, p. 8.

If I were to put a turnpike on the road where it passes my own gate, and endeavor to exact a shilling from every passenger, the public would soon do away with my gate, without listening to any plea on my part that "it was as advantageous to them, in the end, that I should spend their shillings, as that they themselves should." But if, instead of out-facing them with a turnpike, I can only persuade them to come in and buy stones, or old iron, or any other useless thing, out of my ground, I may rob them to the same extent, and be, moreover, thanked as a public benefactor, and promoter of commercial prosperity.—*Crown of Wild Olive*, Preface, p. 9.

ORIGIN OF RICHES AND POVERTY.—Suppose that three men formed a little isolated republic, and found themselves obliged to separate in order to farm different pieces of land at some distance from each other along the coast; each estate furnishing a distinct kind of produce, and each more or less in need of the material raised on the other. Suppose that the third man, in order to save the time of all three, undertakes simply to superintend the transference of commodities from one farm to the other; on condition of receiving some sufficiently remunerative share of every parcel of goods conveyed, or of some other parcel received in exchange for it.

If this carrier or messenger always brings to each estate, from the other, what is chiefly wanted, at the right time, the operations of the two farmers

will go on prosperously, and the largest possible result in produce, or wealth, will be attained by the little community. But suppose no intercourse between the land-owners is possible, except through the travelling agent; and that, after a time, this agent, watching the course of each man's agriculture, keeps back the articles with which he has been entrusted, until there comes a period of extreme necessity for them, on one side or other, and then exacts in exchange for them all that the distressed farmer can spare of other kinds of produce; it is easy to see that by ingeniously watching his opportunities, he might possess himself regularly of the greater part of the superfluous produce of the two estates, and at last, in some year of severest trial or scarcity, purchase both for himself, and maintain the former proprietors thenceforward as his laborers or his servants.

This would be a case of commercial wealth acquired on the exactest principles of modern political economy. But, . . . it is manifest that the wealth of the State, or of the three men considered as a society, is collectively less than it would have been had the merchant been content with juster profit. The operations of the two agriculturists have been cramped to the utmost; and the continual limitations of the supply of things they wanted at critical times, together with the failure of courage consequent on the prolongation of a struggle for mere existence, without any sense of permanent gain, must have seriously diminished the effective results of their labor; and the stores finally accumulated in the merchant's hands will not in anywise be of equivalent value to those which, had his dealings been honest, would have filled at once the granaries of the farmers and his own.—*Unto This Last*, pp. 37, 38.

Again, let us imagine a society of peasants, living on a river-shore, exposed to destructive inundation at somewhat extended intervals; and that each peasant possesses of this good, but imperilled, ground, more than he needs to cultivate for imme-

diate subsistence. We will assume farther (and with too great probability of justice), that the greater part of them indolently keep in tillage just as much land as supplies them with daily food ;— that they leave their children idle, and take no precautions against the rise of the stream. But one of them, (we will say but one, for the sake of greater clearness) cultivates carefully *all* the ground of his estate; makes his children work hard and healthily; uses his spare time and theirs in building a rampart against the river; and, at the end of some years, has in his storehouses large reserves of food and clothing, in his stables a well-tended breed of cattle, and around his fields a wedge of wall against flood.

The torrent rises at last—sweeps away the harvests, and half the cottages of the careless peasants, and leaves them destitute. They naturally come for help to the provident one, whose fields are unwasted, and whose granaries are full. He has the right to refuse it to them: no one disputes this right. But he will probably *not* refuse it; it is not his interest to do so, even were he entirely selfish and cruel. The only question with him will be on what terms his aid is to be granted.

Clearly, not on terms of mere charity. To maintain his neighbors in idleness would be not only his ruin, but theirs. He will require work from them, in exchange for their maintenance; and, whether in kindness or cruelty, all the work they can give. Not now the three or four hours they were wont to spend on their own land, but the eight or ten hours they ought to have spent. But how will he apply this labor? The men are now his slaves;— nothing less, and nothing more. On pain of starvation, he can force them to work in the manner, and to the end, he chooses. And it is by his wisdom in this choice that the worthiness of his mastership is proved, or its unworthiness. Evidently, he must first set them to bank out the water in some temporary way, and to get their ground cleansed and resown; else, in any case, their continued mainte-

nance will be impossible. That done, and while he has still to feed them, suppose he makes them raise a secure rampart for their own ground against all future flood, and rebuild their houses in safer places, with the best material they can find; being allowed time out of their working hours to fetch such material from a distance. And for the food and clothing advanced, he takes security in land that as much shall be returned at a convenient period.

We may conceive this security to be redeemed, and the debt paid at the end of a few years. The prudent peasant has sustained no loss; *but is no richer than he was, and has had all his trouble for nothing*. But he has enriched his neighbors materially; bettered their houses, secured their land, and rendered them, in worldly matters, equal to himself. In all rational and final sense, he has been throughout their true Lord and King.

We will next trace his probable line of conduct, presuming his object to be exclusively the increase of his own fortune. After roughly recovering and cleansing the ground, he allows the ruined peasantry only to build huts upon it, such as he thinks protective enough from the weather to keep them in working health. The rest of their time he occupies, first in pulling down, and rebuilding on a magnificent scale, his own house, and in adding large dependencies to it. This done, in exchange for his continued supply of corn, he buys as much of his neighbors' land as he thinks he can superintend the management of; and makes the former owners securely embank and protect the ceded portion. By this arrangement, he leaves to a certain number of the peasantry only as much ground as will just maintain them in their existing numbers; as the population increases, he takes the extra hands, who cannot be maintained on the narrowed estates, for his own servants; employs some to cultivate the ground he has bought, giving them of its produce merely enough for subsistence; with the surplus, which, under his energetic and careful

superintendence, will be large, he maintains a train of servants for state, and a body of workmen, whom he educates in ornamental arts. He now can splendidly decorate his house, lay out its grounds magnificently, and richly supply his table, and that of his household and retinue. And thus, without any abuse of right, we should find established all the phenomena of poverty and riches, which (it is supposed necessarily) accompany modern civilization. In one part of the district, we should have unhealthy land, miserable dwellings, and half-starved poor; in another, a well-ordered estate, well-fed servants, and refined conditions of highly educated and luxurious life.—*Munera Pulveris*, pp. 115-17.

WAR AND NATIONAL TAXATION.—Everybody in France who is got any money is eager to lend it to M. Thiers at five per cent. No doubt, but who is to pay the five per cent. ? . . .

The people who have got no money to lend pay it; the daily worker and producer pays it—unfortunate “William.” . . . And the people who are to get their five per cent. out of him, and roll him and suck him,—the sugar-cane of a William that he is,—how should they but think the arrangement a glorious one for the nation ?

So there is great acclaim and triumphal procession of financiers ! and the arrangement is made; namely, that all the poor laboring persons in France are to pay the rich idle ones five per cent. annually, on the sum of eighty millions of sterling pounds, until further notice.

But this is not all, observe. Sweet William is not altogether so soft in his rind that you can crush him without some sufficient machinery : you must have your army in good order, “to justify public confidence;” and you must get the expense of that, besides your five per cent., out of ambrosial William. He must pay the cost of his own roller.

Now, therefore, see briefly what it all comes to.

First, you spend eighty millions of money in fire-

works, doing no end of damage in letting them off.

Then you borrow money to pay the firework-maker's bill, from any gain-loving persons who have got it.

And then, dressing your bailiff's men in new red coats and cocked hats, you send them drumming and trumpeting into the fields, to take the peasants by the throat, and make them pay the interest on what you have borrowed, and the expense of the cocked hats besides.

That is "financiering," my friends, as the mob of the money-makers understand it. And they understand it well. For that is what it always comes to finally; taking the peasant by the throat. He *must* pay—for he only *can*. Food can only be got out of the ground, and all these devices of soldiership, and law, and arithmetic, are but ways of getting at last down to him, the furrow-driver, and snatching the roots from him as he digs.—*Fors*, I., pp. 103-105.

Capitalists, when they do not know what to do with their money, persuade the peasants, in various countries, that the said peasants want guns to shoot each other with. The peasants accordingly borrow guns, out of the manufacture of which the capitalists get a percentage, and men of science much amusement and credit. Then the peasants shoot a certain number of each other, until they get tired; and burn each other's homes down in various places. Then they put the guns back into towers, arsenals, etc., in ornamental patterns; (and the victorious party put also some ragged flags in churches). And then the capitalists tax both, annually, ever afterwards, to pay interest on the loan of the guns and gunpowder. And that is what capitalists call "knowing what to do with their money;" and what commercial men in general call "practical" as opposed to "sentimental" Political Economy.—*Munera Pulveris*, p. 15.

A CIVILIZED NATION.—This, in Modern Europe, consists essentially of (A), a mass of half-taught, dis-

contented, and mostly penniless populace, calling itself the people; of (B) a thing which it calls a government—meaning an apparatus for collecting and spending money; and (C) a small number of capitalists, many of them rogues, and most of them stupid persons, who have no idea of any object of human existence other than money-making, gambling, or champagne-bibbing. A certain quantity of literary men, saying anything they can get paid to say,—of clergymen, saying anything they have been taught to say,—of natural philosophers, saying anything that comes into their heads,—and of nobility, saying nothing at all, combine in disguising the action, and perfecting the disorganization, of the mass; but with respect to practical business, the civilized nation consists broadly of mob, money-collecting machine, and capitalist.

Now when this civilized mob wants to spend money for any profitless or mischievous purposes, —fireworks, illuminations, battles, driving about from place to place, or what not,—being itself penniless, it sets its money-collecting machine to borrow the sum needful for these amusements from the civilized capitalist.

The civilized capitalist lends the money, on condition that, through the money-collecting machine, he may tax the civilized mob thenceforward for ever. The civilized mob spends the money forthwith, in gunpowder, infernal machines, masquerade dresses, new boulevards, or anything else it has set its idiotic mind on for the moment; and appoints its money-collecting machine to collect a daily tax from its children, and children's children, to be paid to the capitalists from whom it had received the accommodation, thenceforward for ever.

That is the nature of a National Debt.—*Fors*, III., p. 237.

A NATIONAL DEBT, like any other, may be honestly incurred in case of need, and honestly paid in due time. But if a man should be ashamed to borrow, much more should a people: and if a father holds

it his honor to provide for his children, and would be ashamed to borrow from them, and leave, with his blessing, his note of hand, for his grandchildren to pay, much more should a nation be ashamed to borrow, in any case, or in any manner; and if it borrow at all, it is at least in honor bound to borrow from living men, and not indebt itself to its own unborn brats. If it can't provide for them, at least let it not send their cradles to the pawnbroker, and pick the pockets of their first breeches.—*Fors*, III., p. 47.

AN INCOME TAX THE ONLY JUST ONE.—In true justice, the only honest and wholly right tax is one not merely on income, but property; increasing in percentage as the property is greater. And the main virtue of such a tax is that it makes publicly known what every man has, and how he gets it.

For every kind of Vagabonds, high and low, agree in their dislike to give an account of the way they get their living; still less, of how much they have got sewn up in their breeches. It does not, however, matter much to a country that it should know how its poor Vagabonds live; but it is of vital moment that it should know how its rich Vagabonds live.—*Fors*, I., p. 98.

WHY THE WEEKLY BILLS ARE DOUBLED.—The weekly bills are double, because the greater part of the labor of the people of England is spent unproductively; that is to say, in producing iron plates, iron guns, gunpowder, infernal machines, infernal fortresses floating about, infernal fortresses standing still, infernal means of mischievous locomotion, infernal lawsuits, infernal parliamentary elocution, infernal beer, and infernal gazettes, magazines, statues, and pictures. Calculate the labor spent in producing these infernal articles annually, and put against it the labor spent in producing food! The only wonder is, that the weekly bills are not tenfold instead of double. For this poor housewife, mind you, cannot feed her children with any one, or any quantity, of these infernal articles. Children can

only be fed with divine articles. Their mother can indeed get to London cheap, but she has no business there; she can buy all the morning's news for a half-penny, but she has no concern with them; she can see Gustave Doré's pictures (and she had better see the devil), for a shilling; she can be carried through any quantity of filthy streets on a tramway for threepence; but it is as much as her life's worth to walk in them, or as her modesty's worth to look into a print shop in them. Nay, let her have but to go on foot a quarter of a mile in the West End, she dares not take her purse in her pocket, nor let her little dog follow her. These are her privileges and facilities, in the capital of civilization. But none of these will bring meat or flour into her own village. Far the contrary! The sheep and corn which the fields of her village produce are carried away from it to feed the makers of Armstrong guns. And her weekly bills are double.—*For's*, I., p. 418.

POVERTY.

Among the various characteristics of the age in which we live, as compared with other ages of this not yet *very* experienced world, one of the most notable appears to me to be the just and wholesome contempt in which we hold poverty.—*Joy For Ever*, p. 7.

The mistake of the best men through generation after generation, has been that great one of thinking to help the poor by almsgiving, and by preaching of patience or of hope, and by every other means, emollient or consolatory, except the one thing which God orders for them, justice.—*Unto This Last*, p. 45.

Ye sheep without shepherd, it is not the pasture that has been shut from you, but the presence. Meat! perhaps your right to that may be pleadable; but other rights have to be pleaded first. Claim your crumbs from the table, if you will; but

claim them as children, not as dogs; claim your right to be fed, but claim more loudly your right to be holy, perfect, and pure.

Strange words to be used of working people: "What! holy; without any long robes nor anointing oils; these rough-jacketed, rough-worded persons; set to nameless and dishonored service? Perfect!—these, with dim eyes and cramped limbs, and slowly waking minds? Pure!—these, with sensual desire and grovelling thought; foul of body, and coarse of soul?" It may be so; nevertheless, such as they are, they are the holiest, perfectest, purest persons the earth can at present show. They may be what you have said; but if so, they yet are holier than we, who have left them thus.—*Unto This Last*, p. 85.

Six thousand years of weaving, and have we learned to weave? Might not every naked wall have been purple with tapestry, and every feeble breast fenced with sweet colors from the cold? What have we done? Our fingers are too few, it seems, to twist together some poor covering for our bodies. We set our streams to work for us, and choke the air with fire, to turn our spinning-wheels—and,—*are we yet clothed?* Are not the streets of the capitals of Europe foul with the sale of cast cloths and rotten rags? Is not the beauty of your sweet children left in wretchedness of disgrace, while, with better honor, nature clothes the brood of the bird in its nest, and the suckling of the wolf in her den? And does not every winter's snow robe what you have not robed, and shroud what you have not shrouded; and every winter's wind bear up to heaven its wasted souls, to witness against you hereafter, by the voice of their Christ,—“I was naked, and ye clothed me not?”—*Mystery of Life*, pp. 124, 125.

The ant and the moth have cells for each of their young, but our little ones lie in festering heaps, in homes that consume them like graves; and night by night from the corners of our streets, rises up

the cry of the homeless—"I was a stranger, and ye took me not in."—*Mystery of Life*, p. 126.

THE LITTLE GIRL WITH LARGE SHOES.—One day in November, 1873, at Oxford, as I was going in at the private door of the University galleries, to give a lecture on the Fine Arts in Florence, I was hindered for a moment by a nice little girl, whipping a top on the pavement. She was a *very* nice little girl; and rejoiced wholly in her whip, and top; but could not inflict the reviving chastisement with all the activity that was in her, because she had on a large and dilapidated pair of woman's shoes, which projected the full length of her own little foot behind it and before; and being securely fastened to her ankles in the manner of mocassins, admitted, indeed, of dexterous glissades, and other modes of progress quite sufficient for ordinary purposes; but not conveniently of all the evolutions proper to the pursuit of a whipping-top.

There were some worthy people at my lecture, and I think the lecture was one of my best. It gave some really trustworthy information about art in Florence six hundred years ago. But all the time I was speaking, I knew that nothing spoken about art, either by myself or other people, could be of the least use to anybody there. For their primary business, and mine, was with art in Oxford, now; not with art in Florence, then; and art in Oxford now was absolutely dependent on our power of solving the question—which I knew that my audience would not even allow to be proposed for solution—"Why have our little girls large shoes?"—*For's*, II., p. 130.

THE SAVOYARD COTTAGE.—On a green knoll above that plain of the Arve, between Cluse and Bonneville, there was, in the year 1860, a cottage, inhabited by a well-doing family—man and wife, three children, and the grandmother. I call it a cottage, but in truth, it was a large chimney on the ground, wide at the bottom, so that the family might live round the fire; lighted by one small

broken window, and entered by an unclosing door. The family, I say, was "well-doing;" at least it was hopeful and cheerful; the wife healthy, the children, for Savoyards, pretty and active, but the husband threatened with decline, from exposure under the cliffs of the Mont Vergi by day, and to draughts between every plank of his chimney in the frosty nights.

"Why could he not plaster the chinks?" asks the practical reader. For the same reason that your child cannot wash its face and hands till you have washed them many a day for it, and will not wash them when it can, till you force it.

I passed this cottage often in my walks, had its window and door mended; sometimes mended also a little the meal of sour bread and broth, and generally got kind greeting and smile from the face of young or old; which greeting, this year, narrowed itself into the half-recognizing stare of the elder child, and the old woman's tears; for the father and mother were both dead,—one of sickness, the other of sorrow. It happened that I passed not alone, but with a companion, a practised English joiner, who, while these people were dying of cold, had been employed from six in the morning to six in the evening, for two months, in fitting, without nails, the panels of a single door in a large house in London. Three days of his work taken, at the right time, from fastening the oak panels with useless precision, and applied to fasten the larch timbers with decent strength, would have saved these Savoyards' lives. *He* would have been maintained equally; (I suppose him equally paid for his work by the owner of the greater house, only the work not consumed selfishly on his own walls;) and the two peasants, and eventually, probably their children, saved.—*Munera Pulveris*, pp. 121-123.

LABOR AND CAPITAL.—The landlord, usurer, or labor-master, does not, and cannot, himself consume all the means of life he collects. He gives them to other persons, whom he employs in his own

behalf—growers of champagne; jockeys; footmen; jewellers; builders; painters; musicians, and the like. The diversion of the labor of these persons from the production of food to the production of articles of luxury is very frequently, and, at the present day, very grievously, a cause of famine. But when the luxuries are produced, it becomes a quite separate question who is to have them, and whether the landlord and capitalist are entirely to monopolize the music, the painting, the architecture, the hand-service, the horse-service, and the sparkling champagne of the world.

And it is gradually, in these days, becoming manifest to the tenants, borrowers, and laborers, that instead of paying these large sums into the hands of the landlords, lenders, and employers, that *they* may purchase music, painting, etc.; the tenants, borrowers, and workers, had better buy a little music and painting for themselves! That, for instance, instead of the capitalist-employer's paying three hundred pounds for a full-length portrait of himself, in the attitude of investing his capital, the united workmen had better themselves pay the three hundred pounds into the hands of the ingenious artist, for a painting, in the antiquated manner of Lionardo or Raphael, of some subject more religiously or historically interesting to *them*; and placed where they can always see it. And again, instead of paying three hundred pounds to the obliging landlord, that he may buy a box at the opera with it, whence to study the refinements of music and dancing, the tenants are beginning to think that they may as well keep their rents partly to themselves, and therewith pay some Wandering Willie to fiddle at their own doors; or bid some grey-haired minstrel

“Tune, to please a peasant's ear,
The harp a king had loved to hear.”

And similarly the dwellers in the hut of the field, and garret of the city, are beginning to think that, instead of paying half-a-crown for the loan of half

a fireplace, they had better keep their half-crown in their pockets till they can buy for themselves a whole one.

These are the views which are gaining ground among the poor; and it is entirely vain to endeavor to repress them by equivocations. They are founded on eternal laws; and although their recognition will long be refused, and their promulgation, resisted as it will be, partly by force, partly by falsehood, can only take place through incalculable confusion and misery, recognized they must be eventually; and with these three ultimate results:—that the usurer's trade will be abolished utterly;—that the employer will be paid justly for his superintendence of labor, but not for his capital; and the landlord paid for his superintendence of the cultivation of land, when he is able to direct it wisely:—that both he, and the employer of mechanical labor, will be recognized as beloved masters, if they deserve love, and as noble guides when they are capable of giving discreet guidance; but neither will be permitted to establish themselves any more as senseless conduits, through which the strength and riches of their native land are to be poured into the cup of the fornication of its Babylonian city of the Plain.—*Fors*, III., pp. 90, 91.

THE LABORER'S PENSION.—A laborer serves his country with a spade, just as a man in the middle ranks of life serves it with a sword, pen, or lancet; if the service is less, and therefore the wages during health less, then the reward, when health is broken, may be less, but not, therefore, less honorable; and it ought to be quite as natural and straightforward a matter for a laborer to take his pension from his parish, because he has deserved well of his parish, as for a man in higher rank to take his pension from his country, because he has deserved well of his country. If there be any disgrace in coming to the parish, because it may imply improvidence in early life, much more is there disgrace in coming to the government; since improvi-

dence is far less justifiable in a highly educated than in an imperfectly educated man; and far less justifiable in a high rank, where extravagance must have been luxury, than in a low rank, where it may only have been comfort. So that the real fact of the matter is, that people will take alms delightedly, consisting of a carriage and footmen, because those do not look like alms to the people in the street; but they will not take alms consisting only of bread and water and coals, because everybody would understand what those meant. Mind, I do not want any one to refuse the carriage who ought to have it; but neither do I want them to refuse the coals.—*A Joy For Ever*, pp. 92, 93.

AMERICAN SLAVERY AND ENGLISH.—There are two rocks in mid-sea, on each of which, neglected equally by instructive and commercial powers, a handful of inhabitants live as they may. Two merchants bid for the two properties, but not in the same terms. One bids for the people, buys *them*, and sets them to work, under pain of scourge; the other bids for the rock, buys *it*, and throws the inhabitants into the sea. The former is the American, the latter the English method, of slavery; much is to be said for, and something against, both. . . . The fact is that slavery is not a political institution at all, *but an inherent, natural, and eternal inheritance* of a large portion of the human race—to whom, the more you give of their own free will, the more slaves they will make themselves.—*Munera Pulveris*, pp. 108, 109.

EXECUTIONS OF THE POOR AT SHEFFIELD.—As I am securely informed, from ten to twelve public executions of entirely innocent persons take place in Sheffield, annually, by crushing the persons condemned under large pieces of sandstone thrown at them by steam-engines; in order that the moral improvement of the public may be secured, by furnishing them with carving-knives sixpence a dozen cheaper than, without these executions would be possible.—*Fors*, IV., p. 138.

WORKINGMEN.

When we get to the bottom of the matter, we find the inhabitants of this earth broadly divided into two great masses;—the peasant paymasters—spade in hand, original and imperial producers of turnips; and, waiting on them all round, a crowd of polite persons, modestly expectant of turnips, for some—too often theoretical—service.—*Fors*, I., p. 144.

ADVICE TO WORKINGMEN.—You are to do good work, whether you live or die. . . . Mind your own business with your absolute heart and soul; but see that it is a good business first. That it *is* corn and sweet pease you are producing,—not gunpowder and arsenic. . . . But what are we to do against powder and petroleum, then? What men may do; not what poisonous beasts may. If a wretch spits in your face, will you answer by spitting in his? if he throw vitriol at you, will you go to the apothecary for a bigger bottle?—*Fors*, I., p. 99.

LABOR SHOULD BE PAID AT A FIXED RATE.—The natural and right system respecting all labor is, that it should be paid at a fixed rate, but the good workman employed, and the bad workman unemployed. The false, unnatural, and destructive system is when the bad workman is allowed to offer his work at half-price, and either take the place of the good, or force him by his competition to work for an inadequate sum.—*Unto This Last*, p. 14.

WORK OF HEAD AND HAND COMPARED.—There *must* be work done by the arms, or none of us could live. There *must* be work done by the brains, or the life we get would not be worth having. And the same men cannot do both. There is rough work to be done, and rough men must do it; there is gentle work to be done, and gentlemen must do it; and it is physically impossible that one class should do, or divide, the work of the other. And it is of

no use to try to conceal this sorrowful fact by fine words, and to talk to the workman about the non-orableness of manual labor, and the dignity of humanity. That is a grand old proverb of Sancho Panza's, 'Fine words butter no parsnips;' and I can tell you that, all over England just now, you workmen are buying a great deal too much butter at that dairy. Rough work, honorable or not, takes the life out of us; and the man who has been heaving clay out of a ditch all day, or driving an express train against the north wind all night, or holding a collier's helm in a gale on a lee-shore, or whirling white hot iron at a furnace mouth, that man is not the same at the end of his day, or night, as one who has been sitting in a quiet room, with everything comfortable about him, reading books, or classing butterflies, or painting pictures. If it is any comfort to you to be told that the rough work is the more honorable of the two, I should be sorry to take that much of consolation from you; and in some sense I need not. The rough work is at all events real, honest, and, generally, though not always, useful; while the fine work is, a great deal of it, foolish and false as well as fine, and therefore dishonorable; but when both kinds are equally well and worthily done, the head's is the noble work, and the hand's the ignoble.—*Crown of Wild Olive*, Lect. I., p. 30.

THE COMMUNE OF '71.—Ouvrier and petroleuse; they are gone their way—to their death. But for these, the Virgin of France shall yet unfold the oriflamme above their graves, and lay her blanched lilies on their smirched dust. Yes, and for these, great Charles shall rouse his Roland, and bid him put ghostly trump to lip, and breathe a point of war; and the helmed Pucelle shall answer with a wood-note of Domrémy;—yes, and for these the Louis they mocked, like his Master, shall raise his holy hands, and pray God's peace.—*Fors*, I., p. 106.

MASTERS.—The masters cannot bear to let any opportunity of gain escape them, and frantically

rush at every gap and breach in the walls of Fortune, raging to be rich, and affronting with impatient covetousness, every risk of ruin; while the men prefer three days of violent labor, and three days of drunkenness, to six days of moderate work and wise rest. There is no way in which a principal, who really desires to help his workmen, may do it more effectually than by checking these disorderly habits both in himself and them; keeping his own business operations on a scale which will enable him to pursue them securely, not yielding to temptations of precarious gain.—*Unto This Last*, p. 14.

The hospitality of the inn need not be less considerate or true because the inn's master lives in his occupation. Even in these days, I have had no more true or kind friend than the now dead Mrs. Eisenkraemer of the *old* Union Inn at Chamouni; and an innkeeper's daughter in the Oberland taught me that it was still possible for a Swiss girl to be refined, imaginative, and pure-hearted, though she waited on her father's guests, and though these guests were often vulgar and insolent English travellers. For she had been bred in the rural districts of happy olden days.—*Fors*, II., p. 241.

SUPPLY AND DEMAND.—There may be all manner of demands, all manner of supplies. The true political economist regulates these; the false political economist leaves them to be regulated by (not Divine) Providence. For, indeed, the largest final demand anywhere reported of, is that of hell; and the supply of it (by the broad-gauge line) would be very nearly equal to the demand at this day, unless there were here and there a swineherd or two who could keep his pigs out of sight of the lake.—*Arrows of the Chace*, II., p. 96.

I had the honor of being on the committee under the presidentship of the Lord Mayor of London, for the victualling of Paris after her surrender. It became, at one period of our sittings, a question of vital importance at what moment the law of demand

and supply would come into operation, and what the operation of it would exactly be: the demand, on this occasion, being very urgent indeed; that of several millions of people within a few hours of utter starvation, for any kind of food whatsoever. Nevertheless, it was admitted, in the course of debate, to be probable that the divine principle of demand and supply might find itself at the eleventh hour, and some minutes over, in want of carts and horses; and we ventured so far to interfere with the divine principle as to provide carts and horses, with haste which proved, happily, in time for the need; but not a moment in advance of it. It was farther recognized by the committee that the divine principle of demand and supply would commence its operations by charging the poor of Paris twelve-pence for a penny's worth of whatever they wanted; and would end its operations by offering them twelve-pence worth for a penny of whatever they didn't want. Whereupon it was concluded by the committee that the tiny knot, on this special occasion, was scarcely "*dignus vindice*," by the divine principle of demand and supply: and that we would venture, for once, in a profane manner, to provide for the poor of Paris what they wanted, when they wanted it. Which, to the value of the sums entrusted to us, it will be remembered we succeeded in doing.

But the fact is that the so-called "law," which was felt to be false in this case of extreme exigence, is alike false in cases of less exigence. It is false always, and everywhere. Nay, to such an extent is its existence imaginary, that the vulgar economists are not even agreed in their account of it; for some of them mean by it, only that prices are regulated by the relation between demand and supply, which is partly true; and others mean that the relation itself is one with the process of which it is unwise to interfere; a statement which is not only, as in the above instance, untrue; but accurately the reverse of the truth: for all wise economy, political or domestic, consists in the resolved maintenance

of a given relation between supply and demand, other than the instinctive, or (directly) natural, one.—*Munera Pulveris*, pp. 9, 10.

ON CO-OPERATION.*

While, on the one hand, there can be no question but that co-operation is better than unjust and tyrannous mastership, there is very great room for doubt whether it be better than a just and benignant mastership.

At present you—every one of you—speak, and act, as if there were only one alternative; namely, between a system in which profits shall be divided in due proportion among all; and the present one, in which the workman is paid the least wages he will take, under the pressure of competition in the labor-market. But an intermediate method is conceivable; a method which appears to be more prudent, and in its ultimate results more just, than the co-operative one. An arrangement may be supposed, and I have good hope also may one day be effected, by which every subordinate shall be paid sufficient and regular wages, according to his rank; by which due provision shall be made out of the profits of the business for sick and superannuated workers; and by which the master *being held responsible, as a minor king or governor, for the conduct as well as the comfort of all those under his rule*, shall, on that condition, be permitted to retain to his own use the surplus profits of the business, which the fact of his being its master may be assumed to prove that he has organized by superior intellect and energy.—*Time and Tide*, p. 12.

BRANTWOOD, CONISTON, LANCASHIRE, *August*, 1879.

DEAR MR. HOLYOAKE: I am not able to write you a pretty letter to-day, being sadly tired, but am very heartily glad to be remembered by you. But

* Compare Part II., Chapter IV.

it utterly silences me that you should waste your time and energy in writing "Histories of Co-operation" anywhere as yet. My dear Sir, you might as well write the history of the yellow spot in an egg—in two volumes. Co-operation is as yet—in any true sense—as impossible as the crystallization of Thames mud. . . . The one calamity which I perceive or dread for an Englishman is his becoming a rascal:—and co-operation among rascals—if it were possible—would bring a curse. Every year sees our workmen more eager to do bad work and rob their customers on the sly. All political movement among such animals I call essentially fermentation and putrefaction—not co-operation. Ever affectionately yours, J. RUSKIN.—*Arrows of the Chase*, II., pp. 77, 78.

The curé of a little village near Bellinzona, to whom I had expressed wonder that the peasants allowed the Ticino to flood their fields, told me that they would not join to build an effectual embankment high up the valley, because everybody said "that would help his neighbors as much as himself." So every proprietor built a bit of low embankment about his own field; and the Ticino, as soon as if had a mind, swept away and swallowed all up together.—*Unto This Last*, p. 76.

TRADE.

THE FUNCTION OF THE MERCHANT IN A STATE.—I believe one of the worst symptoms of modern society to be, its notion of great inferiority, and ungentlemanliness, as necessarily belonging to the character of a tradesman. I believe tradesmen may be, ought to be—often are—more gentlemen than idle and useless people: and I believe that art may do noble work by recording in the hall of each trade, the services which men belonging to that trade have done for their country, both preserving the portraits, and recording the import-

ant incidents in the lives, of those who made great advances in commerce and civilization.—*A Joy For Ever*, p. 78.

The wonder has always been great to me, that heroism has never been supposed to be in anywise consistent with the practice of supplying people with food, or clothes; but rather with that of quartering oneself upon them for food, and stripping them of their clothes. Spoiling of armor is an heroic deed in all ages; but the selling of clothes, old, or new, has never taken any color of magnanimity. Yet one does not see why feeding the hungry and clothing the naked should ever become base businesses, even when engaged in on a large scale. If one could contrive to attach the notion of conquest to them anyhow? so that, supposing there were anywhere an obstinate race, who refused to be comforted, one might take some pride in giving them compulsory comfort; and as it were "occupying a country" with one's gifts, instead of one's armies? If one could only consider it as much a victory to get a barren field sown, as to get an eared field stripped; and contend who should build villages, instead of who should "carry" them. Are not all forms of heroism conceivable in doing these serviceable deeds? You doubt who is strongest? It might be ascertained by push of spade, as well as push of sword. Who is wisest? There are witty things to be thought of in planning other business than campaigns. Who is bravest? There are always the elements to fight with, stronger than men; and nearly as merciless. The only absolutely and unapproachably heroic element in the soldier's work seems to be—that he is paid little for it—and regularly: while you traffickers, and exchangers, and others occupied in presumably benevolent business, like to be paid much for it—and by chance. I never can make out how it is that a knight-errant does not expect to be paid for his trouble, but a pedlar-errant always does;—that people are willing to take hard knocks for nothing,

but never to sell ribands cheap; that they are ready to go on fervent crusades to recover the tomb of a buried God, never on any travels to fulfil the orders of a living God;—that they will go anywhere barefoot to preach their faith, but must be well bribed to practise it, and are perfectly ready to give the Gospel gratis, but never the loaves and fishes. If you choose to take the matter up on any such soldierly principle, to do your commerce, and your feeding of nations, for fixed salaries; and to be as particular about giving people the best food, and the best cloth, as soldiers are about giving them the best gunpowder, I could carve something for you on your exchange worth looking at. But I can only at present suggest decorating its frieze with pendant purses; and making its pillars broad at the base for the sticking of bills.—*Crown of Wild Olive*, Lect. II., pp. 57–59.

Philosophically, it does not, at first sight, appear reasonable (many writers have endeavored to prove it unreasonable), that a peaceable and rational person, whose trade is buying and selling, should be held in less honor than an unpeaceable and often irrational person, whose trade is slaying. Nevertheless, the consent of mankind has always, in spite of the philosophers, given precedence to the soldier.

And this is right.

For the soldier's trade, verily and essentially, is not slaying, but being slain. This, without well knowing its own meaning, the world honors it for. A bravo's trade is slaying; but the world has never respected bravos more than merchants: the reason it honors the soldier is, because he holds his life at the service of the State.—*Unto This Last*, pp. 23, 24.

The merchant's function (or manufacturer's, for in the broad sense in which it is here used the word must be understood to include both) is to provide for the nation. It is no more his function to get profit for himself out of that provision than it is a clergyman's function to get his stipend. The sti-

pend is a due and necessary adjunct, but not the object, of his life, if he be a true clergyman, any more than his fee (or *honorarium*) is the object of life to a true physician. Neither is his fee the object of life to a true merchant. All three, if true men, have a work to be done irrespective of fee—to be done even at any cost, or for quite the contrary of fee; the pastor's function being to teach, the physician's to heal, and the merchant's, as I have said, to provide. That is to say, he has to understand to their very root the qualities of the thing he deals in, and the means of obtaining or producing it; and he has to apply all his sagacity and energy to the producing or obtaining it in perfect state, and distributing it at the cheapest possible price where it is most needed.

And because the production or obtaining of any commodity involves necessarily the agency of many lives and hands, the merchant becomes in the course of his business the master and governor of large masses of men in a more direct, though less confessed way, than a military officer or pastor; so that on him falls, in great part, the responsibility for the kind of life they lead: and it becomes his duty, not only to be always considering how to produce what he sells in the purest and cheapest forms, but how to make the various employments involved in the production, or transference of it, most beneficial to the men employed. . . .

Supposing the captain of a frigate saw it right, or were by any chance obliged, to place his own son in the position of a common sailor; as he would then treat his son, he is bound always to treat every one of the men under him. So, also, supposing the master of a manufactory saw it right, or were by any chance obliged, to place his own son in the position of an ordinary workman; as he would then treat his son, he is bound always to treat every one of his men. This is the only effective, true, or practical RULE which can be given on this point of political economy.

And as the captain of a ship is bound to be the last

man to leave his ship in case of wreck, and to share his last crust with the sailors in case of famine, so the manufacturer, in any commercial crisis or distress, is bound to take the suffering of it with his men, and even to take more of it for himself than he allows his men to feel; as a father would in a famine, shipwreck, or battle, sacrifice himself for his son.

All which sounds very strange; the only real strangeness in the matter being, nevertheless, that it should so sound. For all this is true, and that not partially nor theoretically, but everlastingly and practically.—*Unto This Last*, p. 28.

People will find that commerce is an occupation which gentlemen will every day see more need to engage in, rather than in the businesses of talking to men, or slaying them; that, in true commerce, as in true preaching, or true fighting, it is necessary to admit the idea of occasional voluntary loss;—that sixpences have to be lost, as well as lives, under a sense of duty; that the market may have its martyrdoms as well as the pulpit; and trade its heroisms as well as war.—*Unto This Last*, p. 25.

Considering the materials dealt with, and the crude state of art knowledge at the time, I do not know that any more wide or effective influence in public taste was ever exercised than that of the Staffordshire manufacture of pottery under William Wedgwood, and it only rests with the manufacturer in every other business to determine whether he will, in like manner, make his wares educational instruments, or mere drugs of the market. You all should be, in a certain sense, authors: you must, indeed, first catch the public eye, as an author must the public ear; but once gain your audience, or observance, and as it is in the writer's power thenceforward to publish what will educate as it amuses—so it is in yours to publish what will educate as it adorns.—*The Two Paths*, p. 76.

THE MAKING AND SELLING OF BAD GOODS.—My neighbor sells me bad meat: I sell him in return

flawed iron. We neither of us get one atom of pecuniary advantage on the whole transaction, but we both suffer unexpected inconvenience; my men get scurvy, and his cattle-truck runs off the rails.—*Munera Pulveris*, p. 87.

You drive a gambler out of the gambling-room who loads dice, but you leave a tradesmen in flourishing business, who loads scales! For observe, all dishonest dealing *is* loading scales. What does it matter whether I get short weight, adulterate substance, or dishonest fabric? The fault in the fabric is incomparably the worst of the two.—*Crown of Wild Olive*, Lect. II., p. 37.

No form of theft is so criminal as this—none so deadly to the State. If you break into a man's house and steal a hundred pounds' worth of plate, he knows his loss, and there is an end (besides that you take your risk of punishment for your gain, like a man). And if you do it bravely and openly, and habitually live by such inroad, you may retain nearly every moral and manly virtue, and become a heroic rider and reiver, and hero of song. But if you swindle me out of twenty shillings' worth of quality, on each of a hundred bargains, I lose my hundred pounds all the same, and I get a hundred untrustworthy articles besides, which will fail me and injure me in all manner of ways, when I least expect it; and you, having done your thieving basely, are corrupted by the guilt of it to the very heart's core.

This is the first thing, therefore, which your general laws must be set to punish, fiercely, immitigably, to the utter prevention and extinction of it, or there is no hope for you. No religion that ever was preached on this earth of God's rounding, ever proclaimed any salvation to sellers of bad goods. . . . For light weights and false measures, or for proved adulteration or dishonest manufacture of article, the penalty should be simply confiscation of goods and sending out of the country. The kind of person who desires prosperity by such practices, could not

be made to "emigrate" too speedily.—*Time and Tide*, pp. 57, 58.

NO SUCH THING AS A JUST CHEAPNESS.—There is no such thing as a just or real cheapness. . . . When you obtain anything yourself for half-price, somebody else must always have paid the other half.—*Art of England*, p. 72.

Whenever we buy, or try to buy, cheap goods—goods offered at a price which we know cannot be remunerative for the labor involved in them, we are stealing somebody's labor. Don't let us mince the matter. I say, in plain Saxon, STEALING—taking from him the proper reward of his work, and putting it into our own pocket. You know well enough that the thing could not have been offered you at that price, unless distress of some kind had forced the producer to part with it. You take advantage of this distress, and you force as much out of him as you can under the circumstances. The old barons of the middle ages used, in general, the thumb-screw, to extort property; we moderns use, in preference, hunger or domestic affliction: but the fact of extortion remains precisely the same. Whether we force the man's property from him by pinching his stomach, or pinching his fingers, makes some difference anatomically;—morally, none whatsoever: we use a form of torture of some sort in order to make him give up his property; we use, indeed, the man's own anxieties, instead of the rack; and his immediate peril of starvation, instead of the pistol at the head; but otherwise we differ from Front-de-Bœuf, or Dick Turpin, merely in being less dexterous, more cowardly, and more cruel.—*The Two Paths*, p. 127.

TRADE AS IT IS, AND TRADE AS IT SHOULD BE.—It is very curious to watch the efforts of two shopkeepers to ruin each other, neither having the least idea that his ruined neighbor must eventually be supported at his own expense, with an increase of poor rates; and that the contest between them is not in reality which shall get everything for him.

self, but which shall first take upon himself and his customers the gratuitous maintenance of the other's family.—*A Joy For Ever*, p. 90.

Sin sticks so fast between the joinings of the stones of buying and selling, that "to trade" in things, or literally "cross-give" them, has warped itself, by the instinct of nations, into their worst word for fraud; and "trader," "traditor," and "traitor" are but the same word. For which simplicity of language there is more reason than at first appears: for as in true commerce there is no "profit," so in true commerce there is no "sale." The idea of sale is that of an interchange between enemies respectively endeavoring to get the better one of another; but commerce is an exchange between friends; and there is no desire but that it should be just, any more than there would be between members of the same family.—*Munera Pulveris*, pp. 81, 82.

MIDDLEMEN IN TRADE.—Here's my publisher, gets tenpence a dozen for his cabbages; the consumer pays threepence each. That is to say, you pay for three cabbages and a half, and the middleman keeps two and a half for himself, and gives you one.

Suppose you saw this financial gentleman, in bodily presence, toll-taking at your door—that you bought three loaves, and saw him pocket two, and pick the best crust off the third as he handed it in;—that you paid for a pot of beer, and saw him drink two-thirds of it, and hand you over the pot and sops—would you long ask, then, what was to become of him?—*Fors*, III., p. 369.

PAY AS YOU GO.—In all wise commerce, payment, large or small, should be over the counter. If you can't pay for a thing, don't buy it. If you can't get paid for it, don't sell it. So, you will have calm days, drowsy nights, all the good business you have now, and none of the bad.—*Fors*, I., p. 362.

FREE TRADE.—The distances of nations are measured, not by seas, but by ignorances; and their

divisions determined, not by dialects, but by enmities.—*Munera Pulveris*, p. 79.

It will be observed that I do not admit even the idea of reciprocity. Let other nations, if they like, keep their ports shut; every wise nation will throw its own open. It is not the opening them, but a sudden, inconsiderate, and blunderingly experimental manner of opening them, which does the harm. If you have been protecting a manufacture for long series of years, you must not take protection off in a moment, so as throw every one of its operatives at once out of employ, any more than you must take all its wrappings off a feeble child at once in cold weather, though the cumber of them may have been radically injuring its health. Little by little, you must restore it to freedom and to air. . . . When trade is entirely free, no country can be competed with in the articles for the production of which it is naturally calculated; nor can it compete with any other in the production of articles for which it is not naturally calculated. Tuscany, for instance, cannot compete with England in steel, nor England with Tuscany in oil. They must exchange their steel and oil. Which exchange should be as frank and free as honesty and the sea-winds can make it. Competition, indeed, arises at first, and sharply, in order to prove which is strongest in any given manufacture possible to both; this point once ascertained, competition is at an end.—*Unto This Last*, pp. 56, 57.

EXCHANGE.—There are in the main two great fallacies which the rascals of the world rejoice in making its fools proclaim: The first, that by continually exchanging, and cheating each other on exchange, two exchanging persons, out of one pot, alternating with one kettle, can make their two fortunes. That is the principle of *Trade*. The second, that Judas's bag has become a juggler's, in which, if Mr. P. deposits his pot, and waits awhile, there will come out two pots, both full of broth; and if Mr. K. deposits his kettle, and waits awhile,

there will come out two kettles, both full of fish ! That is the principle of *Interest*.—*Fors*, II., p. 267.

One man, by sowing and reaping, turns one measure of corn into two measures. That is *Profit*. Another by digging and forging, turns one spade into two spades. That is *Profit*. But the man who has two measures of corn wants sometimes to dig; and the man who has two spades wants sometimes to eat:—They exchange the gained grain for the gained tool; and both are the better for the exchange; but though there is much advantage in the transaction, there is no *Profit*. Nothing is constructed or produced. . . . *Profit*, or material gain, is attainable only by construction or by discovery; not by exchange. Whenever material gain follows exchange, for every *plus* there is a precisely equal *minus*.

Unhappily for the progress of the science of Political Economy, the *plus* quantities, or—if I may be allowed to coin an awkward plural—the *pluses*, make a very positive and venerable appearance in the world, so that every one is eager to learn the science which produces results so magnificent, whereas the *minuses* have, on the other hand, a tendency to retire into back streets, and other places of shade.—or even to get themselves wholly and finally put out of sight in graves: which renders the algebra of this science peculiar, and difficultly legible: a large number of its negative signs being written by the account-keeper in a kind of red ink, which starvation thins, and makes strangely pale, or even quite invisible ink, for the present.—*Unto This Last*, pp. 71, 72.

DEFINITION OF PROPERTY.—A man's "Property," the possession "proper" to him, his own, rightly so called, and no one else's on any pretence of theirs—consists of:—(A) The good things, (B) Which he has honestly got, (C) And can skilfully use.—That is the A B C of Property.—*Fors*, III., p. 309.

THE SPENDING, OR CONSUMPTION OF WEALTH.—It is because of this (among many other such errors)

that I have fearlessly declared your so-called science of Political Economy to be no science; because, namely, it has omitted the study of exactly the most important branch of the business—the study of *spending*. For spend you must, and as much as you make, ultimately. You gather corn :—will you bury England under a heap of grain; or will you, when you have gathered, finally eat? You gather gold :—will you make your house-roofs of it, or pave your streets with it?—*Crown of Wild Olive*, Lect. II., p. 60.

There is not one person in a million who knows what a “million” means; and that is one reason the nation is always ready to let its ministers spend a million or two in cannon, if they can show they have saved twopence-halfpenny in tape.—*Eagle's Nest*, p. 22.

A certain quantity of the food produced by the country is paid annually by it into the squire's hand, in the form of rent, privately, and taxes, publicly. If he uses this food to support a food-producing population, he increases daily the strength of the country and his own; but if he uses it to support an idle population, or one producing merely trinkets in iron, or gold, or other rubbish, he steadily weakens the country, and debases himself.—*Fors*, II., p. 243.

UNNECESSARY LUXURY IS WASTE.—If a school-boy goes out in the morning with five shillings in his pocket, and comes home at night penniless (having spent his all in tarts), principal and interest are gone, and fruiterer and baker are enriched. So far so good. But suppose the schoolboy, instead, has bought a book and a knife; principal and interest are gone, and bookseller and cutler are enriched. But the schoolboy is enriched also, and may help his schoolfellows next day with knife and book, instead of lying in bed and incurring a debt to the doctor.—*A Joy For Ever*, p. 103.

THE BEGGARED MILLIONAIRE.—The spending of the fortune in extravagance, has taken a certain

number of years (suppose ten), and during that time 1,000,000 dollars worth of work has been done by the people, who have been paid that sum for it. Where is the product of that work? By your own statement, wholly consumed; for the man for whom it has been done is now a beggar. You have given therefore, as a nation, 1,000,000 dollars worth of work, and ten years of time, and you have produced, as ultimate result, one beggar! Excellent economy, gentlemen; and sure to conduce, in due sequence, to the production of *more* than one beggar.—*A Joy For Ever*, p. 102.

THE EXPENDITURES OF THE RICH.—When Mr. Greg so pleasantly showed in the *Contemporary Review* how benevolent the rich were in drinking champagne, [on the (false) theory that expenditure of money for luxuries is a help to the poor: in reality (says Ruskin), the nation is so much the poorer for every penny spent in indulgence of useless luxury,] and how wicked the poor were in drinking beer, you will find that in *Fors* of vol. iii, p. 85, I requested him to supply the point of economical information which he had inadvertently overlooked—how the champagne-drinker had *got* his champagne. The poor man, drunk in an ungraceful manner though he be, has yet worked for his beer—and does but drink his wages. I asked, of course, for complete parallel of the two cases—what work the rich man had done for *his* sparkling beer; and how it came to pass that *he* had got so much higher wages, that he could put them, unblamed, to that benevolent use. To which question, you observe, Mr. Greg has never ventured the slightest answer.—*Fors*, IV., p. 49.

WISE CONSUMPTION THE DIFFICULT THING.—Consumption absolute is the end, crown, and perfection of production; and wise consumption is a far more difficult art than wise production. Twenty people can gain money for one who can use it; and the vital question, for individual and for nation, is, never “how much do they make?” but

“to what purpose do they spend?”—*Unto This Last*, p. 77.

The final object of political economy is to get good method of consumption, and great quantity of consumption: in other words, to use everything, and to use it nobly. . . . It matters, so far as the laborer's immediate profit is concerned, not an iron filing whether I employ him in growing a peach, or forging a bombshell; but my probable mode of consumption of those articles matters seriously. Admit that it is to be in both cases “unselfish,” and the difference, to him, is final, whether when his child is ill I walk into his cottage and give it the peach, or drop the shell down his chimney, and blow his roof off.—*Unto This Last*, pp. 80, 82.

LAND.

There are two theories on the subject of land now abroad, and in contention; both false:

The first is that by Heavenly law, there have always existed, and must continue to exist, a certain number of hereditarily sacred persons, to whom the earth, air, and water of the world belong, as personal property; of which earth, air and water these persons may, at their pleasure, permit, or forbid the rest of the human race to eat, breathe, or to drink. This theory is not for many years longer tenable. The adverse theory is that a division of the land of the world among the mob of the world would immediately elevate the said mob into sacred personages; that houses would then build themselves, and corn grow of itself; and that everybody would be able to live without doing any work for his living. This theory would also be found highly untenable in practice.—*Sesame and Lilies*, p. 51.

Possession of land implies the duty of living on it, and by it, if there is enough to live on; then, having got one's own life from it by one's own

labor or wise superintendence of labor, if there is more land than is enough for one's self, the duty of making it fruitful and beautiful for as many more as can live on it.—*Fors*, IV., p. 378.

RENT.—Rent is an exaction, by force of hand, for the maintenance of squires.—*Fors*, II., p. 220.

The rents of our lands [in Utopia], though they will be required from the tenantry as strictly as those of any other estates, will differ from common rents primarily in being lowered, instead of raised, in proportion to every improvement made by the tenant; secondly, in that they will be entirely used for the benefit of the tenantry themselves, or better culture of the estates, no money being ever taken by the landlords unless they earn it by their own personal labor.—*Fors*, III., p. 41.

You lease your tenants an orchard of crab-trees for so much a year; they leave you, at the end of the lease, an orchard of golden pippins. Supposing they have paid you their rent regularly, you have no right to anything more than what you lent them—crab-trees, to wit. You must pay them for the better trees which by their good industry they give you back, or, which is the same thing, previously reduce their rent in proportion to the improvement in apples. "The exact contrary," you observe, "of your present modes of proceeding." Just so, gentlemen; and it is not improbable that the exact contrary in many other cases of your present modes of proceeding will be found by you, eventually, the proper one, and more than that, the necessary one.—*Fors*, II., p. 262.

The most wretched houses of the poor in London often pay ten or fifteen per cent. to the landlord; and I have known an instance of sanitary legislation being hindered, to the loss of many hundreds of lives, in order that the rents of a nobleman, derived from the necessities of the poor, might not be diminished. . . . I felt this evil so strongly that I bought, in the worst part of London, one freehold

and one leasehold property, consisting of houses inhabited by the lowest poor; in order to try what change in their comfort and habits I could effect by taking only a just rent, but that firmly. The houses of the leasehold pay me five per cent.; the families that used to have one room in them have now two; and are more orderly and hopeful besides; and there is a surplus still on the rents they pay, after I have taken my five per cent., with which, if all goes well, they will eventually be able to buy twelve years of the lease from me. The freehold pays three per cent., with similar results in the comfort of the tenant. This is merely an example of what might be done by firm State action in such matters.—*Time and Tide*, p. 99.

RAILROADS.—Going by railroad I do not consider as travelling at all; it is merely “being sent” to a place, and very little different from becoming a parcel; the next step to it would of course be telegraphic transport, of which, however, I suppose it has been truly said by Octave Feuillet,

“*Il y aurait des gens assez bêtes pour trouver ça amusant.*”

A man who really loves travelling would as soon consent to pack a day of happiness into an hour of railroad, as one who loved eating would agree, if it were possible, to concentrate his dinner into a pill.—*Modern Painters*, III., pp. 319, 320.

A RAILWAY TRAVELLER.—A person carried in an iron box by a kettle on wheels.—*Fors*, II., p. 102.

RUSKIN'S PERSONAL USE OF RAILROADS.—My correspondent doubts the sincerity of my abuse of railroads because she suspects I use them. I do so constantly, my dear lady; few men more. I use everything that comes within reach of me. If the devil were standing at my side at this moment, I should endeavor to make some use of him as a local black. The wisdom of life is in preventing all the evil we can; and using what is inevitable, to the best purpose. I use my sicknesses, for the work I despise in health; my enemies, for study of the philosophy of benediction and malediction;

and railroads, for whatever I find of help in them—looking always hopefully forward to the day when their embankments will be ploughed down again, like the camps of Rome, into our English fields. But I am perfectly ready even to construct a railroad, when I think one necessary; and in the opening chapter of *Munera Pulveris* my correspondent will find many proper uses for steam-machinery specified. What is required of the members of St. George's Company is, not that they should never travel by railroads, nor that they should abjure machinery; but that they should never travel unnecessarily, or in wanton haste; and that they should never do with a machine what can be done with hands and arms, while hands and arms are idle.—*Fors*, II., p. 333.

FROM CONISTON TO ULVERSTONE.—The town of Ulverstone is twelve miles from me, by four miles of mountain road beside Coniston lake, three through a pastoral valley, five by the seaside. A healthier or lovelier walk would be difficult to find.

In old times, if a Coniston peasant had any business at Ulverstone, he walked to Ulverstone; spent nothing but shoe-leather on the road, drank at the streams, and if he spent a couple of batz when he got to Ulverstone, "it was the end of the world." But now, he would never think of doing such a thing! He first walks three miles in a contrary direction, to a railroad station, and then travels by railroad twenty-four miles to Ulverstone, paying two shillings fare. During the twenty-four miles transit, he is idle, dusty, stupid; and either more hot or cold than is pleasant to him. In either case he drinks beer at two or three of the stations, passes his time, between them, with anybody he can find, in talking without having anything to talk of; and such talk always becomes vicious. He arrives at Ulverstone, jaded, half drunk, and otherwise demoralized, and three shillings, at least, poorer than in the morning. Of that sum, a shilling has gone for beer, threepence to a railway shareholder,

threepence in coals, and eighteenpence has been spent in employing strong men in the vile mechanical work of making and driving a machine, instead of his own legs, to carry the drunken lout. The results, absolute loss and demoralization to the poor, on all sides, and iniquitous gain to the rich. Fancy, if you saw the railway officials actually employed in carrying the countryman bodily on their backs to Ulverstone, what you would think of the business! And because they waste ever so much iron and fuel besides to do it, you think it a profitable one!—*Fors*, II., p. 238.

LET THE NATION OWN ITS RAILROADS.—Neither road, nor railroad, nor canal should ever pay dividends to anybody. They should pay their working expenses and no more. All dividends are simply a tax on the traveller and the goods, levied by the person to whom the road or canal belongs, for the right of passing over his property. And this right should at once be purchased by the nation, and the original cost of the roadway—be it of gravel, iron, or adamant—at once defrayed by the nation, and then the whole work of the carriage of persons or goods done for ascertained prices, by salaried officers, as the carriage of letters is done now.

I believe, if the votes of the proprietors of all the railroads in the kingdom were taken *en masse*, it would be found that the majority would gladly receive back their original capital, and cede their right of “revising” prices of railway tickets. And if railway property *is* a good and wise investment of capital, the public need not shrink from taking the whole off their hands. Let the public take it. (I, for one, who never held a rag of railroad scrip in my life, nor ever willingly travelled behind an engine where a horse could pull me, will most gladly subscribe my proper share for such purchase according to my income.) Then let them examine what lines pay their working expenses and what lines do not, and boldly leave the unpaying embankments to be white over with sheep, like Roman

camp, take up the working lines on sound principles, pay their drivers and pointsmen well, keep their carriages clean and in good repair, and make it as wonderful a thing for a train, as for an old mail-coach, to be behind its time; and the sagacious British public will very soon find its pocket heavier, its heart lighter, and its "passages" pleasanter than any of the three have been for many a day.—*Arrows of the Chace*, II., p. 82.

A railroad company is merely an association of turnpike-keepers, who make the tolls as high as they can, not to mend the roads with, but the pocket. The public will in time discover this, and do away with turnpikes on railroads, as on all other public-ways.—*Munera Pulveris*, p. 106.

MACHINERY.

A spider may perhaps be rationally proud of his own cobweb, even though all the fields in the morning are covered with the like, for he made it himself—but suppose a machine spun it for him?—*A Joy For Ecer*, p. 129.

"Hark," says an old Athenian, according to Aristophanes, "how the nightingale has filled the thickets with honey" (meaning, with music as sweet). In Yorkshire, your steam-nightingales fill the woods with—Buzz; and for four miles round are audible, summoning you—to your pleasure, I suppose, my free-born?—*Fors*, I., p. 399.

Modern Utopianism imagines that the world is to be stubbed by steam, and human arms and legs to be eternally idle; not perceiving that thus it would reduce man to the level of his cattle indeed, who can only graze and gore, but not dig! It is indeed certain that advancing knowledge will guide us to less painful methods of human toil; but in the true Utopia, man will rather harness himself, with his oxen, to his plough, than leave the devil to drive it.—*Fors*, IV., p. 381.

As all noble sight is with the eyes that God has given you, so all noble motion is with the limbs God has balanced for you, and all noble strength with the arms He has knit. Though you should put electric coils into your high heels, and make spring-heeled Jacks and Gills of yourselves, you will never dance, so, as you could barefoot. Though you could have machines that would swing a ship of war into the sea, and drive a railway train through a rock, all divine strength is still the strength of Herakles, a man's wrestle, and a man's blow.—*Art of England*, p. 68.

If all the steam engines in England, and all the coal in it, with all their horse and ass power put together, could produce—so much as one grain of corn!—*Fors*, II., p. 238.

The use of such machinery as mowing implements involves the destruction of all pleasures in rural labor; and I doubt not, in that destruction, the essential deterioration of the national mind.—*Modern Painters*, V., p. 162.

The use of machinery in art destroys the national intellect; and, finally, renders all luxury impossible. All machinery needful in ordinary life to supplement human or animal labor may be moved by wind or water; while steam, or any mode of *heat power*, may only be employed justifiably under extreme or special conditions of need; as for speed on main lines of communication, and for raising water from great depths, or other such work beyond human strength.—*Fors*, III., p. 250.

WAR.

Pro.—The vice and injustice of the world are constantly springing anew, and are only to be subdued by battle; the keepers of order and law must always be soldiers.—*Athena*, p. 88.

The game of war is only that in which the *full personal power of the human creature* is brought out in management of its weapons. . . . The great justification of this game is that it truly, when well played, determines *who is the best man*;—who is the highest bred, the most self-denying, the most fearless, the coolest of nerve, the swiftest of eye and hand. You cannot test these qualities wholly, unless there is a clear possibility of the struggle's ending in death.—*Crown of Wild Olive*, p. 75.

The creative or foundational war is that in which the natural restlessness and love of contest among men are disciplined, by consent, into modes of beautiful—though it may be fatal—play : in which the natural ambition and love of power of men are disciplined into the aggressive conquest of surrounding evil : and in which the natural instincts of self-defence are sanctified by the nobleness of the institutions, and purity of the households, which they are appointed to defend.—*Crown of Wild Olive*, p. 70.

Those who can never more see sunrise, nor watch the climbing light gild the Eastern clouds, without thinking what graves it has gilded, first, far down behind the dark earth-line,—who never more shall see the crocus bloom in spring, without thinking what dust it is that feeds the wild flowers of Balaclava. Ask *their* witness, and see if they will not reply that it is well with them, and with theirs; that they would have it no otherwise; would not, if they might, receive back their gifts of love and life, nor take again the purple of their blood out of the cross on the breastplate of England. Ask them : and though they should answer only with a sob, listen if it does not gather upon their lips into the sound of the old Seyton war-cry—“ Set on.”—*Modern Painters*, III., p. 355.

All healthy men like fighting, and like the sense of danger; all brave women like to hear of their fighting, and of their facing danger. This is a fixed instinct in the fine race of them; and I cannot help

fancying that fair fight is the best play for them; and that a tournament was a better game than a steeple-chase. The time may perhaps come in France as well as here, for universal hurdle-races and cricketing; but I do not think universal "crickets" will bring out the best qualities of the nobles of either country. I use, in such question, the test which I have adopted, of the connection of war with other arts; and I reflect how, as a sculptor, I should feel, if I were asked to design a monument for a dead knight, in Westminster abbey, with a carving of a bat at one end, and a ball at the other. It may be the remains in me only of savage Gothic prejudice; but I had rather carve it with a shield at one end, and a sword at the other.—*Crown of Wild Olive*, p. 74.

War is the foundation of all the arts, and it is the foundation of all the high virtues and faculties of men.

It was very strange to me to discover this; and very dreadful—but I saw it to be quite an undeniable fact. The common notion that peace and the virtues of civil life flourished together, I found, to be wholly untenable. Peace and the *vices* of civil life only flourish together. We talk of peace and learning, and of peace and plenty, and of peace and civilization; but I found that those were not the words which the Muse of History coupled together: that on her lips, the words were—peace and sensuality, peace and selfishness, peace and corruption, peace and death.—*Crown of Wild Olive*, p. 70.

All the pure and noble arts of peace are founded on war; no great art ever yet rose on earth, but among a nation of soldiers. There is no art among a shepherd people, if it remains at peace. There is no art among an agricultural people, if it remains at peace. Commerce is barely consistent with fine art; but cannot produce it. Manufacture not only is unable to produce it, but invariably destroys whatever seeds of it exist. There is no great art possible to a nation but that which is based on battle.—*Crown of Wild Olive*, Lect. III., p. 66.

Contra.—I, for one, would fain join in the cadence of hammer-strokes that should beat swords into plough-shares.—*Crown of Wild Olive*, Lect. III., p. 93.

The real, final, reason for all the poverty, misery, and rage of battle, throughout Europe, is simply that you women, however good, however religious, however self-sacrificing for those whom you love, are too selfish and too thoughtless to take pains for any creature out of your own immediate circles. You fancy that you are sorry for the pain of others. Now I just tell you this, that if the usual course of war, instead of unrooting peasants' houses, and ravaging peasants' fields, merely broke the china upon your own drawing-room tables, no war in civilized countries would last a week. . . . Let every lady in the upper classes of civilized Europe simply vow that, while any cruel war proceeds, she will wear *black*;—a mute's black—with no jewel, no ornament, no excuse for, or evasion into, prettiness.—I tell you again, no war would last a week.—*Crown of Wild Olive*, Lect. III., p. 93.

The first reason for all wars, and for the necessity of national defences, is that the majority of persons, high and low, in all European nations, are Thieves, and in their hearts, greedy of their neighbors' goods, land, and fame.

But besides being Thieves, they are also fools, and have never yet been able to understand that if Cornish men want pippins cheap, they must not ravage Devonshire.—*Fors*, I., p. 96.

“To dress it and to keep it.”—That, then, was to be our work. Alas! what work have we set ourselves upon instead! How have we ravaged the garden instead of kept it—feeding our war-horses with its flowers, and splintering its trees into spear-shafts!—*Modern Painters*, V., p. 15.

There is a beautiful type of this neglect of the perfectness of the Earth's beauty, by reason of the passions of men, in that picture of Paul Uccello's of the battle of Sant' Egidio, in which the armies

meet on a country road beside a hedge of wild roses; the tender red flowers tossing above the helmets, and glowing between the lowered lances. For in like manner the whole of Nature only shone hitherto for man between the tossing of helmet-crests; and sometimes I cannot but think of the trees of the earth as capable of a kind of sorrow, in that imperfect life of theirs, as they opened their innocent leaves in the warm spring-time, in vain for men; and all along the dells of England her beeches cast their dappled shade only where the outlaw drew his bow, and the king rode his careless chase; and by the sweet French rivers their long ranks of poplar waved in the twilight, only to show the flames of burning cities, on the horizon, through the tracery of their stems: amidst the fair defiles of the Apennines, the twisted olive-trunks hid the ambushes of treachery; and on their valley meadows, day by day, the lilies which were white at the dawn were washed with crimson at sunset.—*Modern Painters*, V., p. 19.

No youth who was earnestly busy with any peaceful subject of study, or set on any serviceable course of action, ever voluntarily became a soldier. Occupy him early, and wisely, in agriculture or business, in science or in literature, and he will never think of war otherwise than as a calamity. But leave him idle; and the more brave and active and capable he is by nature, the more he will thirst for some appointed field for action; and find, in the passion and peril of battle, the only satisfying fulfilment of his unoccupied being.—*Crown of Wild Olive*, p. 71.

MODERN WARFARE.

If we could trace the innermost of all causes of modern war, I believe it would be found, not in the avarice nor ambition of nations, but in the mere idleness of the upper classes. They have nothing

to do but to teach the peasantry to kill each other.—*Munera Pulveris*, p. 121.

The ingenuity of our inventors is far from being exhausted, and in a few years more we may be able to destroy a regiment round a corner, and bombard a fleet over the horizon.—*Arrows of the Chace*, III., p. 41.

It is one very awful form of the operation of wealth in Europe that it is entirely capitalists' wealth which supports unjust wars. Just wars do not need so much money to support them; for most of the men who wage such, wage them gratis; but for an unjust war, men's bodies and souls have both to be bought; and the best tools of war for them besides; which makes such war costly to the maximum.—*Unto This Last*, p. 82.

The Americans, in their war of 1860–65, sent all their best and honestest youths, Harvard University men and the like, to that accursed war; got them nearly all shot; wrote pretty biographies (to the ages of 17, 18, 19) and epitaphs for them; and so, having washed all the salt out of the nation in blood, left themselves to putrefaction, and the morality of New York.—*Munera Pulveris*, p. 102.

If you have to take away masses of men from all industrial employment—to feed them by the labor of others—to move them and provide them with destructive machines, varied daily in national rivalry of inventive cost; if you have to ravage the country which you attack,—to destroy for a score of future years, its roads, its woods, its cities, and its harbors;—and if, finally, having brought masses of men, counted by hundreds of thousands, face to face, you tear those masses to pieces with jagged shot, and leave the fragments of living creatures countless beyond all help of surgery, to starve and parch, through days of torture, down into clots of clay—what book of accounts shall record the cost of your work;—What book of judgment sentence the guilt of it?

That, I say, is *modern war*—scientific war—chem-

ical and mechanic war, worse even than the savage's poisoned arrow.—*Crown of Wild Olive*, p. 76.

If you, the gentlemen of this or any other kingdom, choose to make your pastime of contest, do so, and welcome; but set not up these unhappy peasant-pieces upon the green fielded board. If the wager is to be of death, lay it on your own heads, not theirs. A goodly struggle in the Olympic dust, though it be the dust of the grave, the gods will look upon, and be with you in; but they will not be with you, if you sit on the sides of the amphitheatre, whose steps are the mountains of earth, whose arena its valleys, to urge your peasant millions into gladiatorial war.—*Crown of Wild Olive*, p. 72.

The game of war is entrancingly pleasant to the imagination; the facts of it, not always so pleasant. We dress for it, however, more finely than for any other sport; and go out to it, not merely in scarlet, as to hunt, but in scarlet and gold, and all manner of fine colors: of course we could fight better in grey, and without feathers; but all nations have agreed that it is good to be well dressed at this play. Then the bats and balls are very costly; our English and French bats, with the balls and wickets, even those which we don't make any use of, costing, I suppose, now about fifteen millions of money annually to each nation; all of which, you know, is paid for by hard laborer's work in the furrow and furnace. A costly game!—not to speak of its consequences.—*Crown of Wild Olives*, Lect. I., p. 23.

Suppose I had been sent for by some private gentleman, living in a suburban house, with his garden separated by a fruit-wall from his next door neighbor's; and he had called me to consult with him on the furnishing of his drawing room. I begin looking about me, and find the walls rather bare; I think such and such a paper might be desirable—perhaps a little fresco here and there on the ceiling—a damask curtain or so at the windows. “Ah,” says my employer, “damask cur-

tains, indeed! That's all very fine, but you know I can't afford that kind of thing just now!" "Yet the world credits you with a splendid income!" "Ah, yes," says my friend, "but do you know, at present, I am obliged to spend it nearly all in steel-traps?" "Steel-traps! for whom?" "Why, for that fellow on the other side of the wall, you know: we're very good friends, capital friends; but we are obliged to keep our traps set on both sides of the wall; we could not possibly keep on friendly terms without them, and our spring guns. The worst of it is, we are both clever fellows enough; and there's never a day passes that we don't find out a new trap, or a new gun-barrel, or something; we spend about fifteen millions a year each in our traps, take it all together; and I don't see how we're to do it with less." A highly comic state of life for two private gentlemen! but for two nations, it seems to me, not wholly comic? Bedlam would be comic, perhaps, if there were only one mad man in it; and your Christmas pantomime is comic, when there is only one clown in it; but when the whole world turns clown, and paints itself red with its own heart's blood instead of vermilion, it is something else than comic, I think.—*Crown of Wild Olive*, Lect. II., p. 48.

Observe what the real fact is, respecting loans to foreign military governments, and how strange it is. If your little boy came to you to ask for money to spend in squibs and crackers, you would think twice before you gave it him; and you would have some idea that it was wasted, when you saw it fly off in fireworks, even though he did no mischief with it. But the Russian children, and Austrian children, come to you, borrowing money, not to spend in innocent squibs, but in cartridges and bayonets to attack you in India with, and to keep down all noble life in Italy with; and to murder Polish women and children with; and *that* you will give at once, because they pay you interest for it. Now, in order to pay you that interest, they must

tax every working peasant in their dominions; and on that work you live. You therefore at once rob the Austrian peasant, assassinate or banish the Polish peasant, and you live on the produce of the theft, and the bribe for the assassination! That is the broad fact—that is the practical meaning of your foreign loans, and of most large interest of money; and then you quarrel with Bishop Colenso, forsooth, as if *he* denied the Bible, and you believed it! though, wretches as you are, every deliberate act of your lives is a new defiance of its primary orders; and as if, for most of the rich men of England at this moment, it were not indeed to be desired, as the best thing at least for *them*, that the Bible should *not* be true, since against them these words are written in it: “The rust of your gold and silver shall be a witness against you, and shall eat your flesh, as it were fire.”—*Crown of Wild Olive*, Lect. I., p. 29.

THE ATTITUDE OF ENGLAND TOWARD ITALY AND POLAND IN 1859 AND 1863.—What these matters have to do with Art may not at first be clear, but I can perhaps make it so by a short similitude. Suppose I had been engaged by an English gentleman to give lectures on Art to his son. Matters at first go smoothly, and I am diligent in my definitions of line and color, until, on Sunday morning, at breakfast time, a ticket-of-leave man takes a fancy to murder a girl in the road leading round the lawn, before the house-windows. My patron, hearing the screams, puts down his paper, adjusts his spectacles, slowly apprehends what is going on, and rings the bell for his smallest footman. “John, take my card and compliments to that gentleman outside the hedge, and tell him that his proceedings are abnormal, and, I may add, to me personally offensive. Had that road passed through my property, I should have felt it my duty to interfere.” John takes the card, and returns with it; the ticket-of-leave man finishes his work at his leisure; but, the screams ceasing as he fills the girl’s mouth with clay,

the English gentleman returns to his muffins, and congratulates himself on having "kept out of that mess." Presently afterwards he sends for me to know if I shall be ready to lecture on Monday. I am somewhat nervous, and answer—I fear rudely—"Sir, your son is a good lad; I hope he will grow to be a man—but, for the present, I cannot teach him anything. I should like, indeed, to teach *you* something, but have no words for the lesson." Which indeed I have not. If I say any words on such matters, people ask me, "Would I have the country go to war? do I know how dreadful a thing war is?" Yes, truly, I know it. I like war as ill as most people—so ill, that I would not spend twenty millions a year in making machines for it, neither my holidays and pocket money in playing at it; yet I would have the country go to war, with haste, in a good quarrel; and, which is perhaps eccentric in me, rather in another's quarrel than in her own. We say of ourselves complacently that we will not go to war for an idea; but the phrase interpreted means only, that we will go to war for a bale of goods, but not for justice nor for mercy.—*Arrows of the Chace*, II., p. 26.

A NATION'S REAL STRENGTH,—Observe what the standing of nations on their defence really means. It means that, but for such armed attitude, each of them would go and rob the other; that is to say, that the majority of active persons in every nation are at present—thieves. I am very sorry that this should still be so; but it will not be so long. National exhibitions, indeed, will not bring peace; but national education will, and that is soon coming. I can judge of this by my own mind, for I am myself naturally as covetous a person as lives in this world, and am as eagerly-minded to go and steal some things the French have got, as any housebreaker could be, having clue to attractive spoons. If I could by military incursion carry off Paul Veronese's "Marriage in Cana," and the "Venus Victrix" and the "Hours of St. Louis," it

would give me the profoundest satisfaction to accomplish the foray successfully; nevertheless, being a comparatively educated person, I should most assuredly not give myself that satisfaction, though there were not an ounce of gunpowder, nor a bayonet, in all France. I have not the least mind to rob anybody, however much I may covet what they have got; and I know that the French and British public may and will, with many other publics, be at last brought to be of this mind also; and to see farther that a nation's real strength and happiness do not depend on properties and territories, nor on machinery for their defence; but on their getting such territory as they *have*, well filled with none but respectable persons. Which is a way of *infinitely* enlarging one's territory, feasible to every potentate; and dependent nowise on getting Trent turned, or Rhine-edge reached.

Not but that, in the present state of things, it may often be soldiers' duty to seize territory, and hold it strongly; but only from banditti, or savage and idle persons. Thus, both Calabria and Greece ought to have been irresistibly occupied long ago.—*Time and Tide*, p. 108.

THE TRUE SOLDIER.—The security of treasure to all the poor, and not the ravage of it down the valleys of the Shenandoah, is indeed the true warrior's work. But, that they may be able to restrain vice rightly, soldiers must themselves be first in virtue; and that they may be able to compel labor sternly, they must themselves be first in toil, and their spears, like Jonathan's at Beth-aven, enlighteners of the eyes.—*Time and Tide*, p. 112.

ADVICE TO SOLDIERS.—Suppose, instead of this volunteer marching and countermarching, you were to do a little volunteer ploughing and counterploughing? It is more difficult to do it straight: the dust of the earth, so disturbed, is more grateful than for merely rhythmic footsteps. . . . Or, conceive a little volunteer exercise with the spade,

other than such as is needed for moat and breast-work.—*Munera Pulveris*, p. 120.

DRESS OF SOLDIER AND PEASANT.—Quite one of the chiefest art-mistakes and stupidities of men has been their tendency to dress soldiers in red clothes, and monks, or pacific persons, in black, white, or grey ones. At least half of that mental bias of young people, which sustains the wickedness of war among us at this day, is owing to the prettiness of uniforms. Make all Hussars black, all Guards black, all troops of the line black; dress officers and men, alike, as you would public executioners; and the number of candidates for commissions will be greatly diminished. Habitually, on the contrary, you dress these destructive rustics and *their* officers in scarlet and gold, but give your productive rustics no costume of honor or beauty. . . . A day is coming, be assured, when the kings of Europe will dress their peaceful troops beautifully; will clothe their peasant girls “in scarlet, with other delights,” and “put on ornaments of gold upon *their* apparel;” when the crocus and the lily will not be the only living things dressed daintily in our land, and the glory of the wisest monarchs be indeed, in that their people, like themselves, shall be, at least in some dim likeness, “arrayed like one of these.”—*Val D’Arno*, pp. 55, 56.

TWO KINDS OF PEACE.—Both peace and war are noble or ignoble according to their kind and occasion. . . . But peace may be sought in two ways. . . . That is, you may either win your peace, or buy it:—win it, by resistance to evil;—buy it, by compromise with evil. You may buy your peace, with silenced consciences;—you may buy it, with broken vows,—buy it, with lying words,—buy it, with base connivances,—buy it, with the blood of the slain, and the cry of the captive, and the silence of lost souls—over hemispheres of the earth, while you sit smiling at your serene hearths, lisping comfortable prayers evening and morning, and counting your pretty Protestant heads (which are flat,

and of gold, instead of round, and of ebony, as the monks' ones were), and so mutter continually to yourselves, "Peace, peace," when there is no peace; but only captivity and death, for you, as well as for those you leave unsaved;—and yours darker than theirs. . . .

For many a year to come, the sword of every righteous nation must be whetted to save or subdue; nor will it be by patience of others' suffering, but by the offering of your own, that you ever will draw nearer to the time when the great change shall pass upon the iron of the earth;—when men shall beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning hooks; neither shall they learn war any more.—*The Two Paths*, pp. 133, 134.

A DREAM-PARABLE OF WAR AND WEALTH.

I dreamed I was at a child's May-day party, in which every means of entertainment had been provided for them, by a wise and kind host. It was in a stately house, with beautiful gardens attached to it; and the children had been set free in the rooms and gardens, with no care whatever but how to pass their afternoon rejoicingly. They did not, indeed, know much about what was to happen next day; and some of them, I thought, were a little frightened, because there was a chance of their being sent to a new school where there were examinations; but they kept the thoughts of that out of their heads as well as they could, and resolved to enjoy themselves. The house, I said, was in a beautiful garden, and in the garden were all kinds of flowers; sweet grassy banks for rest; and smooth lawns for play; and pleasant streams and woods; and rocky places for climbing. And the children were happy for a little while, but presently they separated themselves into parties; and then each party declared, it would have a piece of the garden for its own, and that none of the others should have any-

thing to do with that piece. Next, they quarrelled violently, which pieces they would have; and at last the boys took up the thing, as boys should do, "practically," and fought in the flower-beds till there was hardly a flower left standing; then they trampled down each other's bits of the garden out of spite; and the girls cried till they could cry no more; and so they all lay down at last breathless in the ruin, and waited for the time when they were to be taken home in the evening.*

Meanwhile, the children in the house had been making themselves happy also in their manner. For them, there had been provided every kind of in-doors pleasure: there was music for them to dance to; and the library was open, with all manner of amusing books; and there was a museum, full of the most curious shells, and animals, and birds; and there was a workshop, with lathes and carpenter's tools, for the ingenious boys; and there were pretty fantastic dresses, for the girls to dress in; and there were microscopes, and kaleidoscopes; and whatever toys a child could fancy; and a table, in the dining-room, loaded with everything nice to eat.

But, in the midst of all this, it struck two or three of the more "practical" children, that they would like some of the brass-headed nails that studded the chairs; and so they set to work to pull them out. Presently, the others, who were reading, or looking at shells, took a fancy to do the like; and, in a little while, all the children, nearly, were spraining their fingers, in pulling out brass-headed nails. With all that they could pull out, they were not satisfied; and then, everybody wanted some of somebody else's. And at last the really practical and sensible ones declared, that nothing was of any real consequence, that afternoon, except to get plenty of brass-headed nails; and that the books, and the

* I have sometimes been asked what this means. I intended it to set forth the wisdom of men in war contending for kingdoms, and what follows to set forth their wisdom in peace, contending for wealth.

cakes, and the microscopes were of no use at all in themselves, but only, if they could be exchanged for nail-heads. And, at last they began to fight for nail-heads, as the others fought for the bits of garden. Only here and there, a despised one shrank away into a corner, and tried to get a little quiet with a book, in the midst of the noise; but all the practical ones thought of nothing else but counting nail-heads all the afternoon—even though they knew they would not be allowed to carry so much as one brass knob away with them. But no—it was—"who has most nails? I have a hundred, and you have fifty; or, I have a thousand and you have two. I must have as many as you before I leave the house, or I cannot possibly go home in peace." At last, they made so much noise that I awoke, and thought to myself, "What a false dream that is, of *children*." The child is the father of the man; and wiser. Children never do such foolish things. Only men do.—*Mystery of Life*, pp. 116, 117.

GOVERNMENT.

Visible governments are the toys of some nations, the diseases of others, the harness of some, the burdens of more.—*Sesame and Lilies*, p. 67.

THE FORM OF A GOVERNMENT IMMATERIAL.—No form of government, provided it be a government at all, is, as such, to be either condemned or praised, or contested for in anywise, but by fools. But all forms of government are good just so far as they attain this one vital necessity of policy—*that the wise and kind, few or many, shall govern the unwise and unkind*; and they are evil so far as they miss of this, or reverse it. Nor does the form, in any case, signify one whit, but its *firmness*, and adaptation to the need; for if there be many foolish persons in a state, and few wise, then it is good that the few govern; and if there be many wise, and few foolish, then it is good that the many

government; and if many be wise, yet one wiser, then it is good that one should govern; and so on.—*Munera Pulveris*, p. 103.

I see that politicians and writers of history continually run into hopeless error, because they confuse the Form of a government with its Nature. A government may be nominally vested in an individual; and yet if that individual be in such fear of those beneath him, that he does nothing but what he supposes will be agreeable to them, the Government is Democratic; on the other hand, the Government may be vested in a deliberative assembly of a thousand men, all having equal authority, and all chosen from the lowest ranks of the people; and yet if that assembly act independently of the will of the people, and have no fear of them, and enforce its determinations upon them, the government is Monarchical; that is to say, the Assembly, acting as One, has power over the Many, while in the case of the weak king, the Many have power over the One.

A Monarchical Government, acting for its own interests, instead of the people's, is a tyranny. I said the Executive Government was the hand of the nation;—the Republican Government is in like manner its tongue. The Monarchical Government is its head. All true and right Government is Monarchical, and of the head. What is its best form, is a totally different question; but unless it act *for* the people, and not as representative of the people, it is no government at all; and one of the grossest blockheadisms of the English in the present day, is their idea of sending men to Parliament to “represent *their* opinions.” Whereas their only true business is to find out the wisest men among them, and send them to Parliament to represent their *own* opinions, and act upon them.—*Construction of Sheepfolds*, p. 31.

THE MOSQUITO VARIETY OF KINGS.—The self-styled “kings” who think nations can be bought and sold like personal property can no more be the

true kings of the nation than gad-flies are the kings of a horse; they suck it, and may drive it wild, but do not guide it. They, and their courts, and their armies are, if one could see clearly, only a large species of marsh-mosquito, with bayonet proboscis and melodious, band-mastered, trumpeting in the summer air.—*Sesame and Lilies*, p. 68.

YOUNG MEN IN POLITICS.—Young men have no business with politics at all; and when the time is come for them to have opinions, they will find all political parties resolve themselves at last into two—that which holds with Solomon, that a rod is for the fool's back, and that which holds with the fool himself, that a crown is for his head, a vote for his mouth, and all the universe for his belly.—*Arrows of the Chace*, II., p. 131.

NATIONAL PARTIES.—Men only associate in parties by sacrificing their opinions, or by having none worth sacrificing; and the effect of party government is always to develop hostilities and hypocrisies, and to extinguish ideas.—*Fors*, I., p. 6.

THE NECESSITY OF IMPERATIVE LAW TO THE PROSPERITY OF STATES.—When the crew of a wrecked ship escape in an open boat, and the boat is crowded, the provisions scanty, and the prospect of making land distant, laws are instantly established and enforced which no one thinks of disobeying. An entire equality of claim to the provisions is acknowledged without dispute; and an equal liability to necessary labor. No man who can row is allowed to refuse his oar; no man, however much money he may have saved in his pocket, is allowed so much as half a biscuit beyond his proper ration. Any riotous person who endangered the safety of the rest would be bound, and laid in the bottom of the boat, without the smallest compunction for such violation of the principles of individual liberty; and on the other hand, any child, or woman, or aged person, who was helpless, and exposed to greater danger and suffering by their weakness, would receive more than ordinary care and indul-

gence, not unaccompanied with unanimous self-sacrifice, on the part of the laboring crew. . . .

Now, the circumstances of every associated group of human society, contending bravely for national honors, and felicity of life, differ only from those thus supposed, in the greater, instead of less, necessity for the establishment of restraining law. . . . The impossibility of discerning the effects of individual error and crime, or of counteracting them by individual effort, in the affairs of a great nation, renders it tenfold more necessary than in a small society that direction by law should be sternly established. Assume that your boat's crew is disorderly and licentious, and will, by agreement, submit to no order;—the most troublesome of them will yet be easily discerned; and the chance is that the best man among them knocks him down. Common instinct of self-preservation will make the rioters put a good sailor at the helm, and impulsive pity and occasional help will be, by heart and hand, here and there given to visible distress. Not so in the ship of the realm. The most troublesome persons in *it* are usually the least recognized for such, and the most active in its management; the best men mind their own business patiently, and are never thought of; the good helmsman never touches the tiller but in the last extremity; and the worst forms of misery are hidden, not only from every eye, but from every thought. On the deck, the aspect is of Cleopatra's galley—under hatches, there is a slave-hospital; while, finally (and this is the most fatal difference of all), even the few persons who care to interfere energetically, with purpose of doing good, can, in a large society, discern so little of the real state of evil to be dealt with, and judge so little of the best means of dealing with it, that half of their best efforts will be misdirected, and some may even do more harm than good.—*Time and Tide*, p. 50.

[On the American Government and People, see hereafter.]

LIBERTY.

I know not if a day is ever to come when the nature of right freedom will be understood, and when men will see that to obey another man, to labor for him, yield reverence to him or to his place, is not slavery. It is often the best kind of liberty,—liberty from care. The man who says to one, Go, and he goeth, and to another, Come, and he cometh, has, in most cases, more sense of restraint and difficulty than the man who obeys him.—*Stones of Venice*, II., p. 164.

You will find, on fairly thinking of it, that it is his Restraint which is honorable to man, not his Liberty; and what is more, it is restraint which is honorable even in the lower animals. A butterfly is much more free than a bee; but you honor the bee more, just because it is subject to certain laws which fit it for orderly function in bee society. And throughout the world, of the two abstract things, liberty and restraint, restraint is always the more honorable. . . . It is true, indeed, that in these and all other matters you never can reason finally from the abstraction, for both liberty and restraint are good when they are nobly chosen, and both are bad when they are basely chosen; but of the two, I repeat, it is restraint which characterizes the higher creature, and betters the lower creature: and, from the ministering of the archangel to the labor of the insect,—from the poising of the planets to the gravitation of a grain of dust,—the power and glory of all creatures, and all matter, consist in their obedience, not in their freedom.—*The Two Paths*, pp. 131, 132.

DEMOCRACY AND COMMUNISM.—Now, my dear friend, here is the element which is the veriest devil of all that have got into modern flesh; this infidelity of the nineteenth-century St. Thomas in there being anything better than himself, alive; coupled, as it always is, with the farther resolution—if unwillingly convinced of the fact—to seal the Better living thing

down again out of his way, under the first stone handy.—*Time and Tide*, p. 113.

THE INFLUENCE OF MACHINERY UPON POLITICS.—It is verily this degradation of the operative into a machine, which, more than any other evil of the times, is leading the mass of the nations everywhere into vain, incoherent, destructive struggling for a freedom of which they cannot explain the nature to themselves. Their universal outcry against wealth, and against nobility, is not forced from them either by the pressure of famine, or the sting of mortified pride. These do much, and have done much in all ages; but the foundations of society were never yet shaken as they are at this day. It is not that men are ill fed, but that they have no pleasure in the work by which they make their bread, and therefore look to wealth as the only means of pleasure. It is not that men are pained by the scorn of the upper classes, but they cannot endure their own; for they feel that the kind of labor to which they are condemned is verily a degrading one, and makes them less than men.—*Stones of Venice*, II., p. 164.

THE "FREE HAND" IN DRAWING.—Try to draw a circle yourself with the "free" hand, and with a single line. You cannot do it if your hand trembles, nor if it hesitates, nor if it is unmanageable, nor if it is in the common sense of the word "free." So far from being free, it must be under a control as absolute and accurate as if it were fastened to an inflexible bar of steel. And yet it must move. Under this necessary control, with perfect, untroubled serenity of ease. That is the condition of all good work whatsoever. All freedom is error.—*Athena*, p. 111.

MODERN LIBERTY.—You will send your child, will you, into a room where the table is loaded with sweet wine and fruit—some poisoned, some not?—you will say to him, "Choose freely, my little child! It is so good for you to have freedom of choice: it forms your character—your individuality! If you

take the wrong cup, or the wrong berry, you will die before the day is over, but you will have acquired the dignity of a Free child!"

You think that puts the case too sharply? I tell you, lover of liberty, there is no choice offered to you, but it is similarly between life and death. There is no act, nor option of act, possible, but the wrong deed or option has poison in it which will stay in your veins thereafter forever. Never more to all eternity can you be as you might have been, had you not done that—chosen that. . . .

The liberty of expression, with a great nation, would become like that in a well-educated company, in which there is indeed freedom of speech, but not of clamor; or like that in an orderly senate, in which men who deserve to be heard, are heard in due time, and under determined restrictions. The degree of liberty you can rightly grant to a number of men is in the inverse ratio of their desire for it; and a general hush, or call to order, would be often very desirable in this England of ours. . . .

The arguments for liberty may in general be summed in a few very simple forms, as follows:—

Misguiding is mischievous: therefore guiding is.

If the blind lead the blind, both fall into the ditch: therefore, nobody should lead anybody.

Lambs and fawns should be left free in the fields; much more bears and wolves.

If a man's gun and shot are his own, he may fire in any direction he pleases.

A fence across a road is inconvenient; much more one at the side of it.

Babes should not be swaddled with their hands bound down to their sides: therefore they should be thrown out to roll in the kennels naked.—*Athena*, pp. 114-117.

FRESH AIR AND LIGHT.

FIELDS GREEN AND FACES RUDDY.—I tell you, gentlemen of England, if ever you would have your

country breathe the pure breath of heaven again, and receive again a soul into her body, instead of rotting into a carcase, blown up in the belly with carbonic acid (and great that way), you must think, and feel, for your England, as well as fight for her: you must teach her that all the true greatness she ever had, or ever can have, she won while her fields were green and her faces ruddy;—that greatness is still possible for Englishmen, even though the ground be not hollow under their feet, nor the sky black over their heads.—*Crown of Wild Olive*, p. 88.

FRESH AIR.—There are now not many European gentlemen, even in the highest classes, who have a pure and right love of fresh air. They would put the filth of tobacco even into the first breeze of a May morning.—*Time and Tide*, p. 22.

RURAL vs. CITY LIFE.—In the country every morning of the year brings with it a new aspect of springing or fading nature; a new duty to be fulfilled upon earth, and a new promise or warning in heaven. No day is without its innocent hope, its special prudence, its kindly gift, and its sublime danger; and in every process of wise husbandry, and every effort of contending or remedial courage, the wholesome passions, pride and bodily power of the laborer, are excited and exerted in happiest unison. The companionship of domestic, the care of serviceable animals, soften and enlarge his life with lowly charities, and discipline him in familiar wisdoms and unboastful fortitudes; while the divine laws of seed-time which cannot be recalled, harvest which cannot be hastened, and winter in which no man can work, compel the impatiences and coveting of his heart into labor too submissive to be anxious, and rest too sweet to be wanton. What thought can enough comprehend the contrast between such life, and that in streets where summer and winter are only alternations of heat and cold; where snow never fell white, nor sunshine clear; where the ground is only a pavement,

and the sky no more than the glass roof of an arcade; where the utmost power of a storm is to choke the gutters, and the finest magic of spring, to change mud into dust: where—chief and most fatal difference in state, there is no interest of occupation for any of the inhabitants but the routine of counter or desk within doors, and the effort to pass each other without collision outside; so that from morning to evening the only possible variation of the monotony of the hours, and lightening of the penalty of existence, must be some kind of mischief, limited, unless by more than ordinary godsend of fatality, to the fall of a horse, or the slitting of a pocket.—*Fiction—Fair and Foul*, pp.7, 8.

FAIR AND FOUL.—In my young days, Croxsted Lane was a green by-road traversable for some distance by carts; but rarely so traversed, and, for the most part, little less than a narrow strip of untilled field, separated by blackberry hedges from the better cared-for meadows on each side of it: growing more weeds, therefore, than they, and perhaps in spring a primrose or two—white archangel-daisies plenty, and purple thistles in autumn. A slender rivulet, boasting little of its brightness, for there are no springs at Dulwich, yet fed purely enough by the rain and morning dew, here trickled—there loitered—through the long grass beneath the hedges, and expanded itself, where it might, into moderately clear and deep pools, in which, under their veils of duckweed, a fresh-water shell or two, sundry curious little skipping shrimps, any quantity of tadpoles in their time, and even sometimes a tittlebat, offered themselves to my boyhood's pleased, and not inaccurate, observation. There, my mother and I used to gather the first buds of the hawthorn; and there, in after years, I used to walk in the summer shadows, as in a place wilder and sweeter than our garden, to think over any passage I wanted to make better than usual in *Modern Painters*. . . . The fields on each side of it are now mostly dug up for building, or cut through into gaunt corners and

nooks of blind ground by the wild crossings and concurrencies of three railroads. Half a dozen handfuls of new cottages, with Doric doors, are dropped about here and there among the gashed ground: the lane itself, now entirely grassless, is a deep-rutted, heavy-hillocked cart-road, diverging gatelessly into various brick-fields or pieces of waste; and bordered on each side by heaps of—Hades only knows what!—mixed dust of every unclean thing that can crumble in drought, and mildew of every unclean thing that can rot or rust in damp: ashes and rags, beer-bottles and old shoes, battered pans, smashed crockery, shreds of nameless clothes, door-sweepings, floor-sweepings, kitchen garbage, back-garden sewage, old iron, rotten timber jagged with out-torn nails, cigar-ends, pipe-bowls, cinders, bones, and ordure, indescribable; and, variously kneaded into, sticking to, or fluttering foully here and there over all these,—remnants broadcast, of every manner of newspaper advertisement or big-lettered bill, festering and flaunting out their last publicity in the pits of stinking dust and mortal slime.—*Fiction—Fair and Foul*, pp. 3, 4.

LETTER TO THOS. DIXON.—*March 21, 1867.* I see, by your last letter, for which I heartily thank you, that you would not sympathize with me in my sorrow for the desertion of his own work by George Cruikshank, that he may fight in the front of the temperance ranks. But you do not know what work he has left undone, nor how much richer inheritance you might have received from his hand. It was no more *his* business to etch diagrams of drunkenness than it is mine at this moment to be writing these letters against anarchy. It is the first mild day of March (high time, I think, that it should be!), and by rights I ought to be out among the budding banks and hedges, outlining sprays of hawthorn, and clusters of primrose. This is *my* right work; and it is not, in the inner gist and truth of it, right nor good for you, or for anybody else, that Cruikshank with his great gift, and I with my weak, but yet thoroughly clear and definite one,

should both of us be tormented by agony of indignation and compassion, till we are forced to give up our peace, and pleasure, and power; and rush down into the streets and lanes of the city, to do the little that is in the strength of our single hands against their uncleanness and iniquity. But, as in a sorely besieged town, every man must to the ramparts, whatsoever business he leaves, so neither he nor I have had any choice but to leave our household stuff, and go on crusade, such as we are called to; not that I mean, if Fate may be anywise resisted, to give up the strength of my life, as he has given his; for I think he was wrong in doing so; and that he should only have carried the fiery cross his appointed leagues, and then given it to another hand: and, for my own part, I mean these very letters to close my political work for many a day; and I write them, not in any hope of their being at present listened to, but to disburden my heart of the witness I have to bear, that I may be free to go back to my garden lawns, and paint birds and flowers there.—*Time and Tide*, pp. 52, 53.

L'ENVOI.—Bred in luxury, which I perceive to have been unjust to others, and destructive to myself; vacillating, foolish, and miserably failing in all my own conduct in life—and blown about hopelessly by storms of passion—I, a man clothed in soft raiment,—I, a reed shaken with the wind, have yet this Message to all men again entrusted to me: “Behold, the axe is laid to the root of the trees. Whatsoever tree therefore bringeth not forth good fruit, shall be hewn down and cast into the fire.”—*Fors*, III., p. 45.

Whether I am spared to put into act anything here designed for my country's help, or am shielded by death from the sight of her remediless sorrow, I have already done for her as much service as she has will to receive, by laying before her facts vital to her existence, and unalterable by her power, in words of which not one has been warped by interest nor weakened by fear; and which are as pure from selfish passion as if they were spoken already out of another world.—*Arrows of the Chace*, I., p. 7.

CHAPTER II.

EDUCATION.*

I take Wordsworth's single line,

“We live by admiration, hope, and love,”

for my literal guide, in all education.—*Fors*, II., p. 340.

All education must be moral first; intellectual secondarily.—*Fors*, III., p. 250.

There is one test by which you can all determine the rate of your real progress.

Examine, after every period of renewed industry, how far you have enlarged your faculty of *admiration*.

Consider how much more you can see to reverence, in the work of masters; and how much more to love, in the work of nature.—*A Joy For Ever*, p. 127.

By this you may recognize true education from false. False education is a delightful thing, and warms you, and makes you every day think more of yourself. And true education is a deadly cold thing, with a Gorgon's head on her shield, and makes you every day think worse of yourself.

Worse in two ways, also, more's the pity. It is perpetually increasing the personal sense of ignorance and the personal sense of fault.—*Time and Tide*, p. 115.

Modern “Education” for the most signifies giving people the faculty of thinking wrong on every conceivable subject of importance to them.—*Sesame and Lilies*, p. 46.

To make your children *capable of honesty* is the beginning of education. Make them men first, and

*On the education of girls, see Part III., Chapter III., “Women.” For autobiographical anecdotes of Ruskin on his early education, see Part V., Chapter III., “Personal.”

religious men afterwards, and all will be sound; but a knave's religion is always the rottenest thing about him.—*Time and Tide*, p. 30.

The first condition under which education can be given usefully is, that it should be clearly understood to be no means of getting on in the world; but a means of staying pleasantly in your place there.—*Time and Tide*, p. 67.

Education, rightly comprehended, consists, half of it, in making children familiar with natural objects, and the other half in teaching the practice of piety towards them (piety meaning kindness to living things, and orderly use of the lifeless.)—*Fors*, IV., p. 378.

You do not educate a man by telling him what he knew not, but by making him what he was not; and making him what he will remain forever: for no wash of weeds will bring back the faded purple. And in that dyeing there are two processes—first, the cleansing and wringing-out, which is the baptism with water; and then the infusing of the blue and scarlet colors, gentleness and justice, which is the baptism with fire.—*Munera Pulveris*, p. 90.

THE MEAT OF KNOWLEDGE.—Think what a delicate and delightful meat that used to be in old days, when it was not quite so common as it is now, and when young people—the best sort of them—really hungered and thirsted for it. *Then* a youth went up to Cambridge, or Padua, or Bonn, as to a feast of fat things, of wines on the lees, well-refined. But now, he goes only to swallow,—and, more's the pity, not even to swallow as a glutton does, with enjoyment; not even—forgive me the old Aristotelian Greek, ἡδόμενος τῇ ἀφῆ—pleased with the going down, but in the saddest and exactest way, as a constrictor does, tasting nothing all the time. You remember what Professor Huxley told you—most interesting it was, and new to me—of the way the great boa does not in any true sense swallow, but only hitches himself on to his meat like a coal-sack;

—well, that's the exact way you expect your poor modern student to hitch himself on to *his* meat, catching and notching his teeth into it, and dragging the skin of him tight over it,—till at last—you know I told you a little while ago our artists didn't know a snake from a sausage,—but, Heaven help us, your University doctors are going on at such a rate that it will be all we can do, soon, to know a *man* from a sausage.—*Deucalion*, p. 202.

EDUCATION THE ELICITING OF IN-BORN QUALITIES.—In the handful of shingle which you gather from the sea-beach, which the indiscriminate sea, with equality of eternal foam, has only educated to be, every one, round, you will see little difference between the noble and mean stones. But the jeweller's trenchant education of them will tell you another story. Even the meanest will be better for it, but the noblest so much better that you can class the two together no more. The fair veins and colors are all clear now, and so stern is Nature's intent regarding this, that not only will the polish show which is best, but the best will take the most polish. You shall not merely see they have more virtue than the others, but see that more of virtue more clearly; and the less virtue there is, the more dimly you shall see what there is of it.—*Time and Tide*, p. 114.

GENIUS MUST BE CHERISHED AND ENCOURAGED.—We have no ground for concluding that Giotto would ever have been more than a shepherd, if Cimabue had not by chance found him drawing; or that among the shepherds of the Apennines there were no other Giottos, undiscovered by Cimabue. We are too much in the habit of considering happy accidents as what are called “special Providences;” and thinking that when any great work needs to be done, the man who is to do it will certainly be pointed out by Providence, be he shepherd or sea-boy; and prepared for his work by all kinds of minor providences, in the best possible way. Whereas all the analogies of God's operations in

other matters prove the contrary of this; we find that "of thousand seeds, He often brings but one to bear," often not one; and the one seed which He appoints to bear is allowed to bear crude or perfect fruit according to the dealings of the husbandman with it.—*A Joy For Ever*, p. 97.

"LOOK OUT AND NOT IN."—Do you think you can know yourself by looking *into* yourself? Never. You can know what you are, only by looking *out* of yourself. Measure your own powers with those of others; compare your own interests with those of others; try to understand what you appear to them, as well as what they appear to you; and judge of yourselves, in all things, relatively and subordinately; not positively: starting always with a wholesome conviction of the probability that there is nothing particular about you. For instance, some of you perhaps think you can write poetry. Dwell on your own feelings and doings:—and you will soon think yourselves Tenth Muses; but forget your own feelings; and try, instead, to understand a line or two of Chaucer or Dante: and you will soon begin to feel yourselves very foolish girls—which is much like the fact.—*Ethics of the Dust*, Lect. V.

ACTION AND CHARACTER SET THEIR SEAL ON THE FACE.—Every right action and true thought sets the seal of its beauty on person and face; every wrong action and foul thought its seal of distortion; and the various aspects of humanity might be read as plainly as a printed history, were it not that the impressions are so complex that it must always in some cases (and, in the present state of our knowledge, in all cases), be impossible to decipher them completely. Nevertheless, the face of a consistently just, and of a consistently unjust person, may always be rightly distinguished at a glance; and if the qualities are continued by descent through a generation or two, there arises a complete distinction of race. Both moral and physical qualities are communicated by descent, far more than they

can be developed by education (though both may be destroyed by want of education); and there is as yet no ascertained limit to the nobleness of person and mind which the human creature may attain, by persevering observance of the laws of God respecting its birth and training.—*Munera Pulveris*, p. 21.

THE YOUNG MIND IS PLASTIC.—The human soul, in youth, is *not* a machine of which you can polish the cogs with any kelp or brickdust near at hand; and, having got it into working order, and good, empty, and oiled serviceableness, start your immortal locomotive, at twenty-five years old or thirty, express from the Strait Gate, on the Narrow Road. The whole period of youth is one essentially of formation, edification, instruction (I use the words with their weight in them); in taking of stores, establishment in vital habits, hopes and faiths. There is not an hour of it but is trembling with destinies—not a moment of which, once past, the appointed work can ever be done again, or the neglected blow struck on the cold iron. Take your vase of Venice glass out of the furnace, and strew chaff over it in its transparent heat, and recover *that* to its clearness and rubied glory when the north wind has blown upon it; but do not think to strew chaff over the child fresh from God's presence, and to bring the heavenly colors back to him—at least in this world.—*Modern Painters*, IV., p. 431.

CERTAIN EARLY HABITS INERADICABLE.—It is wholly impossible—this I say from too sorrowful experience—to conquer by any effort or time, habits of the hand (much more of head and soul), with which the vase of flesh has been formed and filled in youth,—the law of God being that parents shall compel the child, in the day of its obedience, into habits of hand, and eye, and soul, which, when it is old, shall not, by any strength, or any weakness, be departed from.

[Illustration of the foregoing]. I can't resist the expression of a little piece of personal exultation,

in noticing that a figure in one of Giotto's paintings holds his pencil as I do myself: no writing master, and no effort (at one time very steady for many months), having ever cured me of that way of holding both pen and pencil between my fore and second finger; the third and fourth resting the backs of them on my paper.—*Mornings in Florence*, pp. 80, 118.

THE ELECTIVE SYSTEM OF EDUCATION.—Whereas it was formerly thought that the discipline necessary to form the character of youth was best given in the study of abstract branches of literature and philosophy, it is now thought that the same, or a better, discipline may be given by informing men in early years of things it cannot but be of chief practical advantage to them afterwards to know; and by permitting to them the choice of any field of study which they may feel to be best adapted to their personal dispositions. I have always used what poor influence I possessed in advancing this change; nor can any one rejoice more than I in its practical results.—*Lectures On Art*.

Your modern ideas of development imply that you must all turn out what you are to be, and find out what you are to know for yourselves, by the inevitable operation of your anterior affinities and inner consciences:—whereas the old idea of education was that the baby material of you, however accidentally or inevitably born, was at least to be by external force and ancestral knowledge, bred; and treated by its Fathers and Tutors as a plastic vase, to be shaped or mannered as *they* chose, not as *it* chose, and filled, when its form was well finished and baked, with sweetness of sound doctrine, as with Hybla honey, or Arabian spikenard.—*Pleasures of England*, p. 9.

VIRTUE MUST BECOME INSTINCTIVE.—The essential idea of real virtue is that of a vital human strength, which instinctively, constantly, and without motive, does what is right. You must train men to this by habit, as you would the branch

of a tree; and give them instincts and manners (or morals) of purity, justice, kindness, and courage. Once rightly trained, they act as they should, irrespectively of all motive, of fear, or of reward.—*Ethics of the Dust*, p. 90.

NATIONAL LIBRARIES.—I hope it will not be long before royal or national libraries will be founded in every considerable city, with a royal series of books in them; the same series in every one of them, chosen books, the best in every kind, prepared for that national series in the most perfect way possible; their text printed all on leaves of equal size, broad of margin, and divided into pleasant volumes, light in hand, beautiful, and strong, and thorough as examples of binder's work; and that these great libraries will be accessible to all clean and orderly persons at all times of the day and evening; strict law being enforced for this cleanliness and quietness.—*Sesame and Lilics*, p. 71.

“LE PAUVRE ENFANT, IL NE SAIT PAS VIVRE.”—Getting no education is by no means the worst thing that can happen to us. One of the pleasantest friends I ever had in my life was a Savoyard guide, who could only read with difficulty, and write scarcely intelligibly and by great effort. He knew no language but his own—no science, except as much practical agriculture as served him to till his fields. But he was, without exception, one of the happiest persons, and, on the whole, one of the best. I have ever known; and, after lunch, when he had had his half bottle of Savoy wine, he would generally, as we walked up some quiet valley in the afternoon light, give me a little lecture on philosophy; and after I had fatigued and provoked him with less cheerful views of the world than his own, he would fall back to my servant behind me, and console himself with a shrug of the shoulders, and a whispered “*Le pauvre enfant, il ne sait pas vivre!*” — (“The poor child, he doesn't know how to live.”) —*Fors*, I., p. 42.

LABOR AND SCHOLARSHIP COMPATIBLE.—Education of any noble kind has of late been so constantly given only to the idle classes, or, at least, to those who conceive it a privilege to be idle,* that it is difficult for any person, trained in modern habits of thought, to imagine a true and refined scholarship, of which the essential foundation is to be skill in some useful labor.—*Fors*, I., p. 112.

A GRAMMAR OF MUSIC.—Musicians, like painters, are almost virulently determined in their efforts to abolish the laws of sincerity and purity; and to invent, each for his own glory, new modes of dissolute and lascivious sound. No greater benefit could be conferred on the upper as well as the lower classes of society than the arrangement of a grammar of simple and pure music, of which the code should be alike taught in every school in the land. My attention has been long turned to this object, but I have never till lately had leisure to begin serious work upon it. During the last year, however, I have been making experiments with a view to the construction of an instrument by which very young children could be securely taught the relations of sound in the octave; unsuccessful only in that the form of lyre which was produced for me, after months of labor, by the British manufacturer, was as curious a creation of visible deformity as a Greek lyre was of grace, besides being nearly as expensive as a piano! For the present, therefore, not abandoning the hope of at last attaining a simple stringed instrument, I have fallen back—and I think, probably, with final good reason—on the most sacred of all musical instruments, the “Bell.”

* Infinite nonsense is talked about the “work done” by the upper classes. I have done a little myself, in my day, of the kind of work they boast of: but mine, at least, has been all play. Even lawyer’s, which is, on the whole, the hardest, you may observe to be essentially grim play, made more jovial for themselves by conditions which make it somewhat dismal to other people. Here and there we have a real worker among soldiers, or no soldiering would long be possible; nevertheless young men don’t go into the Guards with any primal or essential idea of work.

Whether the cattle-bell of the hills, or, from the cathedral tower, monitor of men, I believe the sweetness of its prolonged tone the most delightful and wholesome for the ear and mind of all instrumental sound.—*Fors*, IV., p. 382.

EMULATION A FALSE MOTIVE.—All that you can depend upon in a boy, as significative of true power, likely to issue in good fruit, is his will to work for the work's sake, not his desire to surpass his school-fellows; and the aim of the teaching you give him ought to be to prove to him and strengthen in him his own separate gift, not to puff him into swollen rivalry with those who are everlastingly greater than he; still less ought you to hang favors and ribands about the neck of the creature who is the greatest, to make the rest envy him. Try to make them love him and follow him, not struggle with him.—*A Joy For Ever*, p. 99.

GLADNESS.—All literature, art, and science are vain, and worse, if they do not enable you to be glad; and glad justly. And I feel it distinctly my duty, though with solemn and true deference to the masters of education in this university [Oxford], to say that I believe our modern methods of teaching, and especially the institution of severe and frequent examination, to be absolutely opposed to this great end; and that the result of competitive labor in youth is infallibly to make men know all they learn wrongly, and hate the habit of learning.—*Eagle's Nest*, p. 108.

THE COMPETITIVE SYSTEM.—The madness of the modern cram and examination system arises principally out of the struggle to get lucrative places; but partly also out of the radical block-headism of supposing that all men are naturally equal, and can only make their way by elbowing;—the facts being that every child is born with an accurately defined and absolutely limited capacity; that he is naturally (if able at all) able for some things and unable for others; that no effort and no teaching can add one particle to the granted

ounces of his available brains; that by competition he may paralyze or pervert his faculties, but cannot stretch them a line; and that the entire grace, happiness, and virtue of his life depend on his contentment in doing what he can, dutifully, and in staying where he is, peaceably. So far as he regards the less or more capacity of others, his superiorities are to be used for *their* help, not for his own pre-eminence; and his inferiorities to be no ground of mortification, but of pleasure in the admiration of nobler powers. It is impossible to express the quantity of delight I used to feel in the power of Turner and Tintoret, when my own skill was nascent only; and all good artists will admit that there is far less personal pleasure in doing a thing beautifully than in seeing it beautifully done. Therefore, over the door of every school, and the gate of every college, I would fain see engraved in their marble the absolute forbidding *μηδὲν κατὰ ἐπίθειαν ἢ κενοδοξίαν*:—"Let *nothing* be done through strife or vain glory."

And I would have fixed for each age of children and students a certain standard of pass in examination, so adapted to average capacity and power of exertion, that none need fail who had attended to their lessons and obeyed their masters; while its variety of trial should yet admit of the natural distinctions attaching to progress in especial subjects and skill in peculiar arts. Beyond such indication or acknowledgment of merit, there should be neither prizes nor honors; these are meant by Heaven to be the proper rewards of a man's consistent and kindly life, not of a youth's temporary and selfish exertion.

Nor, on the other hand, should the natural torpor of wholesome dulness be disturbed by provocations, or plagued by punishments. The wise proverb ought in every school-master's mind to be deeply set—"You cannot make a silk purse of a sow's ear;" expanded with the farther scholium that the flap of it will not be in the least disguised by giving it a diamond earring. If, in a woman,

beauty without discretion be as a jewel of gold in a swine's snout, much more, in man, woman, or child, knowledge without discretion—the knowledge which a fool receives only to puff up his stomach, and sparkle in his cockscorb. . . .

It is in the wholesome indisposition of the average mind for intellectual labor that due provision is made for the quantity of dull work which must be done in stubbing the Thornaby wastes of the world.—*For's*, IV., pp. 380, 381.

FACTS AND SYSTEM.—All sciences should, I think, be taught more for the sake of their facts, and less for that of their system, than heretofore. Comprehensive and connected views are impossible to most men; the systems they learn are nothing but skeletons to them; but nearly all men can understand the relations of a few facts bearing on daily business, and to be exemplified in common substances. And science will soon be so vast that the most comprehensive men will still be narrow, and we shall see the fitness of rather teaching our youth to concentrate their general intelligence highly on given points than scatter it towards an infinite horizon from which they can fetch nothing, and to which they can carry nothing.—*Arrows of the Chace*, I., p. 49.

WORDS.—You must get into the habit of looking intensely at words, and assuring yourself of their meaning, syllable by syllable—nay letter by letter . . . you might read all the books in the British Museum (if you could live long enough), and remain an utterly “illiterate,” uneducated person; but if you read ten pages of a good book, letter by letter,—that is to say, with real accuracy,—you are for evermore in some measure an educated person. . . .

A well-educated gentleman may not know many languages—may not be able to speak any but his own—may have read very few books. But whatever language he knows, he knows precisely; whatever word he pronounces he pronounces rightly;

above all, he is learned in the *peerage* of words; knows the words of true descent and ancient blood, at a glance, from words of modern canaille. . . . An uneducated person may know by memory any number of languages, and talk them all, and yet truly know not a word of any—not a word even of his own. . . . It is right that a false Latin quantity should excite a smile in the House of Commons; but it is wrong that a false English meaning should *not* excite a frown there. Let the accent of words be watched, by all means, but let their meaning be watched more closely still, and fewer will do the work. A few words, well chosen and well distinguished, will do work that a thousand cannot, when every one is acting, equivocally, in the function of another. . . .

There are masked words abroad which nobody understands, but which everybody uses, and most people will also fight for, live for, or even die for, fancying they mean this, or that, or the other, of things dear to them: for such words wear chameleon cloaks—"groundlion" cloaks, of the color of the ground of any man's fancy: on that ground they lie in wait, and rend him with a spring from it. There were never creatures of prey so mischievous, never diplomatists so cunning, never poisoners so deadly, as these masked words.—*Sesame and Lilies*, pp. 37, 38.

If you do not know the Greek alphabet, learn it; young or old—girl or boy—whoever you may be, if you think of reading seriously (which, of course, implies that you have some leisure at command), learn your Greek alphabet; then get good dictionaries of all these languages, and whenever you are in doubt about a word, hunt it down patiently. Read Max Müller's lectures thoroughly, to begin with; and, after that, never let a word escape you that looks suspicious. It is severe work; but you will find it, even at first, interesting, and at last, endlessly amusing. And the general gain to your character, in power and precision, will be quite incalculable.—*Sesame and Lilies*, p. 40.

BEAUTIFUL SPEAKING.—The foundational importance of beautiful speaking has been disgraced by the confusion of it with diplomatic oratory, and evaded by the vicious notion that it can be taught by a master learned in it as a separate art. The management of the lips, tongue, and throat may, and perhaps should, be so taught; but this is properly the first function of the singing-master. Elocution is a moral faculty; and no one is fit to be the head of a childrens' school who is not both by nature and attention a beautiful speaker.

By attention, I say, for fine elocution means first an exquisitely close attention to, and intelligence of, the meaning of words, and perfect sympathy with what feeling they describe; but indicated always with reserve. In this reserve, fine reading and speaking, (virtually one art), differ from "recitation," which gives the statement or sentiment with the explanatory accent and gesture of an actor. In perfectly pure elocution, on the contrary, the accent ought, as a rule, to be much lighter and gentler than the natural or dramatic one, and the force of it wholly independent of gesture or expression of feature. A fine reader should read, a great speaker speak, as a judge delivers his charge; and the test of his power should be to read or speak unseen.

At least an hour of the school-day should be spent in listening to the master's or some trustworthy visitor's reading; but no children should attend unless they were really interested; the rest being allowed to go on with their other lessons or employments. A large average of children, I suppose, are able to sew or draw while they yet attend to reading, and so there might be found a fairly large audience, of whom however those who were usually busy during the lecture should not be called upon for any account of what they had heard; but, on the contrary, blamed, if they had allowed their attention to be diverted by the reading from what they were about, to the detriment of their work. The real audience consisting of the few for whom

the book had been specially chosen, should be required to give perfect and unbroken attention to what they heard; to stop the reader always at any word or sentence they did not understand, and to be prepared for casual examination on the story next day.

I say "on the *story*," for the reading, whether poetry or prose, should always be a story of some sort, whether true history, travels, romance or fairy-tale. In poetry, Chaucer, Spenser, and Scott, for the upper classes, lighter ballad or fable for the lower, contain always some thread of pretty adventure. No merely didactic or descriptive books should be permitted in the reading room, but so far as they are used at all, studied in the same way as grammars; and Shakespeare, accessible always at playtime in the library in small and large editions to the young and old alike, should never be used as a school book, nor even formally or continuously read aloud. He is to be known by thinking not mouthing.

I have used, not unintentionally, the separate words "reading room" and library. No school should be considered as organized at all, without these two rooms, rightly furnished; the reading room, with its convenient pulpit and student's desks, in good light, skylight if possible, for drawing, or taking notes—the library with its broad tables for laying out books on, and recesses for niched reading, and plenty of lateral light kept carefully short of glare: both of them well shut off from the school room or rooms, in which there must be always more or less of noise.—*Fors*, IV., p. 383, 385.

CHILDREN SHOULD BE TAUGHT TO SEE.—The main thing which we ought to teach our youth is to *see* something—all that the eyes which God has given them are capable of seeing. The sum of what we *do* teach them is to *say* something. As far as I have experience of instruction, no man ever dreams of teaching a boy to get to the root of a matter; to

think it out; to get quit of passion and desire in the process of thinking; or to fear no face of man in plainly asserting the ascertained result. But to *say* anything in a glib and graceful manner;—to give an epigrammatic turn to nothing,—to quench the dim perceptions of a feeble adversary, and parry cunningly the home-thrusts of a strong one,—to invent blanknesses in speech for breathing time, and slipperinesses in speech for hiding time,—to polish malice to the deadliest edge, shape profession to the seemliest shadow, and mask self-interest under the fairest pretext,—all these skills we teach definitely, as the main arts of business and life.—*Modern Painters*, IV., p. 429.

SYMPATHY AS AN ELEMENT OF EDUCATION.—The chief vices of education have arisen from the one great fallacy of supposing that noble language is a communicable trick of grammar and accent, instead of simply the careful expression of right thought. All the virtues of language are, in their roots, moral; it becomes accurate if the speaker desires to be true; clear, if he speaks with sympathy and a desire to be intelligible; powerful, if he has earnestness; pleasant, if he has sense of rhythm and order. . . . The secret of language is the secret of sympathy, and its full charm is possible only to the gentle. . . . No noble nor right style was ever yet founded but out of a sincere heart.—*Lectures on Art*, pp. 48, 49.

No man can read the evidence of labor who is not himself laborious, for he does not know what the work costs: nor can he read the evidence of true passion if he is not passionate; nor of gentleness if he is not gentle: and the most subtle signs of fault and weakness of character he can only judge by having had the same faults to fight with.—*Lectures on Art*, p. 51.

AGAINST STUPIDITY THE GODS FIGHT IN VAIN.—In education, true justice is curiously unequal—if you choose to give it a hard name, iniquitous. The

right law of it is that you are to take most pains with the best material. Many conscientious masters will plead for the exactly contrary iniquity, and say you should take the most pains with the dumbest boys. But that is not so (only you must be very careful that you know which *are* the dumb boys; for the cleverest look often very like them). Never waste pains on bad ground; let it remain rough, though properly looked after and cared for; it will be of best service so; but spare no labor on the good, or on what has in it the capacity of good. The tendency of modern help and care is quite morbidly and madly in reverse of this great principle. Benevolent persons are always, by preference, busy on the essentially bad; and exhaust themselves in their efforts to get maximum intellect from cretins and maximum virtue from criminals. Meantime, they take no care to ascertain (and for the most part when ascertained, obstinately refuse to remove) the continuous sources of cretinism and crime, and suffer the most splendid material in child-nature to wander neglected about the streets, until it has become rotten to the degree in which they feel prompted to take an interest in it.—*Fors.* l., p. 114.

The greatness or smallness of a man is, in the most conclusive sense, determined for him at his birth, as strictly as it is determined for a fruit whether it is to be a currant or an apricot. Education, favorable circumstances, resolution, and industry can do much; in a certain sense they do *everything*; that is to say, they determine whether the poor apricot shall fall in the form of a green bead, blighted by an east wind, shall be trodden under foot, or whether it shall expand into tender pride, and sweet brightness of golden velvet. But apricot out of currant,—great man out of small,—did never yet art or effort make. . . .

Therefore it is, that every system of teaching is false which holds forth “great art” as in any wise to be taught to students, or even to be aimed at

by them. Great art is precisely that which never was, nor will be taught, it is pre-eminently and finally the expression of the spirits of great men; so that the only wholesome teaching is that which simply endeavors to fix those characters of nobleness in the pupil's mind, of which it seems easily susceptible; and without holding out to him, as a possible or even probable result, that he should ever paint like Titian, or carve like Michael Angelo, enforces upon him the manifest possibility, and assured duty, of endeavoring to draw in a manner at least honest and intelligible; and cultivates in him those general charities of heart, sincerities of thought, and graces of habit which are likely to lead him, throughout life, to prefer openness to affectation, realities to shadows, and beauty to corruption.—*Modern Painters*, III., p. 61.

The vulgar and incomparably false saying of Macaulay's, that the intellectual giants of one age become the intellectual pigmies of the next, has been the text of too many sermons lately preached to you. You think you are going to do better things—each of you—than Titian and Phidias—write better than Virgil—think more wisely than Solomon. My good young people, this is the foolishness, quite pre-eminently—perhaps almost the harmfulest—notion that could possibly be put into your empty little eggshells of heads. There is not one in a million of you who can ever be great in *any* thing. To be greater than the greatest that *have* been, is permitted perhaps to one man in Europe in the course of two or three centuries. But because you cannot be Handel and Mozart—is it any reason why you should not learn to sing "God save the Queen" properly, when you have a mind to?—*A Joy For Ever*, p. 128.

HOW TO BE AS WISE AS ONE'S FATHERS.—You have all been taught by Lord Macaulay and his school that because you have carpets instead of rushes for your feet; and feather-beds instead of fern for your backs; and kickshaws instead of

beef for your eating; and Drains instead of Holy Wells for your drinking;—that, therefore, you are the Cream of Creation; and every one of you a seven-headed Solomon. Stay in those pleasant circumstances and convictions if you please; but don't accuse your roughly bred and fed fathers of telling lies about the aspect the earth and sky bore to *them*,—till you have trodden the earth as they, barefoot, and seen the heavens as they, face to face. If you care to see and to know for yourselves, you may do it with little pains; you need not do any great thing, you need not keep one eye open and the other shut for ten years over a microscope, nor fight your way through icebergs and darkness to knowledge of the *celestial* pole. Simply do as much as king after king of the Saxons did,—put rough shoes on your feet, and a rough cloak on your shoulders, and walk to Rome and back. Sleep by the roadside, when it is fine, in the first outhouse you can find, when it is wet, and live on bread and water, with an onion or two, all the way; and if the experiences which you will have to relate on your return do not, as may well be, deserve the name of spiritual, at all events you will not be disposed to let other people regard them either as Poetry or Fiction.—*Pleasures of England*, p. 24.

• TO CERTAIN STUDENTS OF OXFORD UNIVERSITY.
—Your youthful days in this place are to you the dipping of your feet in the brim of the river, which is to be manfully stemmed by you all your days; not drifted with,—nor toyed upon. Fallen leaves enough it is strewn with, of the flowers of the forest; moraine enough it bears, of the ruin of the brave. Your task is to *cross* it; your doom may be to go down with it, to the depths out of which there is no crying. Traverse it, staff in hand, and with loins girded, and with whatsoever law of Heaven you know, for your light. On the other side is the Promised Land, the Land of the Leal.—*Art of England*, p. 52.

AN IDEAL UNIVERSITY PARK.—I will even ven-

ture to tell you my hope, though I shall be dead long before its possible fulfilment, that one day the English people will, indeed, so far recognize what education means as to surround this University of Oxford with the loveliest park in England, twenty miles square; that they will forbid, in that environment, every unclean, mechanical, and vulgar trade and manufacture, as any man would forbid them in his own garden;—that they will abolish every base and ugly building, and nest of vice and misery, as they would cast out a devil;—that the streams of the Isis and Cherwell will be kept pure and quiet among their fields and trees; and that, within this park, every English wild flower that can bloom in lowland will be suffered to grow in luxuriance, and every living creature that haunts wood and stream know that it has happy refuge.—*Eagle's Nest*, p. 109.

THE EDUCATION OF CHILDREN.

THE RELATION BY CHILDREN OF WHAT THEY HAVE SEEN OR HEARD.—No discipline is of more use to a child's character, with threefold bearing on intellect, memory, and morals, than the being accustomed to relate accurately what it has lately done and seen. . . . Children ought to be frequently required to give account of themselves, though always allowed reserve; if they ask: "I would rather not say, mamma," should be accepted at once with serene confidence on occasion; but of the daily walk and work the child should take pride in giving full account, if questioned; the parent or tutor closely lopping exaggeration, investigating elision, guiding into order, and aiding in expression. The finest historical style may be illustrated in the course of the narration of the events of the day.—*Fors*, IV., p. 385.

EDUCATION FOR DIFFERENT SPHERES OF LIFE.—For children whose life is to be in cities, the sub-

jects of study should be, as far as their disposition will allow of it, mathematics and the arts; for children who are to live in the country, natural history of birds, insects, and plants, together with agriculture taught practically; and for children who are to be seamen, physical geography, astronomy, and the natural history of sea fish and sea birds.—*Time and Tide*, p. 70.

NATURE A FINE EDUCATOR.—For prolonged entertainment, no picture can be compared with the wealth of interest which may be found in the herbage of the poorest field, or blossoms of the narrowest copse. As suggestive of supernatural power, the passing away of a fitful rain-cloud, or opening of dawn, are in their change and mystery more pregnant than any pictures. A child would, I suppose, receive a religious lesson from a flower more willingly than from a print of one, and might be taught to understand the nineteenth Psalm, on a starry night, better than by diagrams of the constellations.—*Modern Painters*, V., p. 214.

There used to be, thirty years ago, a little rivulet of the Wandel, about an inch deep, which ran over the carriage-road and under a foot-bridge just under the last chalk hill near Croydon. Alas! men came and went; and it—did *not* go on forever. It has long since been bricked over by the parish authorities; but there was more education in that stream with its minnows than you could get out of a hundred pounds spent yearly in the parish schools, even though you were to spend every farthing of it in teaching the nature of oxygen and hydrogen, and the names, and rate per minute, of all the rivers in Asia and America.—*Lectures on Art*, p. 77.

LEARNING BY HEART.—Learning by heart, and repetition with perfect accent and cultivated voice, should be made quite principal branches of school discipline up to the time of going to the university.

And of writings to be learned by heart, among other passages of disputable philosophy and perfect

poetry, I include certain chapters of the—now for the most part forgotten—wisdom of Solomon; and of these, there is one selected portion which I should recommend not only schoolboys and girls, but persons of every age, if they don't know it, to learn forthwith, as the shortest summary of Solomon's wisdom;—namely, the seventeenth chapter of Proverbs, which being only twenty-eight verses long, may be fastened in the dullest memory at the rate of a verse a day in the shortest month of the year. *Storm Cloud*, Lect. II., § 20.

THE TWO CHIVALRIES—OF THE HORSE AND THE WAVE.—You little know how much is implied in the two conditions of boys' education, . . . that they shall all learn either to ride or sail: nor by what constancy of law the power of highest discipline and honor is vested by Nature in the two chivalries—of the Horse and the Wave. Both are significative of the right command of man over his own passions; but they teach, farther, the strange mystery of relation that exists between his soul and the wild natural elements on the one hand, and the wild lower animals on the other.—*Fors*, I., p. 119.

THE EDUCATION OF BOYS IN ST. GEORGE'S GUILD.—In my own school of St. George I mean to make the study of Christianity a true piece of intellectual work; my boys shall at least know what their fathers believed, before they make up their own wise minds to disbelieve it. They shall be infidels, if they choose, at thirty; but only students, and very modest ones, at fifteen. But I shall at least ask of modern science so much help as shall enable me to begin to teach them at that age the physical laws relating to their own bodies, openly, thoroughly, and with awe; and of modern civilization, I shall ask so much help as may enable me to teach them what is indeed right, and what wrong, for the citizen of a state of noble humanity to do, and permit to be done, by others, unaccused.—*Arrows of the Chace*, II., p. 136.

THE STUDY OF GRAMMAR.—I am at total issue with most preceptors as to the use of grammar to *any* body. In a recent examination of our Coniston school I observed that the thing the children did exactly best, was their parsing, and the thing they did exactly worst, their repetition. Could stronger proof be given that the dissection of a sentence is as bad a way to the understanding of it as the dissection of a beast to the biography of it?—*Fors*, IV., p. 379.

LYING.—It should be pointed out to young people with continual earnestness that the essence of lying is in deception, not in words; a lie may be told by silence, by equivocation, by the accent on a syllable, by a glance of the eye attaching a peculiar significance to a sentence; and all these kinds of lies are worse and baser by many degrees than a lie plainly worded.—*Modern Painters*, V., p. 290.

CHILDREN TAUGHT SELF-RELIANCE.—Children should have their times of being off duty, like soldiers; and when once the obedience, if required, is certain, the little creature should be very early put for periods of practice in complete command of itself; set on the barebacked horse of its own will, and left to break it by its own strength.—*Præterita*, II.

THE STUDY OF HISTORY.—Every fairly educated European boy or girl ought to learn the history of five cities—Athens, Rome, Venice, Florence, and London; that of London including, or at least compelling in parallel study, some knowledge also of the history of Paris.—*Pleasures of England*, p. 8.

I don't know any Roman history except the two first books of Livy, and little bits here and there of the following six or seven. I only just know enough about it to be able to make out the bearings and meaning of any fact that I now learn. The greater number of modern historians know, (if honest enough even for that,) the facts, or something that may possibly be like the facts, but haven't the least notion of the meaning of them. So that,

though I have to find out everything that I want in Smith's Dictionary, like any schoolboy, I can usually tell you the significance of what I so find, better than perhaps even Mr. Smith himself could.—*Proserpina*, p. 100.

THE WORDSWORTH SCHOOLHOUSE.—I went only this last month to see the school in which Wordsworth was educated. It remains, as it was then, a school for peasant lads only; and the doors of its little library, therefore, hang loose on their decayed hinges; and one side of the schoolroom is utterly dark—the window on that side having been long ago walled up, either “because of the window-tax, or perhaps it had got broken,” suggested the guardian of the place.—*Fors*, III., p. 53.

ENGLISH PARENTS' IDEA OF EDUCATION.—I receive many letters from parents respecting the education of their children. . . . They never seek, as far as I can make out, an education good in itself; the conception of abstract rightness in training rarely seems reached by the writers. But an education “which shall keep a good coat on my son's back;—an education which shall enable him to ring with confidence the visitors' bell at double-belled doors;—education which shall result ultimately in establishment of a double-belled door to his own house; in a word, which shall lead to “advancement in life.”—*Sesame and Lilies*, p. 28.

BIRDS DO NOT PRAISE GOD IN THEIR SONGS.—This London is the principal nest of men in the world; and I was standing in the centre of it. In the shops of Fleet Street and Ludgate Hill, on each side of me, I do not doubt I could have bought any quantity of books for children, which by way of giving them religious, as opposed to secular, instruction, informed them that birds praised God in their songs. Now, though on the one hand, you may be very certain that birds are not machines, on the other hand it is just as certain that they have not the smallest intention of praising God in their songs; and that we cannot prevent the religious

education of our children more utterly than by beginning it in lies.—*Eagle's Nest*, p. 42.

BOYS AND SQUIRRELS.—As of all quadrupeds there is none so ugly or so miserable as the sloth, so, take him for all in all, there is none so beautiful, so happy, so wonderful as the squirrel. Innocent in all his ways, harmless in his food, playful as a kitten, but without cruelty, and surpassing the fantastic dexterity of the monkey, with the grace and the brightness of a bird, the little dark-eyed miracle of the forest glances from branch to branch more like a sunbeam than a living creature: it leaps, and darts, and twines, where it will;—a chamois is slow to it; and a panther, clumsy: grotesque as a gnome, gentle as a fairy, delicate as the silken plumes of the rush, beautiful and strong like the spiral of a fern,—it haunts you, listens for you, hides from you, looks for you, loves you, as if the angel that walks with your children had made it himself for their heavenly plaything.

And this is what *you* do, to thwart alike your child's angel, and his God,—you take him out of the woods into the town,—you send him from modest labor to competitive schooling,—you force him out of the fresh air into the dusty bone-house,—you show him the skeleton of the dead monster, and make him pour over its rotten cells and wire-stitched joints, and vile extinct capacities of destruction,—and when he is choked and sickened with useless horror and putrid air, you let him—regretting the waste of time—go out for once to play again by the woodside;—and the first squirrel he sees, he throws a stone at!—*Deucalion*, pp. 145, 146.

The best dog I ever had was a bull-terrier, whose whole object in life was to please me, and nothing else; though, if he found he *could* please me by holding on with his teeth to an inch-thick stick, and being swung round in the air as fast as I could turn, that was his own idea of entirely felicitous existence. I don't like, therefore, hearing of a bulldog's being ill-treated; but I can tell you a little thing that

chanced to me at Coniston the other day, more horrible, in the deep elements of it, than all the dog, bulldog, or bull fights, or baitings, of England, Spain, and California. A fine boy, the son of an amiable English clergyman, had come on the coach-box round the Water-head to see me, and was telling me of the delightful drive he had had. "Oh," he said, in the triumph of his enthusiasm, "and just at the corner of the wood, there was *such* a big squirrel! and the coachman threw a stone at it, and nearly hit it!"

"Thoughtlessness—only thoughtlessness"—say you—proud father? Well, perhaps not much worse than that. But how *could* it be much worse? Thoughtlessness is precisely the chief public calamity of our day; and when it comes to the pitch, in a clergyman's child, of not thinking that a stone hurts what it hits of living things, and not caring for the daintiest, dextrousest, innocentest living thing in the northern forests of God's earth, except as a brown excrescence to be knocked off their branches,—nay, good pastor of Christ's lambs, believe me, your boy had better have been employed in thoughtfully and resolutely stoning St. Stephen—if any St. Stephen is to be found in these days, when men not only can't see heaven opened, but don't so much as care to see it, shut.—*Fors*, II., p. 312.

IDEAL OF AN ELEMENTARY SCHOOL.—Every parish school to have garden, playground, and cultivable land round it, or belonging to it, spacious enough to employ the scholars in fine weather mostly out of doors.

Attached to the building, a children's library, in which the scholars who *care* to read may learn that art as deftly as they like, by themselves, helping each other without troubling the master;—a sufficient laboratory always, in which shall be specimens of all common elements of natural substances, and where simple chemical, optical, and pneumatic experiments may be shown; and according to the size and importance of the school, at-

tached workshops, many or few,—but always a carpenter's, and first of those added in the better schools, a potter's.

In the school itself, the things taught will be music, geometry, astronomy, botany, zoology, to all; drawing, and history, for children who have gift for either. And finally, to all children of whatever gift, grade, or age, the laws of Honor, the habit of Truth, the Virtue of Humility, and the Happiness of Love.—*Fors*, IV., p. 369.

THE DECORATIONS OF SCHOOL ROOMS.—Many a study appears dull or painful to a boy, when it is pursued on a blotted deal desk, under a wall with nothing on it but scratches and pegs, which would have been pursued pleasantly enough in a curtained corner of his father's library, or at the lattice window of his cottage. Nay, my own belief is, that the best study of all is the most beautiful; and that a quiet glade of forest, or the nook of a lake shore, are worth all the schoolrooms in Christendom, when once you are past the multiplication table; but be that as it may, there is no question at all but that a time ought to come in the life of a well trained youth, when he can sit at a writing table without wanting to throw the inkstand at his neighbor; and when also he will feel more capable of certain efforts of mind with beautiful and refined forms about him than with ugly ones. When that time comes he ought to be advanced into the decorated schools; and this advance ought to be one of the important and honorable epochs of his life. . . .

Now, the use of your decorative painting would be, in myriads of ways, to animate [the scholars'] history for them, and to put the living aspect of past things before their eyes as faithfully as intelligent invention can; so that the master shall have nothing to do but once to point to the school-room walls, and forever afterwards the meaning of any word would be fixed in a boy's mind in the best possible way. Is it a question of classical dress—what a tunic was like, or a chlamys, or a peplus?

At this day, you have to point to some vile wood-cut, in the middle of a dictionary page, representing the thing hung upon a stick; but then, you would point to a hundred figures, wearing the actual dress, in its fiery colors, in all the actions of various stateliness or strength; you would understand at once how it fell round the people's limbs as they stood, how it drifted from their shoulders as they went, how it veiled their faces as they wept, how it covered their heads in the day of battle.—*A Joy For Ever*, pp. 71, 73.

TEACHING SCIENCE TO CHILDREN.

THE EDUCATION OF A LITTLE GIRL.—I don't in the least want a book to tell her how many species of bees there are; nor what grounds there may be for suspecting that one species is another species; nor why Mr. B. is convinced that what Mr. A. considered two species are indeed one species; nor how conclusively Mr. C. has proved that what Mr. B. described as a new species is an old species. Neither do I want a book to tell her what a bee's inside is like, nor whether it has its brains in the small of its back, or nowhere in particular, like a modern political economist; nor whether the morphological nature of the sternal portion of the thorax should induce us strictly, to call it the prosternum, or may ultimately be found to present no serious inducement of that nature. But I want a book to tell her, for instance, how a bee buzzes; and how, and by what instrumental touch, its angry buzz differs from its pleased or simply busy buzz.*—*Fors*, II., p. 359.

[* So Lockhart says of Sir Walter Scott, that he detested the whole generation of modern school books with their attempt to teach scientific minutiae; but delighted cordially in those of the preceding age, which by addressing the imagination, obtained thereby, as he thought, the best chance of imparting solid knowledge and stirring up the mind to an interest in graver studies.—For fuller statements of Ruskin on teaching science to children, consult *Proserpina*, passim, and *Fors Clavigera*, 1875, Letter 51.]

NATURAL HISTORY.—I have often been unable, through sickness or anxiety, to follow my own art work, but I have never found natural history fail me, either as a delight or a medicine. But for children it must be curtly and wisely taught. We must *show* them things, not tell them names. A deal-chest of drawers is worth many books to them, and a well-guided country walk worth a hundred lectures.—*Arrows of the Chace*, I., p. 199.

BOTANY.—The most pressing need is for a simple handbook of the wild flowers of every country—French flowers for French children, Teuton for Teuton, Saxon for Saxon, Highland for Scot—severely accurate in outline, and exquisitely colored by hand (again the best possible practice in our drawing schools); with a text regardless utterly of any but the most popular names, and of all microscopic observation; but teaching children the beauty of plants as they grow, and their culinary uses when gathered; and that, except for such uses, they should be left growing.—*Fors*, IV., pp. 391.

Botanists have discovered some wonderful connection between nettles and figs, which a cowboy, who will never see a ripe fig in his life, need not be at all troubled about; but it will be interesting to him to know what effect nettles have on hay, and what taste they will give to porridge; and it will give him nearly a new life if he can be got but once, in a spring-time, to look well at the beautiful circlet of the white nettle blossom, and work out with his schoolmaster the curves of its petals, and the way it is set on its central mast. So, the principle of chemical equivalents, beautiful as it is, matters far less to a peasant boy, and even to most sons of gentlemen, than their knowledge how to find whether the water is wholesome in the back-kitchen cistern, or whether the seven-acre field wants sand or chalk.—*A Joy For Ever*, p. 91.

It may not be the least necessary that a peasant should know algebra, or Greek, or drawing. But it may, perhaps, be both possible and expedient

that he should be able to arrange his thoughts clearly, to speak his own language intelligibly, to discern between right and wrong, to govern his passions, and to receive such pleasures of ear or sight as his life may render accessible to him. I would not have him taught the science of music; but most assuredly I would have him taught to sing. I would not teach him the science of drawing; but certainly I would teach him to see; without learning a single term of botany, he should know accurately the habits and uses of every leaf and flower in his fields; and unencumbered by any theories of moral and political philosophy, he should help his neighbor, and disdain a bribe.—*Modern Painters*, V., p. 354.

EXAMINATION PAPER FOR A BOTANICAL CLASS.—

1. State the habit of such and such a plant.
2. Sketch its leaf, and a portion of its ramifications (memory).
3. Explain the mathematical laws of its growth and structure.
4. Give the composition of its juices in different seasons.
5. Its uses? Its relations to other families of plants, and conceivable uses beyond those known?
6. Its commercial value in London? Mode of cultivation?
7. Its mythological meaning? The commonest or most beautiful fables respecting it?
8. Quote any important references to it by great poets.
9. Time of its introduction.
10. Describe its consequent influence on civilization.

Of all these ten questions, there is not one which does not test the student in other studies than botany.—*Arrows of the Chace*, I., p. 45.

ASTRONOMY.—The beginning of all is to teach the child the places and names of the stars, when it can see them, and to accustom it to watch for the nightly change of those visible. The register of the

visible stars of first magnitude and planets should be printed largely and intelligibly for every day of the year, and set by the schoolmaster every day; and the arc described by the sun, with its following and preceding stars, from point to point of the horizon visible at the place, should be drawn, at least weekly, as the first of the drawing exercises.—*Fors*, IV., p. 389.

GEOGRAPHY.—Of the cheap barbarisms and abortions of modern cram, the frightful method of representing mountain chains by black bars is about the most ludicrous and abominable. All mountain chains are in groups, not bars, and their watersheds are often entirely removed from their points of greatest elevation.—*Fors*, IV., p. 388.

[On Botany, see also Part IV.]

EDUCATION IN ART.*

If you desire to draw, that you may represent something that you care for, you will advance swiftly and safely. If you desire to draw, that you may make a beautiful drawing, you will never make one.—*Laws of Fésolé*, p. 13.

TEACHING TO BE ADJUSTED TO CAPACITY.—A young person's critical power should be developed by the presence around him of the best models *into the excellence of which his knowledge permits him to enter*. He should be encouraged, above all things, to form and express judgment of his own; not as if his judgment were of any importance as related to the excellence of the thing, but that both his master and he may know precisely in what state his mind is. He should be told of an Albert Dürer engraving, "That *is* good, whether you like it or not; but be sure to determine *whether* you do

[* On the arts as a branch of Education, see *Arrows of the Chace*, I., pp. 39-46; and the Supplement to *A Joy For Ever*; compare also *Sesame and Lilies*.]

or do not, and why." All formal expressions of reasons for opinion, such as a boy could catch up and repeat, should be withheld like poison; and all models which are too good for him should be kept out of his way. Contemplation of works of art, without understanding them, jades the faculties and enslaves the intelligence. A Rembrandt etching is a better example to a boy than a finished Titian, and a cast from a leaf than one of the Elgin marbles.—*Arrows of the Chace*, I., p. 42.

ILLUMINATED WRITING.—Every school should be furnished with progressive examples, in fac-simile, of beautiful illuminated writing: for nothing could be more conducive to the progress of general scholarship and taste than that the first natural instincts of clever children for the imitation or, often, the invention of picture writing, should be guided and stimulated by perfect models in their own kind.—*Fors*, IV., p. 389.

PROPORTION.—Make your studies always of the real size of things. A man is to be drawn the size of a man, and a cherry the size of a cherry.

"But I cannot draw an elephant his real size?"

There is no occasion for you to draw an elephant.

"But nobody can draw Mont Blanc his real size?"

No. Therefore nobody can draw Mont Blanc at all; but only a distant view of Mont Blanc. You may also draw a distant view of a man, and of an elephant, if you like; you must take care that it is seen to be so, and not mistaken for a drawing of a pigmy, or a mouse, near.

"But there is a great deal of good miniature-painting?"

Yes, and a great deal of fine cameo-cutting. But I am going to teach you to be a painter, not a locket-decorator, or medallist.—*Laws of Fésolé*, p. 18.

COLOR.—You *ought* to love color, and to think nothing quite beautiful or perfect without it; and if you really do love it, for its own sake, and are

not merely desirous to color because you think painting a finer thing than drawing, there is some chance you may color well. Nevertheless, you need not hope ever to produce anything more than pleasant helps to memory, or useful and suggestive sketches in color, unless you mean to be wholly an artist. You may, in the time which other vocations leave at your disposal, produce finished, beautiful, and masterly drawings in light and shade. But to color well, requires your life. It cannot be done cheaper. The difficulty of doing right is increased—not twofold nor threefold, but a thousandfold, and more—by the addition of color to your work. If you sing at all, you must sing sweetly; and if you color at all, you must color rightly. Give up all the form, rather than the slightest part of the color: just as, if you felt yourself in danger of a false note, you would give up the word and sing a meaningless sound, if you felt that so you could save the note. . . . An ill-colored picture could be no more admitted into the gallery of any rightly constituted Academy, or Society of Painters, than a howling dog into a concert.—*Laws of Féssole*, pp. 79, 83.

THE VALE OF TEMPE.—I wish I could ask you to draw, instead of the Alps, the crests of Parnassus and Olympus, and the ravines of Delphi and of Tempé. I have not loved the arts of Greece as others have; yet I love them, and her, so much, that it is to me simply a standing marvel how scholars can endure for all these centuries, during which their chief education has been in the language and policy of Greece, to have only the names of her hills and rivers upon their lips, and never one line of conception of them in their mind's sight. Which of us knows what the valley of Sparta is like, or the great mountain vase of Arcadia? which of us, except in mere airy syllabbling of names, knows aught of "sandy Ladon's lilled banks, or old Lycæus, or Cyllene hoar?"—*Lectures on Art*, p. 72.

TO FOSTER ART-GENIUS IN A YOUTH.—Know once for all, that a poet on canvas is exactly the same species of creature as a poet in song, and nearly every error in our methods of teaching will be done away with. For who among us now thinks of bringing men up to be poets?—of producing poets by any kind of general recipe or method of cultivation? Suppose even that we see in youth that which we hope may, in its development, become a power of this kind, should we instantly, supposing that we wanted to make a poet of him, and nothing else, forbid him all quiet, steady, rational labor? Should we force him to perpetual spinning of new erudities out of his boyish brain, and set before him, as the only objects of his study, the laws of versification which criticism has supposed itself to discover in the works of previous writers? . . . But if we had sense, should we not rather restrain and bridle the first flame of invention in early youth, heaping material on it as one would on the first sparks and tongues of a fire which we desired to feed into greatness? Should we not educate the whole intellect into general strength, and all the affections into warmth and honesty, and look to heaven for the rest?—*Pre-Raphaelitism*, p. 17.

THE GREATEST ART CANNOT BE TAUGHT.—The very words “School of Design” involve the profoundest of Art fallacies. Drawing may be taught by tutors: but Design only by Heaven; and to every scholar who thinks to sell his inspiration Heaven refuses its help!—*Laws of Fésole*, p. 8.

Some ten or twelve years ago, when I was first actively engaged in Art teaching, a young Scottish student came up to London to put himself under me, having taken many prizes (justly, with respect to the qualities looked for by the judges) in various schools of Art. He worked under me very earnestly and patiently for some time; and I was able to praise his doings, in what I thought very high terms! nevertheless, there remained always a look

of mortification on his face, after he had been praised, however unqualifiedly. At last, he could hold no longer, but one day, when I had been more than usually complimentary, turned to me with an anxious, yet not unconfident expression, and asked; "Do you think, Sir, that I shall ever draw as well as Turner?" I paused for a second or two, being much taken aback; and then answered,* "It is far more likely you should be made Emperor of All the Russias. There is a new Emperor every fifteen or twenty years on the average; and by strange hap, and fortunate cabal, anybody might be made Emperor. But there is only one Turner in five hundred years, and God decides, without any admission of auxiliary cabal, what piece of clay his soul is to be put in."

It was the first time that I had been brought into direct collision with the modern system of prize-giving and competition; and the mischief of it was, in the sequel, clearly shown to me, and tragically. This youth had the finest powers of mechanical execution I have ever met with, but was quite incapable of invention, or strong intellectual effort of any kind. Had he been taught early and thoroughly to know his place, and be content with his faculty, he would have been one of the happiest and most serviceable of men. But, at the art schools, he got prize after prize for his neat handling; and having, in his restricted imagination, no power of discerning the qualities of great work, all the vanity of his nature was brought out unchecked; so that, being intensely industrious and conscientious, as well as vain (it is a Scottish combination of character not unfrequent †), he naturally expected to become one of the greatest of men. My answer not only morti-

* I do not mean that I answered in these words, but to the effect of them, at greater length.

† We English are usually bad altogether in a harmonious way, and only quite insolent when we are quite good-for-nothing; the least good in us shows itself in a measure of modesty; but many Scotch natures, of fine capacity otherwise, are rendered entirely abortive by conceit.

fied, but angered him, and made him suspicious of me; he thought I wanted to keep his talents from being fairly displayed, and soon afterwards asked leave (he was then in my employment as well as under my teaching) to put himself under another master. I gave him leave at once, telling him, "if he found the other master no better to his mind, he might come back to me whenever he chose." The other master giving him no more hope of advancement than I did, he came back to me; I sent him into Switzerland, to draw Swiss architecture; but instead of doing what I bid him, quietly, and nothing else, he set himself, with furious industry, to draw snowy mountains and clouds, that he might show me he *could* draw like Albert Durer, or Turner;—spent his strength in agony of vain effort;—caught cold, fell into decline, and died. How many actual deaths are now annually caused by the strain and anxiety of competitive examination, it would startle us all if we could know: but the mischief done to the best faculties of the brain in all cases, and the miserable confusion and absurdity involved in the system itself, which offers every place, not to the man who is indeed fitted for it, but to the one who, on a given day, chances to have bodily strength enough to stand the cruellest strain, are evils infinite in their consequences, and more lamentable than many deaths.—*Fors*, I., p. 117.

RAPID DRAWING.—I have seen a great master's hand flying over the paper as fast as gnats over a pool; and the ink left by the light grazing of it, so pale, that it gathered into shade like gray lead; and yet the contours, and fine notes of character, seized with the accuracy of Holbein. But gift of this kind is a sign of the rarest artistic faculty and tact: you need not attempt to gain it, for if it is in you, and you work continually, the power will come of itself; and if it is not in you, will never come; nor, even if you could win it, is the attainment wholly desirable. Drawings thus executed

are always imperfect, however beautiful: they are out of harmony with the general manner and scheme of serviceable art; and always, so far as I have observed, the sign of some deficiency of earnestness in the worker.—*Laws of Fésolé*, p. 30.

MEASUREMENT IN DRAWING.—The question of measurement is, as you are probably aware, one much vexed in art schools; but it is determined indisputably by the very first words written by Lionardo: “Il giovane deve prima imparare propeppiva, per le misure d’ ogni cosa.”

Without absolute precision of measurement, it is certainly impossible for you to learn perspective rightly; and as far as I can judge, impossible to learn anything else rightly. And in my past experience of teaching, I have found that such precision is of all things the most difficult to enforce on the pupils. It is easy to persuade to diligence, or provoke to enthusiasm; but I have found it hitherto impossible to humiliate one student into perfect accuracy.—*Lectures on Art*, p. 95.

ERRORS OF THE EXISTING POPULAR SCHOOL OF DRAWING.—The first error in that system is the forbidding accuracy of measurement, and enforcing the practice of guessing at the size of objects. Now it is indeed often well to outline at first by the eye, and afterwards to correct the drawing by measurement; but under the present method, the student finishes his inaccurate drawing to the end, and his mind is thus, during the whole progress of his work, accustomed to falseness in every contour. Such a practice is not to be characterized as merely harmful,—it is ruinous. No student who has sustained the injury of being thus accustomed to false contours, can ever recover precision of sight. Nor is this all: he cannot so much as attain to the first conditions of art judgment. For a fine work of art differs from a vulgar one by subtleties of line which the most perfect measurement is not, alone, delicate enough to detect; but to which precision of attempted measurement directs the attention; while

the security of boundaries, within which maximum error *must* be restrained, enables the hand gradually to approach the perfectness which instruments cannot. Gradually, the mind then becomes conscious of the beauty which, even after this honest effort, remains inimitable; and the faculty of discrimination increases alike through failure and success. But when the true contours are voluntarily and habitually departed from, the essential qualities of every beautiful form are necessarily lost, and the student remains forever unaware of their existence.

The second error in the existing system is the enforcement of the execution of finished drawings in light and shade, before the student has acquired delicacy of sight enough to observe the gradations. It requires the most careful and patient teaching to develop this faculty; and it can only be developed at all by *rapid* and *various* practice from natural objects, during which the attention of the student must be directed only to the facts of the shadows themselves, and not at all arrested on methods of producing them. He may even be allowed to produce them as he likes, or as he can; the thing required of him being only that the shade be of the right darkness, of the right shape, and in the right relation to other shades round it; and not at all that it shall be prettily cross hatched, or deceptively transparent. But at present, the only virtues required in shadow are that it shall be pretty in texture and picturesquely effective; and it is not thought of the smallest consequence that it should be in the right place, or of the right depth. And the consequence is that the student remains, when he becomes a painter, a mere manufacturer of conventional shadows of agreeable texture, and to the end of his life incapable of perceiving the conditions of the simplest natural passage of chiaroscuro.

The third error in the existing code, and in ultimately destructive power, the worst, is the construction of entirely symmetrical or balanced forms for exercises in ornamental design; whereas every

beautiful form in this world, is varied in the minutiae of the balanced sides. Place the most beautiful of human forms in exact symmetry of position, and curl the hair into equal curls on both sides, and it will become ridiculous, or monstrous. Nor can any law of beauty be nobly observed without occasional wilfulness of violation.—*Laws of Fésolé*, pp. 7, 6.

PERSPECTIVE.—I never met but with two men in my life who knew enough of perspective to draw a Gothic arch in a retiring plane, so that its lateral dimensions and curvatures might be calculated to scale from the drawing.—*Pre-Raphaelitism*, p. 20.

No great painters ever trouble themselves about perspective, and very few of them know its laws; they draw everything by the eye, and, naturally enough, disdain in the easy parts of their work rules which cannot help them in difficult ones. It would take about a month's labor to draw imperfectly, by laws of perspective, what any great Venetian will draw perfectly in five minutes, when he is throwing a wreath of leaves round a head, or bending the curves of a pattern in and out among the folds of drapery. . . . Turner, though he was professor of perspective to the Royal Academy, did not know what he professed, and never, as far as I remember, drew a single building in true perspective in his life; he drew them only with as much perspective as suited him. Prout also knew nothing of perspective, and twisted his buildings, as Turner did, into whatever shapes he liked. I do not justify this; and would recommend the student at least to treat perspective with common civility, but to pay no court to it.—*Elements of Drawing*, p. 12.

All the professors of perspective in Europe, could not, by perspective, draw the live of curve of a sea beach; nay, could not outline one pool of the quiet water left among the sand. The eye and hand can do it, nothing else. All the rules of aerial perspective that ever were written, will not tell me how sharply the pines on the hill-top are drawn at this moment on the sky. I shall know if I see them,

and love them; not till then.—*Stones of Venice*, III., p. 481.

When perspective was first invented the world thought it a mighty discovery, and the greatest men it had in it were as proud of knowing that retiring lines converge, as if all the wisdom of Solomon had been compressed into a vanishing point. And, accordingly, it became nearly impossible for any one to paint a Nativity, but he must turn the stable and manger into a Corinthian arcade, in order to show his knowledge of perspective; and half the best architecture of the time, instead of being adorned with historical sculpture, as of old, was set forth with bas-relief of minor corridors and galleries, thrown into perspective.—*Stones of Venice*, p. 60.

AERIAL PERSPECTIVE.—Aerial perspective, as given by the modern artist, is, in nine cases out of ten, a gross and ridiculous exaggeration. . . . The other day I showed a fine impression of Albert Durer's "St. Hubert" to a modern engraver, who had never seen it nor any other of Albert Durer's works. He looked at it for a minute contemptuously, then turned away: "Ah, I see that man did not know much about aerial perspective!" All the glorious work and thought of the mighty master, all the redundant landscape, the living vegetation, the magnificent truth of line, were dead letters to him, because he happened to have been taught one particular piece of knowledge which Durer despised.—*Stones of Venice*, III., p. 49.

YOUNG FOLKS IN PICTURE GALLERIES.—It only wastes the time and dulls the feelings of young persons, to drag them through picture galleries; at least, unless they themselves wish to look at particular pictures. Generally, young people only care to enter a picture gallery when there is a chance of getting leave to run a race to the other end of it; and they had better do that in the garden below. If, however, they have any real enjoyment of pictures, and want to look at this one or

that, the principal point is never to disturb them in looking at what interests them, and never to make them look at what does not. Nothing is of the least use to young people (nor, by the way, of much use to old ones), but what interests them; and therefore, though it is of great importance to put nothing but good art into their possession, yet when they are passing through great houses or galleries, they should be allowed to look precisely at what pleases them: if it is not useful to them as art, it will be in some other way: and the healthiest way in which art can interest them is when they look at it, not as art, but because it represents something they like in nature. If a boy has had his heart filled by the life of some great man, and goes up thirstily to a Vandyck portrait of him, to see what he was like, that is the wholesomest way in which he can begin the study of portraiture; if he love mountains, and dwell on a Turner drawing because he sees in it a likeness to a Yorkshire scar, or an Alpine pass, that is the wholesomest way in which he can begin the study of landscape; and if a girl's mind is filled with dreams of angels and saints, and she pauses before an Angelico because she thinks it must surely be indeed like heaven, that is the wholesomest way for her to begin the study of religious art.—*Elements of Drawing*, pp. 185, 186.

CHAPTER III.

MUSEUMS.

A museum is, be it first observed, primarily, not at all a place of entertainment, but a place of Education. And a museum is, be it secondly observed, not a place for elementary education, but for that of already far-advanced scholars. And it is by no means the same thing as a parish school, or a Sunday school, or a day school, or even—the Brighton Aquarium.—*Fors*, III., p. 66.

In all museums intended for popular teaching, there are two great evils to be avoided. The first is, superabundance; the second, disorder. The first is having too much of everything. You will find in your own work that the less you have to look at, the better you attend. You can no more see twenty things worth seeing in an hour, than you can read twenty books worth reading in a day. Give little, but that little good and beautiful, and explain it thoroughly.—*Deucalion*, p. 94.

Nothing has so much retarded the advance of art as our miserable habit of mixing the works of every master and of every century. More would be learned by an ordinarily intelligent observer in simply passing from a room in which there were only Titians, to another in which there were only Caraccis, than by reading a volume of lectures on color. Few minds are strong enough first to abstract and then to generalize the characters of paintings hung at random. Few minds are so dull as not at once to perceive the points of difference, were the works of each painter set by themselves. The fatigue of which most persons complain in passing through a picture gallery, as at present arranged, is indeed partly caused by the

straining effort to see what is out of sight, but not less by the continual change of temper and of tone of thought demanded in passing from the work of one master to that of another.—*Arrows of the Chace*, I., p. 61.

A museum, primarily, is to be for simple persons. Children, that is to say, and peasants. For your student, your antiquary, or your scientific gentleman, there must be separate accommodation, or they must be sent elsewhere. . . . Secondly: The museum is to manifest to these simple persons the beauty and life of all things and creatures in their perfectness. Not their modes of corruption, disease, or death. Not even, always, their genesis, in the more or less blundering beginnings of it; not even their modes of nourishment, if destructive; you must not stuff a blackbird pulling up a worm, nor exhibit in a glass case a crocodile crunching a baby.

Neither must you ever show bones or guts, or any other charnel-house stuff. Teach your children to know the lark's note from the nightingale's; the length of their larynxes is their own business and God's.

It is difficult to get one clear idea into anybody, of any single thing. But next to impossible to get *two* clear ideas into them, of the same thing. We have had lion's heads for door-knockers these hundred and fifty years, without ever learning so much as what a lion's head is like. But with good modern stuffing and sketching, I can manage now to make a child really understand something about the beast's look, and his mane, and his sullen eyes and brindled lips. But if I'm bothered at the same time with a big bony box, that has neither mane, lips, nor eyes, and have to explain to the poor wretch of a parish schoolboy how somehow this fits on to that, I will be bound that, at a year's end, draw one as big as the other, and he won't know a lion's head from a tiger's—nor a lion's skull from a rabbit's. Nor is it the parish boy only who suffers. The scientific people themselves

miss half their points from the habit of hacking at things, instead of looking at them. When I gave my lecture on the Swallow at Oxford, I challenged every anatomist there to tell me the use of his tail (I believe half of them didn't know he had one). Not a soul of them could tell me, which I knew beforehand; but I did not know, till I had looked well through their books, how they were quarrelling about his wings! Actually, at this moment (Easter Tuesday, 1880), I don't believe you can find in any scientific book in Europe, a true account of the way a bird flies—or how a snake serpentines. My Swallow lecture was the first bit of clear statement on the one point, and when I get my Snake lecture published, you will have the first extant bit of clear statement on the other; and that is simply because the anatomists can't, for their life, look at a thing till they have skinned it.

In the British Museum, at the top of the stairs, we encounter in a terrific alliance a giraffe, a hippopotamus, and a basking-shark. The public—young and old—pass with a start and a stare, and remain as wise as they were before about all the three creatures. The day before yesterday I was standing by the big fish,—a father came up to it with his little boy. “That's a shark,” says he; “it turns on its side when it wants to eat you,” and so went on—literally as wise as he was before; for he had read in a book that sharks turn on their side to bite, and he never looked at the ticket, which told him this particular shark only ate small fish. Now he never looked at the ticket because he didn't expect to find anything on it except that this was the *Sharkogobalus Smith-Jonesianus*. But if, round the walls of the room, there had been all the well-known kinds of shark, going down in graduated sizes, from that basking one to our wagging dog-fish, and if every one of these had had a plain English ticket, with ten words of common sense on it, saying where and how the beast lived, and a number (unchangeable) referring to a properly arranged manual of the shark tribe (sold by the Museum

publisher, who ought to have his little shop close by the porter's lodge),^c both father and son must have been much below the level of the average Englishman and boy in mother wit if they did not go out of the room by the door in front of them very distinctly, and—to themselves—amazingly wiser than they had come in by the door behind them.

If I venture to give instances of fault from the British Museum, it is because, on the whole, it is the best ordered and pleasantest institution in all England, and the grandest concentration of the means of human knowledge in the world.

Every considerable town ought to have its exemplary collections of woodwork, ironwork, and jewellery attached to the schools of their several trades, leaving to be illustrated in its public museum, as in an hexagonal bee's cell, the six queenly and muse-taught arts of needlework, writing, pottery, sculpture, architecture, and painting.

For each of these, there should be a separate Tribune or Chamber of absolute tribunal, which need not be large—that, so called, of Florence, not the size of a railway waiting-room, has actually for the last century determined the taste of the European public in two arts!—in which the absolute best in each art, so far as attainable by the communal pocket, shall be authoritatively exhibited, with simple statement that it *is* good, and reason why it is good, and notification in what particulars it is unsurpassable, together with some not too complex illustrations of the steps by which it has attained to that perfection, where these can be traced far back in history.

These six Tribunes, or Temples of Fame, being first set, with their fixed criteria, there should follow a series of historical galleries, showing the rise and fall (if fallen) of the arts in their beautiful associations as practiced in the great cities and by the great nations of the world. The history of Egypt, of Persia, of Greece, of Italy, of France, and of England, should be given in their arts: dynasty by dynasty, age by age; and for the seventh, a

Sunday Room, for the history of Christianity in its Art, including the farthest range and feeblest efforts of it; reserving for this room also, what power could be reached in delineation of the great monasteries and cathedrals which were once the glory of all Christian lands.—*London Art Journal*, June and Aug., 1880.

[At his examination before the National Gallery Commission, in 1857, Mr. Ruskin said * that the Tribune at Florence was poorly arranged, the paintings and sculptures huddled together merely to show how many great and rich works could be got together in one place. But paintings and sculptures should be exhibited separately. He gave it as his opinion that all kinds of pictures ought to be shown under glass, if possible; it gives them a greater delicacy, and keeps them from being ruined by coal smoke and dust. Again, paintings should be hung on a line with the eye, and not so as to cover the walls of a room four or five deep. He would not accumulate in the gallery a vast number of pictures, but a few of the characteristic ones of the greatest artists. Indeed, there should be two public galleries, one removed at a distance from London, and another, easily accessible to the people, designed for their education, and containing not the best and most precious works, but works true and right so far as they went. On some one enquiring his opinion of the value of second-rate art, he is reported to have said that fifth-rate, sixth-rate to a hundredth-rate art is good. Art that gives pleasure to any one has a right to exist. A child's picture book pleases the baby; a flower beautifully drawn will delight a girl who is learning botany, and may be useful to some man of science. The true outline of a leaf shown to a child may turn the whole course of its life.†]

* See *The London Literary Gazette*, Aug. 22, 1857.

† For further ideas of Ruskin on public Galleries of Art, see *Arrows of the Chace*, I., pp. 47-65 and 101-107.

CHAPTER IV.

ST. GEORGE'S GUILD.*

TO THE WORKMEN AND LABORERS OF GREAT BRITAIN.—Are there any landlords—any masters—who would like better to be served by men than by iron devils? Any tenants, any workmen, who can be true to their leaders and to each other? who can vow to work and to live faithfully, for the sake of the joy of their homes?—Will any such give the tenth of what they have, and of what they earn—not to emigrate with, but to stay in England with; and do what is in their hands and hearts to make her a happy England? I am not rich; (as people now estimate riches), and great part of what I have is already engaged in maintaining art-workmen, or for other objects more or less of public utility. The tenth of whatever is left to me, estimated as accurately as I can, (you shall see the accounts,) I will make over to you in perpetuity, with the best security that English law can give, on Christmas Day of this year, with engagement to add the title of whatever I earn afterwards. Who else will help, with little or much? the object of such fund being, to begin, and gradually—no matter how slowly—to increase, the buying and securing of

[* St. George's Guild was formally organized in 1871, and duly registered as a limited liabilities company. Ruskin at that time made over to it the tenth of his income, he being worth about \$550,000. Up to July, 1876, the membership numbered only about thirty persons, many of them young ladies. It curiously marks the unpopular nature of the enterprise, that the master, in drawing up for publication his list of names of members dared to give, at first, only the initials, and afterwards the first and last names of such as he thought would not blame him for so doing. Up to July, 1877, the Guild had funds in cash to the amount of £3,487 12s. Branch societies have been formed in Manchester, Glasgow, and Aberdeen. But *Fors Clavigera*, the official journal of the Guild, is no more issued, and the whole concern is reported to be moribund, if not dead. See the Introduction for further details.]

land in England, which shall not be built upon, but cultivated by Englishmen, with their own hands, and such help of force as they can find in wind and wave.

I do not care with how many, or how few, this thing is begun, nor on what inconsiderable scale—if it be but in two or three poor men's gardens. So much, at least, I can buy, myself and give them. If no help come, I have done and said what I could, and there will be an end. If any help come to me, it is to be on the following conditions:—We will try to make some small piece of English ground, beautiful, peaceful, and fruitful. We will have no steam-engines upon it, and no railroads; we will have no untended or unthought-of creatures on it; none wretched, but the sick; none idle, but the dead. We will have no liberty upon it; but instant obedience to known law, and appointed persons; no equality upon it; but recognition of every betterness that we can find, and reprobation of every worseness. When we want to go anywhere, we will go there quietly and safely, not at forty miles an hour in the risk of our lives; when we want to carry anything anywhere, we will carry it either on the backs of beasts, or on our own, or in carts, or boats; we will have plenty of flowers and vegetables in our gardens, plenty of corn and grass in our fields,—and few bricks. We will have some music and poetry; the children shall learn to dance to it and sing it;—perhaps some of the old people, in time, may also. We will have some art, moreover; we will at least try if, like the Greeks, we can't make some pots. The Greeks used to paint pictures of gods on their pots; we, probably, cannot do as much, but we may put some pictures of insects on them, and reptiles;—butterflies, and frogs, if nothing better. There was an excellent old potter in France who used to put frogs and vipers into his dishes, to the admiration of mankind; we can surely put something nicer than that. Little by little, some higher art and imagination may manifest themselves among us; and feeble rays

of science may dawn for us. Botany, though too dull to dispute the existence of flowers; and history, though too simple to question the nativity of men;—nay—even perhaps an uncalculating and uncovetous wisdom, as of rude Magi, presenting, at such nativity, gifts of gold and frankincense.—*Fors*, I., p. 73.

NOT AN EXPERIMENT.—The very gist and essence of everything St. George orders is that it shall *not* be new, and not an “experiment”; but the re-declaration and re-doing of things known and practised successfully since Adam’s time. . . . Is the earth new, and its bread? Are the plow and sickle new in men’s hands? Are Faith and Godliness new in their hearts? Are common human charity and courage new? By God’s grace, lasting yet, one sees in miners’ hearts and sailors’. Your political cowardice is new, and your public rascality, and your blasphemy, and your equality, and your science of Dirt. New in their insolence and rampant infinitude of egotism—not new in one idea, or in one possibility of good.—*Fors*, IV., p. 45.

AN OUNCE OF PREVENTION.—To divert a little of the large current of English charity and justice from watching disease to guarding health, and from the punishment of crime to the reward of virtue; to establish, here and there, exercise grounds instead of hospitals, and training schools instead of penitentiaries, is not, if you will slowly take it to heart, a frantic imagination.—*Fors*, I., p. 122.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE FUND OF ST. GEORGE.—First, let whoever gives us any, be clear in their minds that it is a Gift. It is not an Investment. It is a frank and simple gift to the British people; nothing of it is to come back to the giver. But also, nothing of it is to be lost. This money is not to be spent in feeding Woolwich infants with gunpowder. It is to be spent in dressing the earth and keeping it—in feeding human lips—in clothing human bodies—in kindling human souls.

First of all, I say, in dressing the earth. As soon

as the fund reaches any sufficient amount, the Trustees shall buy with it any kind of land offered them at just price in Britain. Rock, moor, marsh, or sea-shore—it matters not what, so it be British ground, and secured to us.

Then, we will ascertain the absolute best that can be made of every acre. We will first examine what flowers and herbs it naturally bears; every wholesome flower that it will grow shall be sown in its wild places, and every kind of fruit tree that can prosper; and arable and pasture land extended by every expedient of tillage, with humble and simple cottage dwellings under faultless sanitary regulation. Whatever piece of land we begin work upon, we shall treat thoroughly at once, putting unlimited manual labor on it, until we have every foot of it under as strict care as a flower garden: and the laborers shall be paid sufficient, unchanging wages; and their children educated compulsorily in agricultural schools inland, and naval schools by the sea; the indispensable first condition of such education being that boys learn either to ride or to sail; the girls to spin, weave, and sew, and at a proper age to cook all ordinary food exquisitely; the youths of both sexes to be disciplined daily in the strictest practice of vocal music; and for morality, to be taught gentleness to all brute creatures—finished courtesy to each other—to speak truth with rigid care—and to obey orders with the precision of slaves. Then, as they get older, they are to learn the natural history of the place they live in—to know Latin, boys and girls both—and the history of five cities: Athens, Rome, Venice, Florence, and London.—*Fors*, I., pp. 109, 110.

THE COMPANY OF MONT ROSE.—Within my St. George's Company,—which shall be of persons still following their own business, wherever they are, but who will give the tenth of what they have, or make, for the purchase of land in England, to be cultivated by hand, as aforesaid in my last May number,—shall be another company, not distinc-

tive, called of "Monte Rosa," or "Mont Rose," because Monte Rosa is the central mountain of the range between north and south Europe, which keeps the gift of the rain of heaven. And the motto or watchword of this company is to be the old French "Mont-joie." And they are to be entirely devoted, according to their power, first to the manual labor of cultivating pure land, and guiding of pure streams and rain to the places where they are needed; and secondly, together with this manual labor, and much by its means, they are to carry on the thoughtful labor of true education, in themselves and of others. And they are not to be monks nor nuns; but are to learn, and teach all fair arts, and sweet order and obedience of life; and to educate the children entrusted to their schools in such practical arts and patient obedience; but not at all, necessarily, in either arithmetic, writing, or reading.—*Fors*, I., p. 229.

CREED OF ST. GEORGE'S GUILD.—I. I trust in the Living God, Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth, and of all things and creatures visible and invisible.

I trust in the kindness of His law, and the goodness of His work.

And I will strive to love Him, and keep His law, and see His work, while I live.

II. I trust in the nobleness of human nature, in the majesty of its faculties, the fulness of its mercy, and the joy of its love.

And I will strive to love my neighbor as myself, and, even when I cannot, will act as if I did.

III. I will labor, with such strength and opportunity as God gives me, for my own daily bread; and all that my hand finds to do, I will do with my might.

IV. I will not deceive, or cause to be deceived, any human being for my gain or pleasure; nor hurt, or cause to be hurt, any human being for my gain or pleasure; nor rob, or cause to be robbed, any human being for my gain or pleasure.

V. I will not kill nor hurt any living creature

needlessly, nor destroy any beautiful thing, but will strive to save and comfort all gentle life, and guard and perfect all natural beauty, upon the earth.

VI. I will strive to raise my own body and soul daily into higher powers of duty and happiness; not in rivalry or contention with others, but for the help, delight, and honor of others, and for the joy and peace of my own life.

VII. I will obey all the laws of my country faithfully; and the orders of its monarch, and of all persons appointed to be in authority under its monarch, so far as such laws or commands are consistent with what I suppose to be the law of God; and when they are not, or seem in anywise to need change, I will oppose them loyally and deliberately, not with malicious, concealed, or disorderly violence.

VIII. And with the same faithfulness, and under the limits of the same obedience which I render to the laws of my country, and the commands of its rulers, I will obey the laws of the Society called of St. George, into which I am this day received; and the orders of its masters, and of all persons appointed to be in authority under its masters, so long as I remain a Companion, called of St. George.—*Fors*, III., p. 40.

IN RUSKIN'S UTOPIA.

It would be part of my scheme of physical education that every youth in the State—from the King's son downwards—should learn to do something finely and thoroughly with his hand, so as to let him know what *touch* meant; and what stout craftsmanship meant; and to inform him of many things besides, which no man can learn but by some severely accurate discipline in doing.—*Time and Tide*, p. 91.

In the case of great old families, which always ought to be, and in some measure, however decadent, still truly are, the noblest monumental archi-

ecture of the kingdom, living temples of sacred tradition and hero's religion, so much land ought to be granted to them in perpetuity as may enable them to live thereon with all circumstances of state and outward nobleness.—*Time and Tide*, p. 100.

All our actual and professed soldiers, whether professed for a time only, or for life, must be kept to hard work of hand, when not in actual war; their honor consisting in being sent to services of more pain and danger than others: to lifeboat service; to redeeming of ground from furious rivers or sea—or mountain ruin; to subduing wild and unhealthy land, and extending the confines of colonies in the front of miasm and famine, and savage races.—*Time and Tide*, p. 119.

MUSIC.—In their first learning of notes, the young people shall be taught the great purpose of music, which is to say a thing that you mean deeply, in the strongest and clearest possible way; and they shall never be taught to sing what they don't mean. They shall be able to sing merrily when they are happy, and earnestly when they are sad; but they shall find no mirth in mockery, nor in obscenity; neither shall they waste and profane their hearts with artificial and lascivious sorrow: Regulations which will bring about some curious changes in piano-playing, and several other things.—*Fors*, I., p. 122.

SUMPTUARY LAWS.—One of the most important conditions of a healthful system of social economy would be the restraint of the properties and incomes of the upper classes within certain fixed limits. The temptation to use every energy in the accumulation of wealth being thus removed, another, and a higher ideal of the duties of advanced life would be necessarily created in the national mind; by withdrawal of those who had attained the prescribed limits of wealth from commercial competition, earlier worldly success, and earlier marriage, with all its beneficent moral results, would become possible to the young; while the older men of active intellect, whose sagacity is now lost or

warped in the furtherance of their own meanest interests, would be induced unselfishly to occupy themselves in the superintendence of public institutions, or furtherance of public advantage.—*Time and Tide*, p. 15.

THE PROFESSIONS IN UTOPIA.—So far from wanting any lawyers, of the kind that live by talking, I shall have the strongest possible objection to their appearance in the country. For doctors, I shall always entertain a profound respect; but when I get my athletic education established, of what help to them will my respect be? They will all starve! And for clergymen, it is true, I shall have a large number of episcopates—one over every hundred families—(and many positions of civil authority also, for civil officers, above them and below), but all these places will involve much hard work, and be anything but covetable; while, of clergymen's usual work—admonition, theological demonstration, and the like—I shall want very little done indeed, and that little done for nothing! for I will allow no man to admonish anybody, until he has previously earned his own dinner by more productive work than admonition.—*Time and Tide*, p. 73.

CO-OPERATIVE TRADE GUILDS.—I use the word co-operation, as opposed, not to masterhood, but to *competition*. I do not mean, for instance, by co-operation, that all the master-bakers in a town are to give a share of their profits to the men who go out with the bread; but that the masters are not to try to undersell each other, nor seek each to get the other's business, but are all to form one society, selling to the public under a common law of severe penalty for unjust dealing, and at an established price. I do not mean that all bankers' clerks should be partners in the bank; but I do mean that all bankers should be members of a great national body, answerable as a society for all deposits; and that the private business of speculating with other people's money should take another name than that of "banking." And, for final in-

stance, I mean by "co-operation" not only fellowships between trading *firms*, but between trading *nations*; so that it shall no more be thought (as it is now, with ludicrous and vain selfishness) an advantage for one nation to undersell another, and take its occupation away from it; but that the primal and eternal law of vital commerce shall be of all men understood—namely, that every nation is fitted by its character, and the nature of its territories, for some particular employments or manufactures; and that it is the true interest of every other nation to encourage it in such specialty, and by no means to interfere with, but in all ways forward and protect its efforts, ceasing all rivalry with it, so soon as it is strong enough to occupy its proper place.—*Time and Tide*, p. 11.

The chief difficulty in the matter would be to fix your standard. This would have to be done by the guild of every trade in its own manner, and within certain easily recognizable limits; and this fixing of standard would necessitate much simplicity in the forms and kinds of articles sold. You could only warrant a certain kind of glazing or painting in china, a certain quality of leather or cloth, bricks of a certain clay, loaves of a defined mixture of meal. Advisable improvements or varieties in manufacture would have to be examined and accepted by the trade guild: when so accepted, they would be announced in public reports; and all puffery and self-proclamation, on the part of tradesmen, absolutely forbidden, as much as the making of any other kind of noise or disturbance.

But observe, this law is only to have force over tradesmen whom I suppose to have joined voluntarily in carrying out a better system of commerce. Outside of their guild, they would have to leave the rogue to puff and cheat as he chose, and the public to be gulled as they chose. All that is necessary is that the said public should clearly know the shops in which they could get warranted articles; and, as clearly, those in which they bought at their own risk.—*Time and Tide*, pp. 57-59.

PART III.

CONDUCT OF LIFE.

A RUSKIN ANTHOLOGY.

PART III.—CONDUCT OF LIFE.

CHAPTER I.

MORALS.

Every great evil brings some good in its backward eddies.—*Lectures on Art*, p. 42.

Youth never yet lost its modesty where age had not lost its honor; nor did childhood ever refuse its reverence, except where age had forgotten correction.—*Lectures on Architecture*, p. 129.

Believe me, every virtue of the higher phases of manly character begins in this;—in truth and modesty before the face of all maidens; in truth and pity, or truth and reverence, to all womanhood. *Crown of Wild Olive*, Lect. III., p. 91.

He only is advancing in life, whose heart is getting softer, whose blood warmer, whose brain quicker, whose spirit is entering into living peace.—*Sesame and Lilies*, p. 67.

Virtue ceases to be such, if expecting reward: it is therefore never materially rewarded. (I ought to have said, except as one of the appointed means of physical and mental health.)—*Fors*, III., p. 220.

Many of our capacities for receiving noblest emotion are abused, in mere idleness, for pleasure's sake, and people take the excitement of a solemn sensation, as they do that of a strong drink.—*Modern Painters*, IV., p. 49.

If you have faithfully loved the noble work of others, you need not fear to speak with respect of things duly done, of your own.—*Athena*, p. 104.

Let the reader be assured of this, that unless important changes are occurring in his opinions continually, all his life long, not one of those opinions can be on any questionable subject true. All true opinions are living, and show their life by being capable of nourishment; therefore of change. But their change is that of a tree—not of a cloud.—*Modern Painters*, V., p. 12.

Ill-got money is always finally spent on the harlot. Look at Hogarth's two 'prentices; the sum of social wisdom is in that bit of rude art-work, if one reads it solemnly.—*Arrows of the Chace*, p. 134.

The automatic amours and involuntary proposals of recent romance acknowledge little further law of morality than the instinct of an insect or the effervescence of a chemical mixture.—*Fiction—Fair and Foul*, p. 17.

Self-sacrifice which is sought after and triumphed in, is usually foolish; and calamitous in its issue; and by the sentimental proclamation and pursuit of it, good people have not only made most of their own lives useless, but the whole framework of their religion hollow.—*Ethics of the Dust*, p. 79.

POETICAL JUSTICE IN MISS EDGEWORTH'S BOOKS.—It is very nice, in the midst of a wild world, to have the very ideal of poetical justice done always to one's hand:—to have everybody found out, who tells lies; and everybody decorated with a red riband who doesn't; and to see the good Laura, who gave away her half sovereign, receiving a grand ovation from an entire dinner party disturbed for the purpose; and poor, dear, little Rosamond, who chooses purple jars instead of new shoes, left at last without either her shoes or her bottle. But it isn't life: and in the way children might easily understand it, it isn't morals.—*Ethics of the Dust*, p. 89.

DEPENDENCE, AND NOT INDEPENDENCE, THE LAW OF LIFE.—The true strength of every human soul is to be dependent on as many nobler as it can discern, and to be depended upon by as many inferior as it can reach.—*Eagle's Nest*, p. 54.

Independence you had better cease to talk of, for you are dependent not only on every act of people whom you never heard of, who are living around you, but on every past act of what has been dust for a thousand years. So also, does the course of a thousand years to come depend upon the little perishing strength that is in you.—*Fors*, I., p. 33.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.—It is only rogues who have a violent objection to being hanged, and only abettors of rogues who would desire anything else for them. Honest men don't in the least mind being hanged occasionally by mistake, so only that the general principle of the gallows be justly maintained; and they have the pleasure of knowing that the world they leave is positively minded to cleanse itself of the human vermin with which they have been classed by mistake. The contrary movement—so vigorously progressive in modern days—has its real root in a gradually increasing conviction on the part of the English nation that they are *all* vermin. (“Worms” is the orthodox Evangelical expression.)—*Fors*, II., p. 100.

I believe it to be quite one of the crowning wickednesses of this age that we have starved and chilled our faculty of indignation, and neither desire nor dare to punish crimes justly.—*Lectures on Art*, p. 60.

Your modern conscience will not incur the responsibility of shortening the hourly more guilty life of a single rogue; but will contentedly fire a salvo of mitrailleuses into a regiment of honest men—leaving Providence to guide the shot.—*Fors*, II., p. 211.

THREE FORMS OF ASCETICISM.—Three principal forms of asceticism have existed in this weak world. Religious asceticism, being the refusal of pleasure and knowledge for the sake (as supposed) of religion; seen chiefly in the middle ages. Military asceticism, being the refusal of pleasure and knowledge for the sake of power; seen chiefly in the early days of Sparta and Rome. And monetary asceticism, consisting in the refusal of pleasure and knowledge for

the sake of money; seen in the present days of London and Manchester.—*Modern Painters*, V., p. 350.

THE NOBLE TOWER NEEDS NO HELP.—Your noble tower must need no help, must be sustained by no crutches, must give place to no suspicion of decrepitude. Its office may be to withstand war, look forth for tidings, or to point to heaven: but it must have in its own walls the strength to do this; it is to be itself a bulwark not to be sustained by other bulwarks; to rise and look forth, “the tower of Lebanon that looketh toward Damascus,” like a stern sentinel, not like a child held up in its nurse’s arms.—*Stones of Venice*, I., p. 206.

LOOKING FACTS FULL IN THE FACE.—As the ignoble person, in his dealings with all that occurs in the world about him, first sees nothing clearly,—looks nothing fairly in the face, and then allows himself to be swept away by the trampling torrent, and unescapable force, of the things that he would not foresee, and could not understand: so the noble person, looking the facts of the world full in the face, and fathoming them with deep faculty, then deals with them in unalarmed intelligence and unhurried strength, and becomes, with his human intellect and will, no unconscious nor insignificant agent, in consummating their good, and restraining their evil.—*The Two Paths*, p. 32.

THE MYSTERY OF LIFE.—“What is your life? It is even as a vapor that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away.” I suppose few people reach the middle or latter period of their age, without having, at some moment of change or disappointment, felt the truth of those bitter words; and been startled by the fading of the sunshine from the cloud of their life, into the sudden agony of the knowledge that the fabric of it was as fragile as a dream, and the endurance of it as transient as the dew. But it is not always that, even at such times of melancholy surprise, we can enter into any true perception that this human life shares, in the nature of it, not only the evanescence, but the mystery of

the cloud; that its avenues are wreathed in darkness, and its forms and courses no less fantastic, than spectral and obscure.—*Mystery of Life*, p. 103.

MELIORISM.—Though faint with sickness, and encumbered in ruin, the true workers redeem inch by inch the wilderness into garden ground; by the help of their joined hands the order of all things is surely sustained and vitally expanded, and although with strange vacillation, in the eyes of the watcher, the morning cometh, and also the night, there is no hour of human existence that does not draw on towards the perfect day.—*Lectures on Art*, p. 64.

THE STRENGTH OF GREECE WAS IN MORAL LIFE.—Scarcely any of the moral power of Greece depended on her admiration of beauty, or strength in the body. The power of Greece depended on practice in military exercise, involving severe and continual ascetic discipline of the senses; on a perfect code of military heroism and patriotic honor; on the desire to live by the laws of an admittedly divine justice; and on the vivid conception of the presence of spiritual beings.—*Eagle's Nest*, p. 130.

PEOPLE WHO ARE ASHAMED OF HONEST WORK.—People usually reason in some such fashion as this: "I don't seem quite fit for a head-manager in the firm of ——— & Co., therefore, in all probability, I am fit to be Chancellor of the Exchequer." Whereas they ought rather to reason thus: "I don't seem to be quite fit to be head-manager in the firm of ——— & Co., but I daresay I might do something in a small green-grocery business; I used to be a good judge of peas;" that is to say, always trying lower instead of trying higher, until they find bottom: once well set on the ground, a man may build up by degrees, safely, instead of disturbing every one in his neighborhood by perpetual catastrophes. *Pre-Raphaelitism*, p. 8.

There are a few, a very few persons born in each generation, whose words are worth hearing; whose art is worth seeing. These born few will preach, or

sing, or paint, in spite of you; they will starve like grasshoppers, rather than stop singing; and even if you don't choose to listen, it is charitable to throw them some crumbs to keep them alive. But the people who take to writing or painting as a means of livelihood, because they think it genteel, are just by so much more contemptible than common beggars, in that they are noisy and offensive beggars. I am quite willing to pay for keeping our poor vagabonds in the workhouse; but not to pay them for grinding organs outside my door, defacing the streets with bills and caricatures, tempting young girls to read rubbishy novels, or deceiving the whole nation to its ruin, in a thousand leagues square of dirtily printed falsehood, every morning at breakfast. Whatever in literature, art, or religion, is done for money, is poisonous itself; and doubly deadly, in preventing the hearing or seeing of the noble literature and art which have been done for love and truth.—*Fors*, III., p. 241.

PROFANITY IN RARE CASES JUSTIFIABLE.—In Mr. Kinglake's "History of the Crimean War," you will find the —th Regiment at Alma is stated to have been materially assisted in maintaining a position quite vital to the battle by the steady imprecation delivered at it by its colonel for half-an-hour on end. No quantity of benediction would have answered the purpose; the colonel might have said, "Bless you, my children," in the tenderest tones, as often as he pleased,—yet not have helped his men to keep their ground.—*Fors*, I., p. 264.

DISLIKE OF LIVE TRUTHS.—We are all of us willing enough to accept dead truths or blunt ones; which can be fitted harmlessly into spare niches, or shrouded and coffined at once out of the way, we holding complacently the cemetery keys, and supposing we have learned something. But a sapling truth, with earth at its root and blossom on its branches; or a trenchant truth, that can cut its way through bars and sods; most men, it seems to me, dislike the sight or entertainment of, if by any

means such guest or vision may be avoided. And, indeed, this is no wonder; for one such truth, thoroughly accepted, connects itself strangely with others, and there is no saying what it may lead us to.—*The Two Paths*, Preface, p. 3.

LAWYERY.—In the trial of Kit in “Pickwick” you have deliberate, artistic, energetic, dishonesty; skilfullest and resolutelest endeavor to prove a crime against an innocent person,—a crime of which, in the case of the boy, the reputed commission will cost him at least the prosperity and honor of his life—more to him than life itself. And this you forgive, or admire, because it is not done in malice, but for money, and in pride of art. Because the assassin is paid,—makes his living in that line of business,—and delivers his thrust with a bravo’s artistic finesse, you think him a respectable person; so much better in style than a passionate one who does his murder gratis, vulgarly, with a club,—Bill Sykes for instance? It is all balanced fairly, as the system goes, you think. “It works round, and two and two make four. He accused an innocent person to-day:—to-morrow he will defend a rascal.”—*Fors*, p. 291.

ADMIRATION, HOPE, AND LOVE.—There are three Material things, not only useful but essential to Life. No one “knows how to live” till he has got them. These are, Pure Air, Water, and Earth. There are three Immaterial things, not only useful but essential to Life. No one knows how to live till he has got them also. These are, Admiration, Hope, and Love.—*Fors*, I., p. 67.

THE UNDOONES AND NOT THE DONES.—Young people will find it well, throughout life, never to trouble themselves about what they ought *not* to do, but about what they *ought* to do. The condemnation given from the judgment throne—most solemnly described—is all for the *undones* and not for the *dones*. People are perpetually afraid of doing wrong; but unless they are doing its reverse energetically, they do it all day long, and the degree does

not matter. The commandments are necessarily negative, because a new set of positive ones would be needed for every person: while the negatives are constant.

But Christ sums them all into two rigorous positions, and the first position for young people is active and attentive kindness to animals, supposing themselves set by God to feed His real sheep and ravens before the time comes for doing either figuratively. There is scarcely any conception left of the character which animals and birds might have if kindly treated in a wild state.—*Arrows of the Chase*, II., p. 131.

You will find it less easy to uproot faults, than to choke them by gaining virtues. Do not think of your faults; still less of others' faults: in every person who comes near you, look for what is good and strong: honor that; rejoice in it; and, as you can, try to imitate it: and your faults will drop off, like dead leaves, when their time comes. If, on looking back, your whole life should seem rugged as a palm-tree stem; still, never mind, so long as it has been growing; and has its grand green shade of leaves, and weight of honied fruit, at top. And even if you cannot find much good in yourself at last, think that it does not much matter to the universe either what you were, or are; think how many people are noble, if you cannot be; and rejoice in *their* nobleness.—*Ethics of the Dust*, p. 67.

REVERENCE.—A man's happiness consists infinitely more in admiration of the faculties of others than in confidence in his own. That reverent admiration is the perfect human gift in him; all lower animals are happy and noble in the degree they can share it. A dog reverences you, a fly does not; the capacity of partly understanding a creature above him, is the dog's nobility.—*Fors*, I., p. 117.

IDLENESS.—There are no chagrins so venomous as the chagrins of the idle; there are no pangs so sickening as the satieties of pleasure: Nay, the bitterest and most enduring sorrow may be borne through

the burden and heat of day bravely to the due time of death, by a true worker.—*Fors*, IV., p. 359.

When men are rightly occupied, their amusement grows out of their work, as the color-petals out of a fruitful flower;—when they are faithfully helpful and compassionate, all their emotions become steady, deep, perpetual, and vivifying to the soul as the natural pulse to the body.—*Sesame and Lilies*, p. 65.

All the vital functions,—and, like the rest and with the rest, the pure and wholesome faculties of the brain,—rise and set with the sun: your digestion and intellect are alike dependent on its beams.—*Eagle's Nest*, p. 71.

Idleness,—this is chief cause, now and always, of evil everywhere; and I see it at this moment, in its deadliest form, out of the window of my quiet English inn. It is the 21st of May, and a bright morning, and the sun shines, for once, warmly on the wall opposite, a low one, of ornamental pattern, imitative in brick of wood-work (as if it had been of wood-work it would, doubtless, have been painted to look like brick). Against this low decorative edifice leans a ruddy-faced English boy of seventeen or eighteen, in a white blouse and brown corduroy trousers, and a domical felt hat; with the sun, as as much as can get under the rim, on his face, and his hands in his pockets; listlessly watching two dogs at play. He is a good boy, evidently, and does not care to turn the play into a fight; * still it is not interesting enough to him, as play, to relieve the extreme distress of his idleness, and he occasionally takes his hands out of his pockets, and claps them at the dogs to startle them. . . .

He leans placidly against the prison-wall this bright Sunday morning, little thinking what a luminous sign-post he is making of himself, and living gnomon of sun-dial, of which the shadow points sharply to the subtlest cause of the fall of France,

* This was at seven in the morning, he had them fighting at half-past nine.

and of England, as is too likely, after her. Your hands in your own pockets, in the morning. That is the beginning of the last day; your hands in other people's pockets at noon; that is the height of the last day; and the jail, ornamented or otherwise (assuredly the great jail of the grave), for the night.—*Fors*, I., pp. 79-81.

FOOLS AND FOOLISH PEOPLE.—There is not, to my mind, a more woful or wonderful matter of thought than the power of a fool. In the world's affairs there is no design so great or good but it will take twenty wise men to help it forward a few inches, and a single fool can stop it; there is no evil so great or so terrible but that, after a multitude of counselors have taken means to avert it, a single fool will bring it down. Pestilence, famine, and the sword, are given into the fool's hand as the arrows into the hand of the giant: and if he were fairly set forth in the right motley, the web of it should be sackcloth and sable; the bells on his cap, passing-bells; his badge, a bear robbed of her whelps; and his bauble, a sexton's spade.—*Modern Painters*, IV., p. 415.

The crabby, or insect-like, joint, which you get in seaweeds and cacti, means either that the plant is to be dragged and wagged here and there at the will of waves, and to have no spring nor mind of its own; or else that it has at least no springy intention and elasticity of purpose, but only a knobby, knotty, prickly, malignant stubbornness, and incoherent opiniativeness; crawling about, and coggling, and grovelling, and aggregating anyhow, like the minds of so many people whom one knows! —*Proserpina*, p. 113.

There are always a number of people who have the nature of stones; they fall on other persons and crush them. Some again have the nature of weeds, and twist about other people's feet and entangle them. More have the nature of logs, and lie in the way, so that every one falls over them. And most of all have the nature of thorns, and set themselves

by waysides, so that every passer-by must be torn, and all good seed choked; or perhaps make wonderful crackling under various pots, even to the extent of practically boiling water and working pistons.—*Modern Painters*, V., p. 180.

CONSCIENCE.—“I must do what *I* think right.” How often is this sentence uttered and acted on—bravely—nobly—innocently; but always—because of its egotism—erringly. You must not do what *you* think right, but, whether you or anybody think, or don't think it, what *is* right.

“I must act according to the dictates of my conscience.”

By no means, my conscientious friend, unless you are quiet sure that yours is not the conscience of an ass.

“I am doing my best—what can man do more?”

You might be doing much less, and yet much better:—perhaps you are doing your best in producing, or doing, an eternally bad thing.—*Fors*, II., p. 420.

A RIGHT ACTION NOT ALWAYS TO BE IMITATED.—It is not only possible, but a frequent condition of human action, to *do* right and *be* right—yet so as to mislead other people if they rashly imitate the thing done. For there are many rights which are not absolutely, but relatively right—right only for *that* person to do under those circumstances,—not for *this* person to do under other circumstances.—*The Two Paths*, p. 135.

THE GOOD SEED OF LIFE CHOKED BY WEEDS AND NETTLES.—It is the sorrowful law of this universe that evil, even unconscious and unintended, never fails of *its* effect; and in a state where the evil and the good, under conditions of individual “liberty,” are allowed to contend together, not only every *stroke* on the Devil's side tells—but every *slip* (the mistakes of wicked men being as mischievous as their successes); while on the side of right, there will be much direct and fatal defeat, and, even of its measures of victory, half will be fruitless.

It is true, of course, that, in the end of ends, nothing but the right conquers: the prevalent thorns of wrong at last crackle away in indiscriminate flame: and of the good seed sown, one grain in a thousand, at last, verily comes up, and somebody lives by it; but most of our great teachers—not excepting Carlyle and Emerson themselves—are a little too encouraging in their proclamation of this comfort, not, to my mind, very sufficient, when for the present our fields are full of nothing but nettles and thistles, instead of wheat; and none of them seem to me yet to have enough insisted on the inevitable power and infectiousness of all evil, and the easy and utter extinguishableness of good. Medicine often fails of its effect—but poison never: and while, in summing the observation of past life, not unwatchfully spent, I can truly say that I have a thousand times seen patience disappointed of her hope, and wisdom of her aim, I have never yet seen folly fruitless of mischief, nor vice conclude but in calamity.—*Time and Tide*, p. 51.

LITTLE HABITS.—Every one of those notable ravines and crags is the expression, not of any sudden violence done to the mountain, but of its little *habits*, persisted in continually. It was created with one ruling instinct; but its destiny depended nevertheless, for effective result, on the direction of the small and all but invisible tricklings of water, in which the first shower of rain found its way down its sides. The feeblest, most insensible oozings of the drops of dew among its dust were in reality arbiters of its eternal form; commissioned, with a touch more tender than that of a child's finger,—as silent and slight as the fall of a half-checked tear on a maiden's cheek,—to fix forever the forms of peak and precipice, and hew those leagues of lifted granite into the shapes that were to divide the earth and its kingdoms. Once the little stone evaded,—once the dim furrow traced,—and the peak was for ever invested with its majesty, the ravine for ever doomed to its degradation. Thencefor-

ward, day by day, the subtle habit gained in power; the evaded stone was left with wider basement; the chosen furrow deepened with swifter-sliding wave; repentance and arrest were alike impossible, and hour after hour saw written in larger and rockier characters upon the sky, the history of the choice that had been directed by a drop of rain, and of the balance that had been turned by a grain of sand.—*Modern Painters*, IV., p. 232.

Whenever you hear a man dissuading you from attempting to do well, on the ground that perfection is "Utopian," beware of that man. Cast the word out of your dictionary altogether. There is no need for it. Things are either possible or impossible—you can easily determine which, in any given state of human science. If the thing is impossible, you need not trouble yourselves about it; if possible, try for it. It is very Utopian to hope for the entire doing away with drunkenness and misery out of the Cannongate; but the Utopianism is not our business—the *work* is.—*Lectures on Architecture*, p. 42.

No man ever knew, or can know, what will be the ultimate result to himself, or to others, of any given line of conduct. But every man may know, and most of us do know, what is a just and unjust act. And all of us may know also, that the consequences of justice will be ultimately the best possible, both to others and ourselves, though we can neither say what *is* best, nor how it is likely to come to pass.—*Unto This Last*, p. 14.

The Nemean Lion is the first great adversary of life, whatever that may be—to Hercules, or to any of us, then or now. The first monster we have to strangle, or be destroyed by, fighting in the dark, and with none to help us, only Athena standing by to encourage with her smile. Every man's Nemean Lion lies in wait for him somewhere. The slothful man says, there is a lion in the path. He says well. The quiet *unslothful* man says the same, and knows it too. But they differ in their farther reading of

the text. The slothful man says, *I* shall be slain, and the unslothful, *It* shall be. It is the first ugly and strong enemy that rises against us, all future victory depending on victory over that. Kill it; and through all the rest of life, what was once dreadful is your armor, and you are clothed with that conquest for every other, and helmed with its crest of fortitude for evermore.—*Athena*, p. 127.

SAINTSHIP.—The ordinary needs and labors of life, the ordinary laws of its continuance, require many states of temper and phases of character, inconsistent with the perfectest types of Christianity. Pointed crystals cannot be made sea-beaches of,—or they must lose their points. Pride, the desire of bodily pleasure, anger, ambition,—at least so far as the word implies a natural pleasure in governing,—pugnacity, obstinacy, and the selfish family and personal affections, have all their necessary offices,—for the most part, wide and constant,—in the economy of the world. The saintly virtues, humility, resignation, patience (in the sense of feeling no anger), obedience (meaning the love of obeying rather than of commanding), fortitude against all temptation of bodily pleasure, and the full-flowing charity which forbids a selfish love,—are all conditions of mind possible to few and manifestly meant to furnish forth those who are to be seen as fixed lights in the world;—and by no means to be the native inheritance of all its fire-flies. Wherever these virtues truly and naturally exist, the persons endowed with them become, without any doubt or difficulty, eminent in blessing to, and in rule over, the people round them; and are thankfully beloved and remembered as Princes of God for evermore. . . . The most imperative practical corollary which must follow from our rightly understanding these things, is that, seeing the first of the saintly virtues is Humility. Nobody must set themselves up to be a saint. . . . For so it is, that the white robes of daily humanity are always in some way or other a little the worse for the wear; and to

keep them wholly unspotted from the world, and hold the cross in the right hand, and palm in the left, steadily through all the rough walking of it, is granted to very, very few creatures that live by breath and bread.—*Roadside Songs of Tuscany*, II., p. 38.

AFFILIATING WITH ROGUES.—For the failure of all good people nowadays is that, associating politely with wicked persons, countenancing them in their wickedness, and often joining in it, they think to avert its consequences by collaterally laboring to repair the ruin it has caused; and while, in the morning, they satisfy their hearts by ministering to the wants of two or three destitute persons, in the evening they dine with, envy, and prepare themselves to follow the example of the rich speculator who has caused the destitution of two or three thousand. They are thus destroying more in hours than they can amend in years; or, at the best, vainly feeding the famine-struck populations, in the rear of a devouring army, always on the increase in mass of numbers, and rapidity of march. . .

Of every person of your acquaintance, you are solemnly to ask yourselves, “*Is this man a swindler, a liar, a gambler, an adulterer, a selfish oppressor, and taskmaster?*” Don’t suppose you can’t tell. You can tell with perfect ease; or, if you meet any mysterious personage of whom it proves difficult to ascertain whether he be rogue or not, keep clear of him till you know. With those whom you *know* to be honest, *know* to be innocent, *know* to be striving, with main purpose, to serve mankind and honor their God, you are humbly and lovingly to associate yourselves: and with none others.—*Fors*, III., p. 149.

THE CROSS IS FITTED TO THE BACK.—Taking up one’s cross means simply that you are to go the road which you see to be the straight one; carrying whatever you find is given you to carry, as well and stoutly as you can; without making faces, or calling people to come and look at you. Above all,

you are neither to load nor unload yourself; nor cut your cross to you own liking. Some people think it would be better for them to have it large; and many, that they could carry it much faster if it were small; and even those who like it largest are usually very particular about its being ornamental, and made of the best ebony. But all that you have really to do is to keep your back as straight as you can; and not think about what is upon it—above all, not to boast of what is upon it.—*Ethics of the Dust*, p. 89.

THE MODERN TEN COMMANDMENTS.—“Thou shalt have any other god but me. Thou shalt worship every beastly imagination on earth and under it. Thou shalt take the name of the Lord in vain to mock the poor, for the Lord will hold him guiltless who rebukes and gives not; thou shalt remember the Sabbath day to keep it profane; thou shalt dishonor thy father and thy mother; thou shalt kill, and kill by the million, with all thy might and mind and wealth spent in machinery for multifold killing; thou shalt look on every woman to lust after her; thou shalt steal, and steal from morning till evening,—the evil from the good, and the rich from the poor; * thou shalt live by continual lying in million-fold sheets of lies (newspaper); and covet thy neighbor's house, and country, and wealth, and fame, and everything that is his.” And finally, by word of the Devil, in short summary, through Adam Smith, “A new commandment give I unto you: that ye hate one another.”—*Fors*, IV., p. 48.

A NEW KIND OF TOMBSTONES.—How beautiful the variety of sepulchral architecture might be, in any extensive place of burial, if the public would meet the small expense of thus expressing its opinions, in a verily instructive manner; and if some of the tombstones accordingly terminated in fools' caps; and others, instead of crosses or cherubs,

* Stealing by the poor from the rich is of course still forbidden, and even in a languid way by the poor from the poor; but every form of theft, forbidden and approved, is practically on the increase.

bore engravings of cats-of-nine-tails, as typical of the probable methods of entertainment, in the next world, of the persons, not, it is to be hoped, reposing, below.—*Fors*, I., p. 214.

IMAGINATION THE BASIS OF SYMPATHY.—People would instantly care for others as well as themselves if only they could *imagine* others as well as themselves. Let a child fall into the river before the roughest man's eyes;—he will usually do what he can to get it out, even at some risk to himself; and all the town will triumph in the saving of one little life. Let the same man be shown that hundreds of children are dying of fever for want of some sanitary measure which it will cost him trouble to urge, and he will make no effort; and probably all the town would resist him if he did.—*Lectures on Art*, p. 63.

The imaginative understanding of the natures of others, and the power of putting ourselves in their place, is the faculty on which the virtue depends. So that an unimaginative person can neither be reverent nor kind. The main use of works of fiction, and of the drama, is to supply, as far as possible, the defect of this imagination in common minds.—*Fors*, II., p. 79.

IMPOSSIBLE TO BE TOO SENSITIVE.—The ennobling difference between one man and another,—between one animal and another,—is precisely in this, that one feels more than another. If we were sponges, perhaps sensation might not be easily got for us; if we were earth-worms, liable at every instant to be cut in two by the spade, perhaps too much sensation might not be good for us. But, being human creatures, it *is* good for us; nay, we are only human in so far as we are sensitive, and our honor is precisely in proportion to our passion.—*Sesame and Lilies*, p. 48.

CARK AND CARE WEAR OUT OUR POWERS.—My dear friend and teacher, Lowell—right as he is in almost everything—is for once wrong in these lines, though with a noble wrongness:—

“Disappointment’s dry and bitter root,
Envy’s harsh berries, and the choking pool
Of the world’s scorn, are the right mother-milk
To the tough hearts that pioneer their kind.”

They are not so; love and trust are the only mother-milk of any man’s soul. So far as he is hated and mistrusted, his powers are destroyed. —*Modern Painters*, V., p. 373.

SWISS COTTAGES AND PEASANTS. — Is it not strange to reflect, that hardly an evening passes in London or Paris but one of those cottages is painted for the better amusement of the fair and idle, and shaded with pasteboard pines by the scene-shifter; and that good and kind people,—poetically minded,—delight themselves in imagining the happy life led by peasants who dwell by Alpine fountains, and kneel to crosses upon peaks of rock? that nightly we lay down our gold to fashion forth simulacra of peasants, in gay ribands and white bodices, singing sweet songs, and bowing gracefully to the picturesque crosses; and all the while the veritable peasants are kneeling, songlessly, to veritable crosses, in another temper than the kind and fair audiences dream of, and assuredly with another kind of answer than is got out of the opera catastrophe; an answer having reference, it may be, in dim futurity, to those very audiences themselves? If all the gold that has gone to paint the simulacra of the cottages, and to put new songs in the mouths of the simulacra of the peasants, had gone to brighten the existant cottages, and to put new songs into the mouths of the existant peasants, it might in the end, perhaps, have turned out better so, not only for the peasants, but for even the audience. For that form of the False Ideal has also its correspondent True Ideal,—consisting not in the naked beauty of statues, nor in the gauze flowers and crackling tinsel of theatres, but in the clothed and fed beauty of living men and in the lights and laughs of happy homes. Night after night, the desire of such an ideal springs up in every idle human heart; and night after night, as

far as idleness can, we work out this desire in costly lies. We paint the faded actress, build the lath landscape, feed our benevolence with fallacies of felicity, and satisfy our righteousness with poetry of justice. The time will come when, as the heavy-folded curtain falls upon our own stage of life, we shall begin to comprehend that the justice we loved was intended to have been done in fact, and not in poetry, and the felicity we sympathized in, to have been bestowed and not feigned. We talk much of money's worth, yet perhaps may one day be surprised to find that what the wise and charitable European public gave to one night's rehearsal of hypocrisy—to one hour's pleasant warbling of Linda or Lucia—would have filled the whole Alpine Valley with happiness, and poured the waves of harvest over the famine of many a Lammermoor.—*Modern Painters*, IV., p. 343, 344.

THE CASKET-TALISMANS, OR INVISIBLE GOLD.—If there were two valleys in California or Australia, with two different kinds of gravel in the bottom of them; and in the one stream-bed you could dig up, occasionally and by good fortune, nuggets of gold; and in the other stream-bed, certainly and without hazard, you could dig up little caskets, containing talismans which gave length of days and peace, and alabaster vases of precious balms, which were better than the Arabian Dervish's ointment, and made not only the eyes to see, but the mind to know whatever it would,—I wonder in which of the stream-beds there would be most diggers? . . .

Health is money, wit is money, knowledge is money; and all your health, and wit, and knowledge may be changed for gold; and the happy goal so reached, of a sick, insane, and blind, auriferous old age; but the gold cannot be changed in its turn back into health and wit.—*Time and Tide*, pp. 65, 66.

A man's hand may be full of invisible gold, and the wave of it, or the grasp, shall do more than another's with a shower of bullion. This invisible

gold, also, does not necessarily diminish in spending. Political economists will do well some day to take heed of it, though they cannot take measure.—*Unto This Last*, p. 41.

CHARITIES.—All measures of reformation are effective in exact proportion to their timeliness: partial decay may be cut away and cleansed; incipient error corrected: but there is a point at which corruption can no more be stayed, nor wandering recalled. It has been the manner of modern philanthropy to remain passive until that precise period, and to leave the sick to perish and the foolish to stray, while it spent itself in frantic exertions to raise the dead, and reform the dust.—*Athena*, p. 95.

If, suddenly, in the midst of the enjoyments of the palate and lightnesses of heart of a London dinner-party, the walls of the chamber were parted, and through their gap, the nearest human beings who were famishing, and in misery, were borne into the midst of the company—feasting and fancy-free—if, pale with sickness, horrible in destitution, broken by despair, body by body, they were laid upon the soft carpet, one beside the chair of every guest, would only the crumbs of the dainties be cast to them—would only a passing glance, a passing thought be vouchsafed to them?—*Opening of the Crystal Palace*, p. 13.

LETTER TO THOMAS POCOCK.—The reason I never answered was—I now [July 1879] find—the difficulty of explaining my fixed principle never to join in any invalid charities. All the foolish world is ready to help in *them*; and will spend large incomes in trying to make idiots think, and the blind read, but will leave the noblest intellects to go to the Devil, and the brightest eyes to remain spiritually blind forever! All *my* work is to help those who *have* eyes and see not. Ever faithfully yours, J. RUSKIN.*

* A letter sent by Mr. Ruskin to the Secretary of the Protestant Blind Pension Society in answer to an application for subscriptions.

I must add that, to *my* mind, the prefix of "Protestant" to your society's name indicates far *stonier* blindness than any it will relieve.—*Arrows of the Chace*, II., p. 129.

THE BEAUTY OF UNCOMPLAINING LABOR.—Yonder poor horse, calm slave in daily chains at the railroad siding, who drags the detached rear of the train to the front again, and slips aside so deftly as the buffers meet; and, within eighteen inches of death every ten minutes, fulfils his dexterous and changeless duty all day long, content for eternal reward with his night's rest and his champed mouthful of hay;—anything more earnestly moral and beautiful one cannot imagine—I never see the creature without a kind of worship.—*Time and Tide*, p. 23.

COUNTRYMAN AND CIT.—It is a sorrowful proof of the mistaken ways of the world that the "country," in the simple sense of a place of fields and trees, has hitherto been the source of reproach to its inhabitants, and that the words "countryman," "rustic," "clown," "paysan," "villager," still signify a rude and untaught person, as opposed to the words "townsman," and "citizen." We accept this usage of words, or the evil which it signifies, somewhat too quietly; as if it were quite necessary and natural that country-people should be rude, and towns-people gentle. Whereas I believe that the result of each mode of life may, in some stages of the world's progress, be the exact reverse; and that another use of words may be forced upon us by a new aspect of facts, so that we may find ourselves saying: "Such and such a person is very gentle and kind—he is quite rustic; and such and such another person is very rude and ill-taught—he is quite urban."—*Modern Painters*, V., p. 18.

DOMESTIC SERVANTS.

The relation of master and servant involves every other—touches every condition of moral health

through the State. Put that right, and you put all right. . . .

There are broadly two ways of making good servants; the first, a sound, wholesome, thorough-going slavery—which was the heathen way, and no bad one either, provided you understand that to make real “slaves” you must make yourself a real “master” (which is not easy). The second is the Christian’s way: “Whoso delicately bringeth up his servant from a child, shall have him become his son at the last.” And as few people want their servants to become their sons, this is not a way to their liking. So that, neither having courage or self-discipline enough on the one hand to make themselves nobly dominant after the heathen fashion, nor tenderness or justice enough to make themselves nobly protective after the Christian, the present public thinks to manufacture servants bodily out of powder and hay-stuffing—mentally by early instillation of Catechism and other mechanico-religious appliances—and economically, as you helplessly suggest, by the law of supply and demand, with such results as we all see, and most of us more or less feel, and shall feel daily more and more to our cost and selfish sorrow.

There is only one way to have good servants; that is, to be worthy of being well served. All nature and all humanity will serve a good master and rebel against an ignoble one. And there is no surer test of the quality of a nation than the quality of its servants, for they are their masters’ shadows and distort their faults in a flattened mimicry. . . .

I am somewhat conceited on the subject of servants just now, because I have a gardener who lets me keep old-fashioned plants in the green-house, understands that my cherries are grown for the blackbirds, and sees me gather a bunch of my own grapes without making a wry face.—*Arrows of the Chace*, II., pp. 90-94,

All the “flunkey-ism,” and “servant-gal-ism” of modern days, is the exact reflection of the same

qualities in the masters and mistresses. A gentleman always makes his servants gentle.—*Roadside Songs of Tuscany*, II., p. 78.

If you keep slaves to furnish forth your dress—to glut your stomach—to sustain your indolence—or deck your pride, you are a barbarian. If you keep servants, properly cared for, to furnish you with what you verily want, and no more than that—you are a “civil” person—a person capable of the qualities of citizenship.—*Time and Tide*, p. 90.

Consider, for instance, what I am doing at this very instant—half-past seven, morning, 25th February, 1873. It is a bitter black frost, the ground deep in snow, and more falling. I am writing comfortably in a perfectly warm room; some of my servants were up in the cold at half-past five to get it ready for me; others, a few days ago, were digging my coals near Durham, at the risk of their lives; an old woman brought me my water-cresses through the snow for breakfast yesterday; another old woman is going two miles through it to-day to fetch me my letters at ten o’clock. Half-a-dozen men are building a wall for me, to keep the sheep out of my garden, and a railroad stoker is holding his own against the north wind to fetch me some Brobdignag raspberry plants to put in it. Somebody in the east-end of London is making boots for me, for I can’t wear those I have much longer; a washerwoman is in suds, somewhere, to get me a clean shirt for to-morrow; a fisherman is in dangerous weather, somewhere, catching me some fish for Lent; and my cook will soon be making me pancakes, for it is Shrove Tuesday. Having written this sentence, I go to the fire, warm my fingers, saunter a little, listlessly, about the room, and grumble because I can’t see to the other side of the lake.

And all these people, my serfs or menials, who are undergoing any quantity or kind of hardship I choose to put on them,—all these people, nevertheless, are more contented than I am; I can’t be happy, not I,—for one thing, because I haven’t got

the MS. Additional (never mind what number), in the British Museum, which they bought in 1848, for two hundred pounds, and I never saw it! And have never been easy in my mind, since.—*Fors*, I., p. 398.

THE LIQUOR QUESTION.

The providence of the Father who would fill men's hearts with food and gladness is destroyed among us by prostitution of joyless drink; and the never to be enough damned guilt of men, and governments, gathering pence at the corners of the streets, standing there, pot in hand, crying, "Turn in hither; come, eat of my evil bread, and drink of my beer, which I have venomously mingled."—*Fors*, II., p. 123.

The sum you spend in liquors, and in tobacco, annually, is *One Hundred and Fifty-six Millions of Pounds*; on which the pure profit of the richer classes (putting the lower alehouse gains aside) is, roughly, a hundred millions. That is the way the rich Christian Englishman provides against the Day of Judgment, expecting to hear his Master say to him, "I was thirsty—and ye gave me drink—Two shillings' worth for twenty-seven and sixpence."—*Fors*, I., p. 383.

Suppose even in the interest of science, to which you are all so devoted, I were myself to bring into this lecture-room a country lout of the stupidest,—the sort whom you produce by Church of England education, and then do all you can to get emigrated out of your way; fellows whose life is of no use to them, nor anybody else; and that—always in the interests of science—I were to lance just the least drop out of that beast's [an asp's] tooth into his throat, and let you see him swell, and choke, and get blue and blind, and gasp himself away—you wouldn't all sit quiet there, and have it so done—would you?—in the interests of science. . . .

Well; but how then if in your own interests?

Suppose the poor lout had his week's wages in his pocket—thirty shillings or so; and, after his inoculation, I were to pick his pocket of them; and then order in a few more louts, and lance their throats likewise, and pick their pockets likewise, and divide the proceeds of, say, a dozen of poisoned louts, among you all, after lecture: for the seven or eight hundred of you, I could perhaps get sixpence each out of a dozen of poisoned louts; yet you would still feel the proceedings painful to your feelings, and wouldn't take the sixpen'orth—would you. . .

Well, I know a village, some few miles from Oxford, numbering of inhabitants some four hundred louts, in which my own College of the Body of Christ keeps the public-house, and therein sells—by its deputy—such poisoned beer that the Rector's wife told me, only the day before yesterday, that she sent for some to take out a stain in a dress with, and couldn't touch the dress with it, it was so filthy with salt and acid, to provoke thirst; and that while the public-house was there she had no hope of doing any good to the men, who always prepared for Sunday by a fight on Saturday night. And that my own very good friend the Bursar, and we the Fellows, of Corpus, being appealed to again and again to shut up that tavern, the answer is always, "The College can't afford it: we can't give up that fifty pounds a year, out of those peasant sots' pockets, and yet, 'as a College,' live."—*Deucalion*, pp. 200, 201.

TOBACCO.—It is not easy to estimate the demoralizing effect on the youth of Europe of the cigar, in enabling them to pass their time happily in idleness.—*Athena*, p. 63.

Tobacco, the most accursed of all vegetables, the one that has destroyed for the present even the possibility of European civilization.—*Proserpina*, p. 78.

BETTING.—Of all the ungentlemanly habits into which you can fall, the vilest is betting, or interesting yourselves in the issues of betting. It unites nearly every condition of folly and vice; you con-

concentrate your interest upon a matter of chance, instead of upon a subject of true knowledge; and you back opinions which you have no grounds for forming, merely because they are your own. All the insolence of egotism is in this; and so far as the love of excitement is complicated with the hope of winning money, you turn yourselves into the basest sort of tradesmen—those who live by speculation.—*Crown of Wild Olive*, Lect. III., p. 90.

RUNNING UP BILLS.—I would rather, ten times rather, hear of a youth that (certain degrees of temptation and conditions of resistance being understood), he had fallen into any sin you chose to name, of all the mortal ones, than that he was in the habit of running up bills which he could not pay.—*Time and Tide*, p. 117.

GENTLEMANLINESS AND VULGARITY.

Vulgarity consists in a deadness of the heart and body, resulting from prolonged, and especially from inherited conditions of "degeneracy," or literally "nursing;"—gentlemanliness, being another word for an intense humanity. And vulgarity shows itself primarily in dulness of heart, not in rage or cruelty, but in inability to feel or conceive noble character or emotion. . . . It is merely one of the forms of Death.

The illiterateness of a Spanish or Calabrian peasant is not vulgar, because they had never an opportunity of acquiring letters; but the illiterateness of an English school-boy is. So again, provincial dialect is not vulgar; but cockney dialect, the corruption, by blunted sense, of a finer language continually heard, is so in a deep degree. . . .

WHAT CONSTITUTES A GENTLEMAN.—A gentleman's first characteristic is that fineness of structure in the body, which renders it capable of the most delicate sensation; and of structure in the mind which renders it capable of the most delicate sympathies—one may say, simply, "fineness of na-

ture." This is, of course, compatible with heroic bodily strength and mental firmness; in fact, heroic strength is not conceivable without such delicacy. Elephantine strength may drive its way through a forest and feel no touch of the boughs; but the white skin of Homer's Atrides would have felt a bent rose-leaf, yet subdue its feeling in glow of battle, and behave itself like iron. . . .

A perfect gentleman is never reserved, but sweetly and entirely open, so far as it is good for others, or possible, that he should be. In a great many respects it is impossible that he should be open except to men of his own kind. To them, he can open himself, by a word, or syllable, or a glance; but to men not of his kind he cannot open himself, though he tried it through an eternity of clear grammatical speech. . . . Whatever he said, a vulgar man would misinterpret: no words that he could use would bear the same sense to the vulgar man that they do to him. If he used any, the vulgar man would go away saying, "He had said so and so, and meant so and so" (something assuredly he never meant); but he keeps silence, and the vulgar man goes away saying, "He didn't know what to make of him." Which is precisely the fact, and the only fact which he is anywise able to announce to the vulgar man concerning himself.

There is yet another quite as efficient cause of the apparent reserve of a gentleman. His sensibility being constant and intelligent, it will be seldom that a feeling touches him, however acutely, but it has touched him in the same way often before, and in some sort is touching him always. It is not that he feels little, but that he feels habitually; a vulgar man having some heart at the bottom of him, if you can by talk or by sight fairly force the pathos of anything down to his heart, will be excited about it and demonstrative; the sensation of pity being strange to him, and wonderful. But your gentleman has walked in pity all day long; the tears have never been out of his eyes: you thought the eyes were bright only; but they were wet. You

tell him a sorrowful story, and his countenance does not change; the eyes can but be wet still; he does not speak, neither, there being, in fact, nothing to be said, only something to be done; some vulgar person, beside you both, goes away saying, "How hard he is!" Next day he hears that the hard person has put good end to the sorrow he said nothing about;—and then he changes his wonder, and exclaims, "How reserved he is!"

Self-command is often thought a characteristic of high-breeding: and to a certain extent it is so, at least it is one of the means of forming and strengthening character; but it is rather a way of imitating a gentleman than a characteristic of him; a true gentleman has no need of self-command; he simply feels rightly on all occasions: and desiring to express only so much of his feeling as it is right to express, does not need to command himself.

THE LETTERS OF THE ALPHABET IN ART.—One of the most curious minor questions in this matter is respecting the vulgarity of excessive neatness, complicating itself with inquiries into the distinction between base neatness, and the perfectness of good execution in the fine arts. It will be found on final thought that precision and exquisiteness of arrangement are always noble; but become vulgar only when they arise from an equality (insensibility) of temperament, which is incapable of fine passion, and is set ignobly, and with a dullard mechanism, on accuracy in vile things. In the finest Greek coins, the letters of the inscriptions are purposely coarse and rude, while the reliefs are wrought with inestimable care. But in an English coin, the letters are the best done, and the whole is unredeemably vulgar. . . .

Letters are always ugly things. Titian often wanted a certain quantity of ugliness to oppose his beauty with, as a certain quantity of black to oppose his color. He could regulate the size and quantity of inscription as he liked; and, therefore, made it as neat—that is, as effectively ugly—as pos-

sible. But the Greek sculptor could not regulate either size or quantity of inscription. Legible it must be to common eyes, and contain an assigned group of words. He had more ugliness than he wanted, or could endure. There was nothing for it but to make the letters themselves rugged and picturesque; to give them, that is, a certain quantity of organic variety.—*Modern Painters*, V., pp. 284, 298.

CHAPTER II.

RELIGION.*

I do not myself believe in Evangelical theology.—*Fors*, II., p. 4.

I have been horribly plagued and misguided by evangelical people, all my life; and most of all lately; but my mother was one, and my Scotch aunt; and I have yet so much of the superstition left in me, that I can't help sometimes doing as evangelical people wish,—for all I know it comes to nothing.—*Fors*, II., p. 184.

All piety begins in modesty. You must feel that you are a very little creature, and that you had better do as you are bid. You will then begin to think what you are bid to do, and who bids it.—*Val D'Arno*, p. 104.

The question to my mind most requiring discussion and explanation is not, why workmen don't go to church, but—why other people do.—*Time and Tide*, p. 65.

Perhaps if, in this garden of the world, you would leave off telling its Master your opinions of him, and, much more, your quarrelling about your opinions of him; but would simply trust him, and

* See also the Introduction.

mind your own business modestly, he might have more satisfaction in you than he has had yet these eighteen hundred and seventy-one years, or than he seems likely to have in the eighteen hundred and seventy-second.—*Fors*, I., p. 162.

I write this morning, wearily, and without spirit, being nearly deaf with the bell-ringing and bawling which goes on here, at Florence, ceaselessly, in advertisement of prayers, and wares; as if people could not wait on God for what they wanted, but God had to ring for them, like waiters, for what *He* wanted: and as if they could think of nothing they were in need of, till the need was suggested to them by bellowing at their doors, or bill-posting on their house-corners.—*Fors*, I., pp. 275, 276.

IN MEMORIAM.—Respect for the dead is not really shown by laying great stones on them to tell us where they are laid; but by remembering where they are laid, without a stone to help us; trusting them to the sacred grass and saddened flowers.—*A Joy For Ever*, p. 47.

THE VICE AND IGNORANCE OF THE MODERN EVANGELICAL SECT.—They consist especially in three things: First, in declaring a bad translation of a group of books of various qualities, accidentally associated, to be the “Word of God.” Secondly, reading, of this singular “Word of God,” only the bits they like; and never taking any pains to understand even those. Thirdly, resolutely refusing to practice even the very small bits they do understand, if such practice happen to go against their own worldly—especially money—interests.—*Fors*, II., p. 101.

THE EXISTENCE OF GOD.—It never seems to strike any of our religious teachers, that if a child has a father living, it either *knows* it has a father, or does not: it does not “believe” it has a father. We should be surprised to see an intelligent child standing at its garden gate, crying out to the passers-by: “I believe in my father, because he built this house.”—*Modern Painters*, V., p. 271.

MANUFACTORY CHIMNEYS.—The obelisks of our English religion.—*Fors*, II., p. 367.

HEAVEN.—Can you answer a single bold question unflinchingly about that other world—Are you sure there is a heaven? Sure there is a hell? Sure that men are dropping before your faces through the pavements of these streets into eternal fire, or sure that they are not? Sure that at your own death you are going to be delivered from all sorrow, to be endowed with all virtue, to be gifted with all fecility, and raised into perpetual companionship with a King, compared to whom the kings of the earth are as grasshoppers, and the nations as the dust of His feet? Are you sure of this?—*Mystery of Life*, p. 111.

VICARIOUS SALVATION.—There are briefly two, and two only, forms of possible Christian, Pagan, or any other Gospel, or “good message:” one, that men are saved by themselves doing what is right; and the other, that they are saved by believing that somebody else did right instead of them. The first of these Gospels is eternally true, and holy; the other eternally false, damnable, and damning.—*Fors*, III., p. 17.

FATHER DOLLAR.—The creed of the Dark Ages was, “I believe in one God, the Father Almighty, Maker of Heaven and Earth;” and the creed of the Light Ages has become, “I believe in Father Mud, the Almighty Plastic; and in Father Dollar, the Almighty Drastic.”—*Fors*, IV., p. 281.

THE FIRST RECORDED WORDS OF VENICE.—Inscriptions discovered by Mr. Ruskin on the church of St. James of the Rialto:

“Be thy Cross, O Christ, the true safety of this place.”

“Around this temple, let the merchant’s law be just—his weights true, and his agreements guileless.”—*Fors*, IV., p. 17.

ENGLISH RELIGION A MOCKERY.—Notably, within the last hundred years, all religion has perished

from the practically active national mind of France and England. No statesman in the senate of either country would dare to use a sentence out of their acceptedly divine Revelation, as having now a literal authority over them for their guidance, or even a suggestive wisdom for their contemplation. England, especially, has cast her Bible full in the face of her former God; and proclaimed, with open challenge to Him, her resolved worship of His declared enemy, Mammon. All the arts, therefore, founded on religion—and sculpture chiefly—are here in England effete and corrupt, to a degree which arts never were hitherto in the history of mankind.—*Aratra Pentelici*, p. 38.

Even your simple country Queen of May, whom once you worshipped for a goddess—has not little Mr. Faraday analyzed her, and proved her to consist of charcoal and water, combined under what the Duke of Argyll calls the “reign of law?” Your once fortune-guiding stars, which used to twinkle in a mysterious manner, and to make you wonder what they were—everybody knows what they are now: only hydrogen gas; and they stink as they twinkle.—*Fors*, II., p. 199.

The dramatic Christianity of the organ and aisle, of dawn-service and twilight-revival . . . this gas-lighted, and gas-inspired, Christianity, we are triumphant in, and draw back the hem of our robes from the touch of the heretics who dispute it. But to do a piece of common Christian righteousness in a plain English word or deed; to make Christian law any rule of life, and found one national act or hope thereon,—we know too well what our faith comes to for that.—*Sesame and Lilies*, p. 64.

Truly it is fine Christianity we have come to, which, professing to expect the perpetual grace or charity of its Founder, has not itself grace or charity enough to hinder it from overreaching its friends in sixpenny bargains; and which, supplicating evening and morning the forgiveness of its own

debts, goes forth at noon to take its fellow-servants by the throat, saying,—not merely “Pay me that thou owest,” but “Pay me that thou owest me *not*.”—*Munera Pulveris*, p. 136.

NATURE AND GOD.—The second volume of “Modern Painters,” though in affected language, yet with sincere and very deep feeling, expresses the first and foundational law respecting human contemplation of the natural phenomena under whose influence we exist,—that they can only be seen with their properly belonging joy, and interpreted up to the measure of proper human intelligence, when they are accepted as the work, and the gift, of a Living Spirit greater than our own.—*Deucalion*, p. 204.

THE RELIGIOUS LIFE,—WHEN POSSIBLE.—The delicacy of sensation and refinements of imagination necessary to understand Christianity belong to the mid period, when men risen from a life of brutal hardship are not yet fallen to one of brutal luxury. You can neither comprehend the character of Christ while you are chopping flints for tools, and gnawing raw bones for food; nor when you have ceased to do anything with either tools or hands, and dine on gelded capons.—*Val D’Arno*, p. 26.

THE UNPRODIGAL SON.—I recollect some years ago, throwing an assembly of learned persons who had met to delight themselves with interpretations of the parable of the prodigal son, (interpretations which had up to that moment gone very smoothly,) into mute indignation, by inadvertently asking who the *unprodigal* son was, and what was to be learned by *his* example. The leading divine of the company, Mr. Molyneux, at last explained to me that the unprodigal son was a lay figure, put in for dramatic effect, to make the story prettier, and that no note was to be taken of him.—*Munera Pulveris*, p. 135.

GUARDIAN ANGELS.—Those parents who love their children most tenderly cannot but sometimes

dwell on the old Christian fancy, that they have guardian angels. I call it an old fancy, in deference to your modern enlightenment in religion; but I assure you nevertheless, in spite of all that illumination, there remains yet some dark possibility that the old fancy may be true: and that, although the modern apothecary cannot exhibit to you either an angel, or an imp, in a bottle, the spiritual powers of heaven and hell are no less now, than heretofore, contending for the souls of your children; and contending with *you*—for the privilege of their tutorship.—*Deucalion*, pp. 143, 144.

RELIGION TO THE EARLIER SCIENTISTS.—In the earlier and happier days of Linnæus, de Saussure, von Humboldt, and the multitude of quiet workers on whose secure foundation the fantastic expatiations of modern science depend for whatever of good or stability there is in them, natural religion was always a part of natural science; it becomes with Linnæus a part of his definitions; it underlies, in serene modesty, the courage and enthusiasm of the great travellers and discoverers, from Columbus and Hudson to Livingstone; and it has saved the lives, or solaced the deaths, of myriads of men whose nobleness asked for no memorial but in the gradual enlargement of the realm of manhood, in habitation, and in social virtue.—*Deucalion*, p. 209.

MILTON AND DANTE.—I tell you truly that, as I strive more with this strange lethargy and trance in myself, and awake to the meaning and power of life, it seems daily more amazing to me that men such as Milton and Dante, should dare to play with the most precious truths (or the most deadly untruths), by which the whole human race listening to them could be informed, or deceived;—all the world their audiences for ever, with pleased ear, and passionate heart;—and yet, to this submissive infinitude of souls and evermore succeeding and succeeding multitude, hungry for bread of life, they do but play upon sweetly modulated pipes; with pompous nomenclature adorn the councils of

hell; touch a troubadour's guitar to the courses of the suns; and fill the openings of eternity, before which prophets have veiled their faces, and which angels desire to look into, with idle puppets of their scholastic imagination, and melancholy lights of frantic faith in their lost mortal love.—*Mystery of Life*, p. 112.

METAPHYSICIANS AND PHILOSOPHERS.—I believe that metaphysicians and philosophers are, on the whole, the greatest troubles the world has got to deal with; and that while a tyrant or bad man is of some use in teaching people submission or indignation, and a thoroughly idle man is only harmful in setting an idle example, and communicating to other lazy people his own lazy misunderstandings, busy metaphysicians are always entangling *good* and *active* people, and weaving cobwebs among the finest wheels of the world's business; and are as much as possible, by all prudent persons, to be brushed out of their way, like spiders, and the meshed weed that has got into the Cambridgeshire canals, and other such impediments to barges and business.—*Modern Painters*, III., p. 287.

There is some difficulty in understanding why some of the lower animals were made. I lost great part of my last hour for reading, yesterday evening, in keeping my kitten's tail out of the candles,—a useless beast, and still more useless tail—astonishing and inexplicable even to herself. Inexplicable, to me, all of them—heads and tails alike. “Tiger—tiger—burning bright”—is this then all you were made for—this ribbed hearthrug, tawny and black?

If only the Rev. James McCosh were here! His book is; and I'm sure I don't know how, but it turns up in re-arranging my library: *Method of the Divine Government, Physical and Moral*. Preface begins. “We live in an age in which the reflecting portion of mankind are much addicted to the contemplation of the works of Nature. It is the object of the author in this Treatise to interrogate Nature

with the view of making her utter her voice in answer to some of the most important questions which the inquiring spirit of man can put." Here is a catechumen for you!—and a catechist! Nature with her hands behind her back—Perhaps Mr. McCosh would kindly put it to her about the tiger. Farther on, indeed, it is stated that the finite cannot comprehend the infinite, and I observe that the author, with the shrinking modesty characteristic of the clergy of his persuasion, feels that even the intellect of a McCosh cannot, without risk of error, embrace *more* than the present method of the Divine management of Creation. Wherefore "no man," he says, "should presume to point out *all* the ways in which a God of unbounded resources might govern the universe."—*Fors*, I., p. 381.

IMMORTALITY, OR THE GRADATION OF LIFE.—You may at least earnestly believe, that the presence of the spirit which culminates in your own life, shows itself in dawning, wherever the dust of the earth begins to assume any orderly and lovely state. You will find it impossible to separate this idea of gradated manifestation from that of the vital power. Things are not either wholly alive, or wholly dead. They are less or more alive. Take the nearest, most easily examined instance—the life of a flower. Notice what a different degree and kind of life there is in the calyx and the corolla. The calyx is nothing but the swaddling clothes of the flower; the child-blossom is bound up in it, hand and foot; guarded in it, restrained by it, till the time of birth. The shell is hardly more subordinate to the germ in the egg, than the calyx to the blossom. It bursts at last; but it never lives as the corolla does. It may fall at the moment its task is fulfilled, as in the poppy; or wither gradually, as in the buttercup; or persist in a ligneous apathy, after the flower is dead, as in the rose; or harmonize itself so as to share in the aspect of the real flower, as in the lily; but it never shares in the corolla's bright passion of life. And the grada-

tions which thus exist between the different members of organic creatures, exist no less between the different ranges of organism. We know no higher or more energetic life than our own; but there seems to me this great good in the idea of gradation of life—it admits the idea of a life above us, in other creatures, as much nobler than ours, as ours is nobler than that of the dust.—*Ethics of the Dust*, Lect. X., p. 130.

CONSECRATED WATER.—The water which has been refused to the cry of the weary and dying is unholy, though it had been blessed by every saint in heaven; and the water which is found in the vessel of mercy is holy, though it had been defiled with corpses.—*King of the Golden River*, p. 47.

CONSECRATED GROUND.—Put a rough stone for an altar under the hawthorn on a village green;—separate a portion of the green itself with an ordinary paling from the rest;—then consecrate, with whatever form you choose, the space of grass you have enclosed, and meet within the wooden fences often as you desire to pray or preach; yet you will not easily fasten an impression in the minds of the villagers, that God inhabits the space of grass inside the fence, and does not extend His presence to the common beyond it: and that the daisies and violets on one side of the railing are holy.—on the other, profane. But, instead of a wooden fence, build a wall; pave the interior space; roof it over, so as to make it comparatively dark;—and you may persuade the villagers with ease that you have built a house which Deity inhabits, or that you have become, in the old French phrase, a *logeur du Bon Dieu*.—*Lectures on Art*, p. 43.

BAD ART IN RELIGION.—The habitual use of bad art (ill-made dolls and bad pictures), in the services of religion, naturally blunts the delicacy of the senses, by requiring reverence to be paid to ugliness, and familiarizing the eye to it in moments of strong and pure feeling; I do not think we can overrate the probable evil results of this enforced

discordance between the sight and imagination.—*Modern Painters*, IV., p. 357.

STATUES AS SYMBOLS AND STATUES AS IDOLS.—When the populace of Paris adorned the statue of Strasbourg with immortelles, none, even the simplest of the pious decorators, would suppose that the city of Strasbourg itself, or any spirit or ghost of the city, was actually there, sitting in the Place de la Concorde. The figure was delightful to them as a visible nucleus for their fond thoughts about Strasbourg; but never for a moment supposed to *be* Strasbourg. Similarly, they might have taken delight in a statue purporting to represent a river instead of a city,—the Rhine, or Garonne, suppose,—and have been touched with strong emotion in looking at it, if the real river were dear to them, and yet never think for an instant that the statue *was* the river. And yet again, similarly, but much more distinctly, they might take delight in the beautiful image of a god, because it gathered and perpetuated their thoughts about that god; and yet never suppose, nor be capable of being deceived by any arguments into supposing, that the statue *was* the god. On the other hand, if a meteoric stone fell from the sky in the sight of a savage, and he picked it up hot, he would most probably lay it aside in some, to him, sacred place, and believe *the stone itself* to be a kind of god, and offer prayer and sacrifice to it.—*Aratra Pentelici*, p. 34.

The Olympic Zeus may be taken as a sufficiently central type of a statue which was no more supposed to *be* Zeus, than the gold or elephants' tusks it was made of; but in which the most splendid powers of human art were exhausted in representing a believed and honored God to the happy and holy imagination of a sincerely religious people.—*Aratra Pentelici*, p. 36.

I am no advocate for image-worship, as I believe the reader will elsewhere sufficiently find; but I am very sure that the Protestantism of London would have found itself quite as secure in a cathedral

decorated with statues of good men, as in one hung round with bunches of Ribston pippins.—*Stones of Venice*, I., p. 233.

SENSATIONAL RELIGIOUS ART.—I do not think that any man, who is thoroughly certain that Christ is in the room, will care what sort of pictures of Christ he has on its walls; and, in the plurality of cases, the delight taken in art of this kind is, in reality, nothing more than a form of graceful indulgence of those sensibilities which the habits of a disciplined life restrain in other directions. Such art is, in a word, the opera and drama of the monk. Sometimes it is worse than this, and the love of it is the mask under which a general thirst for morbid excitement will pass itself for religion. The young lady who rises in the middle of the day, jaded by her last night's ball, and utterly incapable of any simple or wholesome religious exercise, can still gaze into the dark eyes of the Madonna di San Sisto, or dream over the whiteness of an ivory crucifix, and returns to the course of her daily life in full persuasion that her morning's feverishness has atoned for her evening's folly.—*Modern Painters*, III., p. 75.

THE BIBLE.

The Bible is the grandest group of writings existent in the rational world, put into the grandest language of the rational world in the first strength of the Christian faith, by an entirely wise and kind saint, St. Jerome: translated afterwards with beauty and felicity into every language of the Christian world; and the guide, since so translated, of all the arts and acts of that world which have been noble, fortunate and happy.—*Letter to "Pall Mall Gazette,"* 1886.

The Word of God, by which the heavens were, of old, and by which they are now kept in store, cannot be made a present of to anybody in morocco binding; nor sown on any wayside by help either

of steam-plough or steam-press; but is nevertheless being offered to us daily, and by us with contumely refused; and sown in us daily, and by us as instantly as may be, choked.—*Sesame and Lilies*, p. 39.

The way in which common people read their Bibles is just like the way that the old monks thought hedgehogs ate grapes. They rolled themselves (it was said), over and over, where the grapes lay on the ground. What fruit stuck to their spines, they carried off, and ate. So your hedgehoggy readers roll themselves over and over their Bibles, and declare that whatever sticks to their own spines is Scripture; and that nothing else is.—*Ethics of the Dust*, Lect. V., p. 68.

I am a simpleton, am I, to quote such an exploded book as Genesis? My good wiseacre readers, I know as many flaws in the book of Genesis as the best of you, but I knew the book before I knew its flaws, while you know the flaws, and never have known the book, nor can know it. And it is at present much the worse for you; for indeed the stories of this book of Genesis have been the nursery tales of men mightiest whom the world has yet seen in art, and policy, and virtue, and none of you will write better stories for your children, yet awhile.—*Fors*, II., p. 199.

The Bible is, indeed, a deep book, when depth is required, that is to say, for deep people. But it is not intended, particularly, for profound persons; on the contrary, much more for shallow and simple persons. And therefore the first, and generally the main and leading idea of the Bible, is on its surface, written in plainest possible Greek, Hebrew, or English, needing no penetration, nor amplification, needing nothing but what we all might give—attention.

But this, which is in every one's power, and is the only thing that God wants, is just the last thing any one will give Him. We are delighted to ramble away into day-dreams, to repeat pet verses from other places, suggested by chance words; to snap at

an expression which suits our own particular views, or to dig up a meaning from under a verse, which we should be amiably grieved to think any human being had been so happy as to find before. But the plain, intended, immediate, fruitful meaning, which every one ought to find always, and especially that which depends on our seeing the relation of the verse to those near it, and getting the force of the whole passage, in due relation—this sort of significance we do not look for;—it being, truly, not to be discovered unless we really attend to what is said, instead of to our own feelings.

It is unfortunate also, but very certain, that in order to attend to what is said, we must go through the irkesomeness of knowing the meaning of the words. And the first thing that children should be taught about their Bibles is, to distinguish clearly between words that they understand and words that they do not; and to put aside the words they do not understand, and verses connected with them, to be asked about, or for a future time; and never to think they are reading the Bible when they are merely repeating phrases of an unknown tongue.—*Modern Painters*, V., p. 166.

HELL AND THE DEVIL.—I do not merely *believe* there is such a place as hell. I *know* there is such a place; and I know also that when men have got to the point of believing virtue impossible but through dread of it, they have got *into* it. . . .

I mean, that according to the distinctness with which they hold such a creed, the stain of nether fire has passed upon them. . . .

Yet though you should assuredly be able to hold your own in the straight ways of God, without always believing that the Devil is at your side, it is a state of mind much to be dreaded, that you should not *know* the Devil when you *see* him there. For the probability is, that when you see him, the way you are walking in is not one of God's ways at all, but is leading you into quite other neighborhoods than His. On His way, indeed, you may often, like

Albert Dürer's Knight, see the Fiend behind you, but you will find that he drops always farther and farther behind; whereas if he jogs with you at your side, it is probably one of his own by-paths you are got on. . . .

Every faculty of man's soul, and every instinct of it by which he is meant to live, is exposed to its own special form of corruption: and whether within Man, or in the external world, there is a power or condition of temptation which is perpetually endeavoring to reduce every glory of his soul, and every power of his life, to such corruption as is possible to them. And the more beautiful they are, the more fearful is the death which is attached as a penalty to their degradation. . . .

Take for instance religion itself: the desire of finding out God, and placing one's self in some true son's or servant's relation to Him. The Devil, that is to say, the deceiving spirit within us, or outside of us, mixes up our own vanity with this desire; makes us think that in our love to God we have established some connection with Him which separates us from our fellow-men, and renders us superior to them. Then it takes but one wave of the Devil's hand; and we are burning them alive for taking the liberty of contradicting us.

Take the desire of teaching—the eternally unselfish and noble instinct for telling to those who are ignorant, the truth we know, and guarding them from the errors we see them in danger of;—there is no nobler, no more constant instinct in honorable breasts; but let the Devil formalize, and mix the pride of a profession with it—get foolish people entrusted with the business of instruction, and make their giddy heads giddier by putting them up in pulpits above a submissive crowd—and you have it instantly corrupted into its own reverse; you have an alliance *against* the light, shrieking at the sun, and moon, and stars, as profane spectra:—a company of the blind, beseeching those they lead to remain blind also. “The heavens and the lights that rule them are untrue; the laws of creation are

treacherous; the poles of the earth are out of poise. But *we* are true. Light is in us only. Shut your eyes close and fast, and we will lead you." . . .

Take the instinct for justice, and the natural sense of indignation against crime; let the Devil color it with personal passion, and you have a mighty race of true and tender-hearted men living for centuries in such bloody feud that every note and word of their national songs is a dirge, and every rock of their hills is a grave-stone. . . .

Now observe—I leave you to call this deceiving spirit what you like—or to theorize about it as you like. All that I desire you to recognize is the fact of its being here, and the need of its being fought with. . . .

This *omni*-present fiend— . . . *He* is the person to be "voted" against, my working friend; it is worth something, having a vote against *him*, if you can get it! Which you can, indeed; but not by gift from Cabinet Ministers; you must work warily with your own hands, and drop sweat of heart's blood, before you can record that vote effectually. —*Time and Tide*, pp. 40-44.

LITURGIES.—All that has ever been alleged against *forms* of worship, is justly said only of those which are compiled without sense, and employed without sincerity. The earlier services of the Catholic Church teach men to think, as well as pray; nor did ever a soul in its immediate distress or desolation, find the forms of petition learnt in childhood, lifeless on the lips of age.—*Broadside Songs*, p. 142.

I think that our common prayer that God "would take away all ignorance, hardness of heart, and contempt of His word, from all Jews, Turks, Infidels, and Heretics," is an entirely absurd one. I do not think all Jews have hard hearts; nor that all Infidels would despise God's word, if only they could hear it; nor do I in the least know whether it is my neighbor or myself who is really the Heretic. But I pray that prayer for myself as well as others;

and in this form, that God would make all Jews honest Jews, all Turks honest Turks, all Infidels honest Infidels, and all Evangelicals and Heretics honest Evangelicals and Heretics ; that so these Israelites in whom there is no guile, Turks in whom there is no guile, and so on, may in due time see the face, and know the power, of the King alike of Israel and Esau.—*Fors*, II., p. 4.

“ The English Liturgy—evidently drawn up with the amiable intention of making religion as pleasant as possible, to a people desirous of saving their souls with no great degree of personal inconvenience—is perhaps in no point more unwholesomely lenient than in its concession to the popular conviction that we may obtain the present advantage, and escape the future punishment, of any sort of iniquity, by dexterously concealing the manner of it from man, and triumphantly confessing the quantity of it to God.”—*The Lord's Prayer and The Church*, Letter X.

ECCLESIASTICAL FISH-MONGERS.—In order to have fresh fish you must have no middlemen, or peddlers, but the carrying of the fish must be done for you by gentlemen. They may stagger on perhaps a year or two more in their vain ways; but the day *must* come when your poor little honest puppy, whom his people have been wanting to dress up in a surplice, and call “ The to be Feared,” that he might have pay enough, by tithe or tax, to marry a pretty girl, and live in a parsonage—some poor little honest wretch of a puppy, I say, will eventually get it into his glossy head that he would be incomparably more reverend to mortals, and acceptable to St. Peter and all Saints, as a true monger of sweet fish, than a false fisher for rotten souls ; and that his wife would be incomparably more “ lady-like ”—not to say Madonna-like—marching beside him in purple stockings and sabots—or even frankly barefoot—with her creel full of caller herring on her back, than in administering any quantity of Ecclesiastical scholarship to her Sunday-schools.

“How dreadful—how atrocious!”—thinks the tender clerical lover. “*My* wife walk with a fish-basket on her back!”

Yes, you young scamp, yours. You were going to lie to the Holy Ghost, then, were you, only that she might wear satin slippers, and be called a “lady?” . . .

To hew wood—to draw water;—you think these base businesses, do you? and that you are noble, as well as sanctified, in binding faggot-burdens on poor men’s backs, which you will not touch with your own fingers;—and in preaching the efficacy of baptism inside the church, by yonder stream (under the first bridge of the Seven Bridge Road here at Oxford,) while the sweet waters of it are choked with dust and dung, within ten fathoms from your font;—and in giving benediction with two fingers and your thumb, of a superfine quality, to the Marquis of B.? Honester benediction, and more efficacious, can be had cheaper, gentlemen, in the existing market. Under my own system of regulating prices, I gave an Irish woman twopence yesterday for two oranges, of which fruit—under pressure of competition—she was ready to supply me with three for a penny. “The Lord Almighty take you to eternal glory!” said she.—*Fors*, II., pp. 150, 151.

BISHOPS.—Does any man, of all the men who have received this charge, of the office of Bishop, in England, know what it *is* to be a wolf?—recognize in himself the wolfish instinct, and the thirst for the blood of God’s flock? For if he does not know what is the nature of a wolf, how should he know what it is to be a shepherd? If he never felt like a wolf himself, does he know the people who do? He does not expect them to lick their lips and bare their teeth at him, I suppose, as they do in a pantomime? Did he ever in his life see a wolf coming, and debate with himself whether he should fight or fly?—or is not rather his whole life one headlong hireling’s flight, without so much as turning his head to see what manner of beasts they are

that follow?—nay, are not his very hireling's wages paid him *for* flying instead of fighting?

Dares any one of them answer me—here from my College of the Body of Christ I challenge every mitre of them: definitely, the Lord of St. Peter's borough, whom I note as a pugnacious and accurately worded person, and hear of as an outspoken one, able and ready to answer for his fulfilment of the charge to Peter: How many wolves does he know in Peterborough—how many sheep?—what battle has he done—what bites can he show the scars of?—whose sins has he remitted in Peterborough—whose retained?—has he not remitted, like his brother Bishops, all the sins of the rich, and retained all those of the poor?—does he know, in Peterborough, who are fornicators, who thieves, who liars, who murderers?—and has he ever dared to tell any one of them to his face that he was so— if the man had over a hundred a year?—*Fors*, II., p. 329.

The first thing, therefore, that a bishop has to do is at least to put himself in a position in which, at any moment, he can obtain the history from childhood of every living soul in his diocese, and of its present state. Down in that back street, Bill and Nancy, knocking each other's teeth out!—Does the bishop know all about it? Has he his eye upon them? Has he *had* his eye upon them? Can he circumstantially explain to us how Bill got into the habit of beating Nancy about the head? If he cannot, he is no bishop, though he had a mitre as high as Salisbury steeple.—*Sesame and Lilies*, p. 43.

The real difficulty of our Ecclesiastical party has of late been that they could not venture for their lives to explain the Decalogue, feeling that Modernism and all the practices of it must instantly be turned inside-out, and upside down, if they did; but if, without explaining it, they could manage to get it *said* every Sunday, and a little agreeable tune on the organ played after every clause of it,

that perchance would do, (on the assumption, rendered so highly probable by Mr. Darwin's discoveries respecting the modes of generation in the Orchideæ, that there *was* no God, except the original Baalzebub of Ekron, Lord of Bluebottles and fly-blowing in general; and that this Decalogue was only ten crotchets of Moses's and not God's at all,)—on such assumption, I say, they thought matters might still be kept quiet a few years longer in the Cathedral Close, especially as Mr. Bishop was always so agreeably and inoffensively pungent an element of London Society; and Mrs. Bishop and Miss Bishop so extremely proper and pleasant to behold, and the grass of the lawn so smooth shaven. But all that is drawing very fast to its end. Poor dumb dogs that they are, and blind mouths, the grim wolf with privy paw daily devouring apace, and nothing said, and their people loving to have it so, I know not what they will do in the end thereof; but it is near. Disestablishment? Yes, and of more powers than theirs.—*Fors*, IV., p. 26.

THE PULPIT OF TO-DAY.—The particular kinds of folly also which lead youths to become clergymen, uncalled, are especially intractable. That a lad just out of his teens, and not under the influence of any deep religious enthusiasm, should ever contemplate the possibility of his being set up in the middle of a mixed company of men and women of the world, to instruct the aged, encourage the valiant, support the weak, reprove the guilty, and set an example to all;—and not feel what a ridiculous and blasphemous business it would be, if he only pretended to do it for hire; and what a ghastly and murderous business it would be, if he did it strenuously wrong; and what a marvellous and all but incredible thing the Church and its power must be, if it were possible for him, with all the good meaning in the world, to do it rightly;—that any youth, I say, should ever have got himself into the state of recklessness, or conceit, required to become a clergyman at all, under these existing circumstances,

must put him quite out of the pale of those whom one appeals to on any reasonable or moral question, in serious writing.

I went into a ritualistic church, the other day, for instance, in the West End. It was built of bad Gothic, lighted with bad painted glass, and had its Litany intoned, and its sermon delivered—on the subject of wheat and chaff—by a young man of, as far as I could judge, very sincere religious sentiments, but very certainly the kind of person whom one might have brayed in a mortar among the very best of the wheat with a pestle, without making his foolishness depart from him. And, in general, any man's becoming a clergyman in these days implies that, at best, his sentiment has overpowered his intellect; and that, whatever the feebleness of the latter, the victory of his impertinent piety has been probably owing to its alliance with his conceit, and its promise to him of the gratification of being regarded as an oracle, without the trouble of becoming wise, or the grief of being so.

It is not, however, by men of this stamp that the principal mischief is done to the Church of Christ. Their foolish congregations are not enough in earnest even to be misled; and the increasing London or Liverpool respectable suburb is simply provided with its baker's and butcher's shop, its ale-house, its itinerant organ-grinders for the week, and stationary organ-grinder for Sunday, himself his monkey, in obedience to the commonest condition of demand and supply, and without much more danger in their Sunday's entertainment than in their Saturday's. But the importunate and zealous ministrations of the men who have been strong enough to deceive themselves before they deceive others;—who give the grace and glow of vital sincerity to falsehood, and lie for God from the ground of their heart, produce forms of moral corruption in their congregations as much more deadly than the consequences of recognizedly vicious conduct, as the hectic of consumption is more deadly than the flush of temporary fever.—*Fors*, II., pp. 325-327.

The Simony of to-day differs only from that of apostolic times, in that, while the elder Simon thought the gift of the Holy Ghost worth a considerable offer in ready money, the modern Simon would on the whole refuse to accept the same gift of the Third Person of the Trinity, without a nice little attached income, a pretty church, with a steeple restored by Mr. Scott, and an eligible neighborhood. . . .

In defence of this Profession, with its pride, privilege, and more or less roseate repose of domestic felicity, extremely beautiful and enviable in country parishes, the clergy, as a body, have, with what energy and power was in them, repelled the advance both of science and scholarship, so far as either interfered with what they had been accustomed to teach; and connived at every abuse in public and private conduct, with which they felt it would be considered uncivil, and feared it might ultimately prove unsafe, to interfere.—*Fors*, II., pp. 439, 440.

The extreme degradation and exhaustion of the power of the priests, or clergy, of so-called civilized "society" is shown, it seems to me, conclusively, by their absence from the *dramatis personæ* in higher imaginative literature. It is not through courtesy that the clergy never appear upon the stage, but because the playwright thinks that they have no more any real share in human events; and this estimate is still more clearly shown by their nonentity in the stories of powerful novels. Consider what is really told us of the priesthood in modern England, by the fact that in the work of our greatest metropolitan novelist, it appears, as a consecrated body, not at all; and as an active or visible one, only in the figures of Mr. Stiggins and Mr. Chadband! To the fall of the Church in Scotland, the testimony of the greatest of Scotchmen is still more stern, because given with the profoundest knowledge of all classes of Scottish society. In *The Antiquary*, how much higher, in all moral and spiritual function, Edie Ochiltree stands than Mr.

Blattergowl; in *The Heart of Mid-Lothian*, how far superior Jeanie is to her husband. . . . I have always said that everything evil in Europe is primarily the fault of her bishops. . . . But while the faults of the clergy are open to the sight and cavil of all men, their modest and constant virtues, past and present, acting continually like mountain wells, through secret channels, in the kindly ministry of the parish priest, and the secluded prayer of the monk, are also the root of what yet remains vital and happy among European races.—*Roadside Songs of Tuscany*, pp. 106, 107.

THE RELIGION OF THE GREEKS.—You may obtain a more truthful idea of the nature of Greek religion and legend from the poems of Keats, and the nearly as beautiful, and, in general grasp of subject, far more powerful, recent work of Morris, than from frigid scholarship, however extensive.—*Athena*, p. 19.

The Greek creed was, of course, different in its character, as our own creed is, according to the class of people who held it. The common people's was quite literal, simple, and happy: their idea of Athena was as clear as a good Roman Catholic peasant's idea of the Madonna. . . . Then, secondly, the creed of the upper classes was more refined and spiritual, but quite as honest, and even more forcible in its effect on the life. . . . Then, thirdly, the faith of the poets and artists was, necessarily, less definite, being continually modified by the involuntary action of their own fancies; and by the necessity of presenting, in clear verbal or material form, things of which they had no authoritative knowledge. Their faith was, in some respects, like Dante's or Milton's: firm in general conception, but not able to vouch for every detail in the forms they gave it: but they went considerably farther, even in that minor sincerity, than subsequent poets; and strove with all their might to be as near the truth as they could. Pindar says, quite simply, "I cannot think so-and-so of

the Gods. It must have been this way—it cannot have been that way—that the thing was done.” And as late among the Latins as the days of Horace, this sincerity remains. Horace is just as true and simple in his religion as Wordsworth. . . . “*Operosa parvus carmina fingo*—I, little thing that I am, weave my laborious songs” as earnestly as the bee among the bells of thyme on the *Matin* mountains. Yes, and he dedicates his favorite pine to Diana, and he chants his autumnal hymn to the Faun that guards his fields, and he guides the noble youths and maids of Rome in their choir to Apollo, and he tells the farmer’s little girl that the Gods will love her, though she has only a handful of salt and meal to give them—just as earnestly as ever English gentleman taught Christian faith to English youth in England’s truest days.—*Athena*, pp. 45-47.

CHRISTIANITY IN THE MIDDLE AGES.—For many centuries the Knights of Christendom wore their religion gay as their crest, familiar as their gauntlet, shook it high in the summer air, hurled it fiercely in other people’s faces, grasped their spear the firmer for it, sat their horses the prouder; but it never entered into their minds for an instant to ask the meaning of it! “Forgive us our sins:” by all means—yes, and the next garrison that holds out a day longer than is convenient to us, hang them every man to his battlement. “Give us this day our daily bread,”—yes, and our neighbor’s also, if we have any luck. “Our Lady and the Saints!” Is there any infidel dog that doubts of them?—in God’s name, boot and spur—and let us have the head off him. It went on so, frankly and bravely, to the twelfth century, at the earliest; when men begin to think in a serious manner; more or less of gentle manners and domestic comfort being also then conceivable and attainable. Rosamond is not any more asked to drink out of her father’s skull. Rooms begin to be matted and wainscoted; shops to hold store of marvellous foreign wares; knights

and ladies learn to spell, and to read, with pleasure, Music is everywhere;—Death, also. Much to enjoy—much to learn, and to endure—with Death always at the gates. “If war fail thee in thine own country, get thee with haste into another,” says the faithful old French knight to the boy-chevalier, in early fourteenth century days.

No country stays more than two centuries in this intermediate phase between Faith and Reason. In France it lasted from about 1150 to 1350; in England, 1200 to 1400; in Venice, 1300 to 1500. The course of it is always in the gradual development of Christianity,—till her yoke gets at once too aërial, and too straight for the mob, who break through it at last as if it were so much gossamer; and at the same fatal time, wealth and luxury, with the vanity of corrupt learning, foul the faith of the upper classes, who now begin to wear their Christianity, not tossed for a crest high over their armor, but stuck as a plaster over their sores, inside of their clothes. Then comes printing, and universal gabble of fools; gunpowder, and the end of all the noble methods of war.—*St. Mark's Rest*, p. 49.

CHAPTER III.

WOMEN.

A woman may always help her husband by what she knows, however little; by what she half-knows, or mis-knows, she will only tease him.—*Sesame and Lilies*, p. 88.

For a long time I used to say, in all my elementary books, that, except in a graceful and minor way, women could not paint or draw. I am beginning, lately [1883], to bow myself to the much more delightful conviction that nobody else can.—*Art of England*, p. 15.

The soul's armor is never well set to the heart

unless a woman's hand has braced it ; and it is only when she braces it loosely that the honor of manhood fails.—*Sesame and Lilies*, p. 81.

You fancy, perhaps, as you have been told so often, that a wife's rule should only be over her husband's house, not over his mind. Ah, no ! the true rule is just the reverse of that ; a true wife, in her husband's house, is his servant ; it is in his heart that she is queen. Whatever of the best he can conceive, it is her part to be ; whatever of highest he can hope, it is hers to promise ; all that is dark in him she must purge into purity ; all that is failing in him she must strengthen into truth : from her, through all the world's clamor, he must win his praise ; in her, through all the world's warfare, he must find his peace.—*Crown of Wild Olive*, Lect. III., p. 92.

WOMEN'S WORK.—Then, for my meaning as to women's work, what *should* I mean, but scrubbing furniture, dusting walls, sweeping floors, making the beds, washing up the crockery, ditto the children, and whipping them when they want it,—mending their clothes, cooking their dinners,—and when there are cooks more than enough, helping with the farm work, or the garden, or the dairy ? Is *that* plain speaking enough ?—*Fors*, IV., p. 375.

The man's power is active, progressive, defensive. He is eminently the doer, the creator, the discoverer, the defender. His intellect is for speculation and invention ; his energy for adventure, for war, and for conquest, wherever war is just, wherever conquest necessary. But the woman's power is for rule, not for battle,—and her intellect is not for invention or creation, but for sweet ordering, arrangement and decision. She sees the qualities of things, their claims and their places. Her great function is Praise : she enters into no contest, but infallibly judges the crown of contest. By her office, and place, she is protected from all danger and temptation. The man, in his rough work in open world, must encounter all peril and

trial:—to him, therefore, the failure, the offence, the inevitable error: often he must be wounded, or subdued, often misled, and *always* hardened. But he guards the woman from all this; within his house, as ruled by her, unless she herself has sought it, need enter no danger, no temptation, no cause of error or offence. This is the true nature of Home—it is the place of Peace; the shelter, not only from all injury, but from all terror, doubt, and division. In so far as it is not this, it is not home: so far as the anxieties of the outer life penetrate into it, and the inconsistently-minded, unknown, unloved, or hostile society of the outer world is allowed, by either husband or wife, to cross the threshold, it ceases to be home; it is then only a part of that outer world which you have roofed over, and lighted fire in. But so far as it is a sacred place, a vestal temple, a temple of the hearth watched over by Household Gods, before whose faces none may come but those whom they can receive with love,—so far as it is this, and roof and fire are types only of a nobler shade and light,—shade as of the rock in a weary land, and light as of the Pharos in the stormy sea;—so far it vindicates the name, and fulfils the praise, of home.

And wherever a true wife comes, this home is always round her. The stars only may be over her head; the glow-worm in the night-cold grass may be the only fire at her foot: but home is yet wherever she is; and for a noble woman it stretches far round her, better than ceiled with cedar, or painted with vermilion, shedding its quiet light far, for those who else were homeless.—*Sesame and Lilies*, pp. 82, 83.

THE PUBLIC DUTIES OF WOMEN.—The man's duty, as a member of a commonwealth, is to assist in the maintenance, in the advance, in the defence of the State. The woman's duty, as a member of the commonwealth, is to assist in the ordering, in the comforting, and in the beautiful adornment of the State. What the man is at his own gate,

defending it, if need be, against insult and spoil, that also, not in a less, but in a more devoted measure, he is to be at the gate of his country, leaving his home, if need be, even to the spoiler, to do his more incumbent work there. And, in like manner, what the woman is to be within her gates, as the centre of order, the balm of distress, and the mirror of beauty ; that she is also to be without her gates, where order is more difficult, distress more imminent, loveliness more rare.—*Sesame and Lilies*, p. 95.

WOMAN'S POWER IF SHE BUT REALIZED IT.—I am surprised at no depths to which, when once warped from its honor, humanity can be degraded. . . . But this is wonderful to me—oh, how wonderful!—to see the tender and delicate woman among you, with her child at her breast, and a power, if she would wield it, over it, and over its father, purer than the air of heaven, and stronger than the seas of earth—nay, a magnitude of blessing which her husband would not part with for all that earth itself, though it were made of one entire and perfect chrysolite:—to see her abdicate this majesty to play at precedence with her next-door neighbor ! This is wonderful—oh, wonderful!—to see her, with every innocent feeling fresh within her, go out in the morning into her garden to play with the fringes of its guarded flowers, and lift their heads when they are drooping, with her happy smile upon her face, and no cloud upon her brow, because there is a little wall around her place of peace : and yet she knows, in her heart, if she would only look for its knowledge, that, outside of that little rose-covered wall, the wild grass, to the horizon, is torn up by the agony of men, and beat level by the drift of their life-blood.—*Sesame and Lilies*, pp. 98, 99.

WOMEN AND THEIR LOVERS.—Believe me, the whole course and character of your lovers' lives is in your hands ; what you would have them be, they shall be, if you not only desire to have them so, but deserve to have them so ; for they are but mirrors

in which you will see yourselves imaged. If you are frivolous, they will be so also ; if you have no understanding of the scope of their duty, they also will forget it ; they will listen—they *can* listen—to no other interpretation of it than that uttered from your lips. Bid them be brave, they will be brave for you ; bid them be cowards, and, how noble soever they be, they will quail for you. Bid them be wise, and they will be wise for you ; mock at their counsel, they will be fools for you : such and so absolute is your rule over them.—*Crown of Wild Olive*, Lect. III., p. 92.

WOMEN'S DRESS.—A queen may dress like a waiting-maid,—perhaps succeed, if she chooses, in passing for one ; but she will not, therefore, be vulgar ; nay, a waiting-maid may dress like a queen, and pretend to be one, and yet need not be vulgar, unless there is inherent vulgarity in her.—*Modern Painters*, V., p. 291.

You ladies like to lead the fashion :—by all means lead it : lead it thoroughly, lead it far enough. Dress yourselves nicely, and dress everybody else nicely. Lead the *fashions for the poor* first ; make *them* look well, and you yourselves will look, in ways of which you have now no conception, all the better. The fashions you have set for some time among your peasantry are not pretty ones ; their doublets are too irregularly slashed, and the wind blows too frankly through them.—*Crown of Wild Olive*, Lect. I., p. 22.

For literal truth of your jewels themselves, absolutely search out and cast away all manner of false, or dyed, or altered stones. And at present, to make quite sure, wear your jewels uncut : they will be twenty times more interesting to you, so. The ruby in the British crown is uncut ; and is, as far as my knowledge extends—I have not had it to look at close—the loveliest precious stone in the world. . . . And as you are true in the choosing, be just in the sharing, of your jewels. They are but dross and dust after all ; and you, my sweet

religious friends, who are so anxious to impart to the poor your pearls of great price, may surely also share with them your pearls of little price.—*Deucalion*, p. 86.

It would be strange, if at any great assembly which, while it dazzled the young and the thoughtless, beguiled the gentler hearts that beat beneath the embroidery, with a placid sensation of luxurious benevolence—as if by all that they wore in waywardness of beauty, comfort had been first given to the distressed, and aid to the indigent ; it would be strange, I say, if, for a moment, the spirits of Truth and of Terror, which walk invisibly among the masques of the earth, would lift the dimness from our erring thoughts, and show us how (inasmuch as the sums exhausted for that magnificence would have given back the failing breath to many an unsheltered outcast on moor and street) they who wear it have literally entered into partnership with Death, and dressed themselves in his spoils. Yes, if the veil could be lifted not only from your thoughts, but from your human sight, you would see—the angels do see—on those gay white dresses of yours, strange dark spots, and crimson patterns that you knew not of—spots of the inextinguishable red that all the seas cannot wash away ; yes, and among the pleasant flowers that crown your fair heads, and glow on your wreathed hair, you would see that one weed was always twisted which no one thought of—the grass that grows on graves.—*A Joy For Ever*, p. 38.

Women usually apologize to themselves for their pride and vanity, by saying, “It is good for trade.” Now you may soon convince yourself, and everybody about you, of the monstrous folly of this, by a very simple piece of definite action. Wear, yourself, becoming, pleasantly varied, but simple dress, of the best possible material. What you think necessary to buy (beyond this) “for the good of trade,” buy, and immediately *burn*. Even your dullest friends will see the folly of that proceeding.

You can then explain to them that by wearing what they don't want (instead of burning it) for the good of trade, they are merely adding insolence and vulgarity to absurdity.—*Fors*, II., p. 157.

WOMEN AND RELIGION.

THEOLOGY A DANGEROUS SCIENCE FOR WOMEN.—There *is* one dangerous science for women—one which let them indeed beware how they profanely touch—that of theology. Strange, and miserably strange, that while they are modest enough to doubt their powers, and pause at the threshold of sciences where every step is demonstrable and sure, they will plunge headlong, and without one thought of incompetency, into that science in which the greatest men have trembled, and the wisest erred.—*Sesame and Lilies*, p. 87.

WOMEN AND THE BIBLE.—You women of England are all now shrieking with one voice—you and your clergymen together—because you hear of your Bibles being attacked. If you choose to obey your Bibles, you will never care who attacks them. It is just because you never fulfil a single downright precept of the Book, that you are so careful for its credit: and just because you don't care to obey its whole words, that you are so particular about the letters of them. The Bible tells you to dress plainly,—and you are mad for finery; the Bible tells you to have pity on the poor,—and you crush them under your carriage-wheels; the Bible tells you to do judgment and justice,—and you do not know, nor care to know, so much as what the Bible word “justice” means.—*Crown of Wild Olive*, Lect. III., p. 93.

SISTERS OF CHARITY.—I am frightened out of my wits, every now and then, here at Oxford, by seeing something come out of poor people's houses, all dressed in black down to the ground; which, (having been much thinking of wicked things

lately,) I at first take for the Devil, and then find, to my extreme relief and gratification, that it's a Sister of Charity.—*Fors*, I., p. 325.

I know well how good the Sisters of Charity are, and how much we owe to them ; but all these professional pieties (except so far as distinction or association may be necessary for effectiveness of work) are in their spirit wrong, and in practice merely plaster the sores of disease that ought never have been permitted to exist ; encouraging at the same time the herd of less excellent women in frivolity, by leading them to think that they must either be good up to the black standard, or cannot be good for anything. Wear a costume, by all means, if you like ; but let it be a cheerful and becoming one ; and be in your heart a Sister of Charity always, without either veiled or voluble declaration of it.—*Sesame and Lilies*, Preface of 1871, p. 14.

THE PASSION OF CHRIST.—When any you of next go abroad, observe, and consider the meaning of, the sculptures and paintings, which of every rank in art, and in every chapel and cathedral, and by every mountain path, recall the hours, and represent the agonies, of the Passion of Christ : and try to form some estimate of the efforts that have been made by the four arts of eloquence, music, painting, and sculpture, since the twelfth century, to wring out of the hearts of women the last drops of pity that could be excited for this merely physical agony : for the art nearly always dwells on the physical wounds or exhaustion chiefly, and degrades, far more than it animates, the conception of pain.

Then try to conceive the quantity of time, and of excited and thrilling emotion, which have been wasted by the tender and delicate women of Christendom, during these last six hundred years, in thus picturing to themselves, under the influence of such imagery, the bodily pain, long since passed, of One Person ;—which, so far as they indeed conceived it to be sustained by a Divine Nature, could not for that reason have been less endurable than the

agonies of any simple human death by torture: and then try to estimate what might have been the better result, for the righteousness and felicity of mankind, if these same women had been taught the deep meaning of the last words that were ever spoken by their Master to those who had ministered to Him of their substance: "Daughters of Jerusalem, weep not for me, but weep for yourselves, and for your children."—*Lectures on Art*, p. 40.

A DINNER-PARTY WITH CHRIST.—I wrote a letter to one of my lady friends, who gives rather frequent dinners, the other day, which may perhaps be useful to others: it was to this effect mainly, though I add and alter a little to make it more general:—

"You probably will be having a dinner-party to-day; now, please do this, and remember I am quite serious in what I ask you. We all of us, who have any belief in Christianity at all, wish that Christ were alive now. Suppose, then, that He is. I think it very likely that if He were in London you would be one of the people whom He would take some notice of. Now, suppose He has sent you word that He is coming to dine with you to-day; but that you are not to make any change in your guests on His account; that He wants to meet exactly the party you have, and no other. Suppose you have just received this message, and that St. John has also left word, in passing, with the butler, that his master will come alone; so that you won't have any trouble with the Apostles. Now, this is what I want you to do. First, determine what you will have for dinner. You are not ordered, observe, to make no changes in your bill of fare. Take a piece of paper, and absolutely *write* fresh orders to your cook,—you can't realize the thing enough without writing. That done, consider how you will arrange your guests—who is to sit next Christ on the other side—who opposite, and so on; finally, consider a little what you will talk about, supposing, which is just possible, that Christ should tell you to go on talking as if He were not there, and never to mind *Him*. You

couldn't, you will tell me? Then, my dear lady, how can you in general? Don't you profess—nay, don't you much more than profess—to believe that Christ *is* always there, whether you see Him or not? Why should the seeing make such a difference?"—*Fors*, II., p. 282.

GIRLS.

At no period, so far as I am able to gather by the most careful comparison of existing portraiture, has there ever been a loveliness so variably refined, so modestly and kindly virtuous, so innocently fantastic, and so daintily pure, as the present girl-beauty of our British Islands.—*Art of England*, p. 87.

A young lady sang to me a Miss Somebody's "great song," *Live, and Love, and Die*. Had it been written for nothing better than silkworms, it should at least have added—Spin.—*Fiction, Fair and Foul*, p. 19.

If there were to be any difference between a girl's education and a boy's, I should say that of the two the girl should be earlier led—as her intellect ripens faster—into deep and serious subjects; and that her range of literature should be, not more, but less frivolous, calculated to add the qualities of patience and seriousness to her natural poignancy of thought and quickness of wit; and also to keep her in a lofty and pure element of thought.—*Sesame and Lilies*, p. 88.

THEIR FIRST VIRTUE IS TO BE HAPPY.—The first virtue of girls is to be intensely happy;—so happy that they don't know what to do with themselves for happiness,—and dance, instead of walking. Don't you recollect,

"No fountain from a rocky cave
E'er tripped with foot so free;
She seemed as happy as a wave
That dances on the sea."

A girl is always like that, when everything's right with her.—*Ethics of the Dust*, p. 85.

CINDERELLA AND VIRTUE.—In the play, Cinderella makes herself generally useful, and sweeps the doorstep, and dusts the door;—and none of the audience think any the worse of her on that account. They think the worse of her proud sisters who make her do it. But when they leave the Circus, they never think for a moment of making *themselves* useful, like Cinderella. They forthwith play the proud sisters as much as they can; and try to make anybody else, who will, sweep their doorsteps. Also, nobody advises Cinderella to write novels, instead of doing her washing, by way of bettering herself. The audience, gentle and simple, feel that the only chance she has of pleasing her Godmother, or marrying a Prince, is in remaining patiently at her tub, as long as the Fates will have it so, heavy though it be.—*Fors*, II., p. 166.

GIRLS READING THE BIBLE.—You may see continually girls who have never been taught to do a single useful thing thoroughly; who cannot sew, who cannot cook, who cannot cast an account, nor prepare a medicine, whose whole life has been passed either in play or in pride; you will find girls like these when they are earnest-hearted, cast all their innate passion of religious spirit, which was meant by God to support them through the irksomeness of daily toil, into grievous and vain meditation over the meaning of the great Book, of which no syllable was ever yet to be understood but through a deed; all the instinctive wisdom and mercy of their womanhood made vain, and the glory of their pure consciences warped into fruitless agony concerning questions which the laws of common serviceable life would have either solved for them in an instant, or kept out of their way. Give such a girl any true work that will make her active in the dawn, and weary at night, with the consciousness that her fellow-creatures have indeed been the better for her day, and the powerless sorrow of her enthusiasm will transform itself into a majesty of radiant and beneficent peace.—*Mystery of Life*, p. 132.

COOKING.—Cooking means the knowledge of Medea, and of Circe, and of Calypso, and of Helen, and of Rebekah, and of the Queen of Sheba. It means the knowledge of all herbs, and fruits, and balms, and spices; and of all that is healing and sweet in fields and groves, and savory in meats; it means carefulness, and inventiveness, and watchfulness, and willingness, and readiness of appliance; it means the economy of your great-grandmothers, and the science of modern chemists; it means much tasting, and no wasting; it means English thoroughness, and French art, and Arabian hospitality; and it means, in fine, that you are to be perfectly and always, ladies—"loaf-givers;" and, as you are to see, imperatively, that everybody has something pretty to put on,—so you are to see, yet more imperatively, that everybody has something nice to eat.—*Ethics of the Dust*, p. 87.

A DIALOGUE ON SEWING AND DRESS-MAKING.—

L.—What do you think the beautiful word *wife* comes from?

Dora.—I don't think it is a particularly beautiful word.

L.—Perhaps not. At your ages you may think *bride* sounds better; but *wife* is the word for wear, depend upon it. It is the great word in which the English and Latin languages conquer the French and the Greek. I hope the French will some day get a word for it, yet, instead of their dreadful *femme*. But what do you think it comes from?

Dora.—I never *did* think about it.

L.—Nor you, Sibyl?

Sibyl.—No; I thought it was Saxon and stopped there.

L.—Yes; but the great good of Saxon words is, that they usually do mean something. *Wife* means "weaver." You have all the right to call yourselves little "housewives," when you sew neatly.—*Ethics of the Dust*, p. 121.

Dora.—Then, we are all to learn dress-making, are we?

L.—Yes; and always to dress yourselves beautifully—not finely, unless on occasion; but then very finely and beautifully too. Also, you are to dress as many other people as you can; and to teach them how to dress, if they don't know; and to consider every ill-dressed woman or child whom you see anywhere, as a personal disgrace; and to get at them, somehow, until everybody is as beautifully dressed as birds.—*Ethics of the Dust*, p. 87.

BITS OF WORK FOR GIRLS.—Early rising—on all grounds—is for yourself indispensable. You must be at work by latest at six in summer and seven in winter. (Of course that puts an end to evening parties, and so it is a blessed condition in two directions at once.) Every day do a little bit of housemaid's work in your own house, thoroughly, so as to be a pattern of perfection in that kind. Your actual housemaid will then follow your lead, if there's an atom of woman's spirit in her—if not, ask your mother to get another). Take a step or two of stair, and a corner of the dining-room, and keep them polished like bits of a Dutch picture.

If you have a garden, spend all spare minutes in it in actual gardening. If not, get leave to take care of part of some friend's, a poor person's, but always out of doors. Have nothing to do with greenhouses, still less with bothouses.

When there are no flowers to be looked after, there are dead leaves to be gathered, snow to be swept, or matting to be nailed, and the like.—*Fors*, II., p. 97.

GARDENING FOR GIRLS.—*First.*—The primal object of your gardening, for yourself, is to keep you at work in the open air, whenever it is possible. The greenhouse will always be a refuge to you from the wind; which, on the contrary, you ought to be able to bear; and will tempt you into clippings and pottings and pettings, and mere standing dilettantism in a damp and over-scented room, instead of true labor in fresh air.

Secondly.—It will not only itself involve unneces-

sary expense—for the greenhouse is sure to turn into a hothouse in the end; and even if not, is always having its panes broken, or its blinds going wrong, or its stands getting rickety); but it will tempt you into buying nursery plants, and waste your time in anxiety about them.

Thirdly.—The use of your garden to the household ought to be mainly in the vegetables you can raise in it. And, for these, your proper observance of season, and of the authority of the stars, is a vital duty. Every climate gives its vegetable food to its living creatures at the right time; your business is to know that time, and be prepared for it, and to take the healthy luxury which nature appoints you, in the rare annual taste of the thing given in those its due days. The vile and gluttonous modern habit of forcing never allows people properly to taste anything.

Lastly, and chiefly.—Your garden is to enable you to obtain such knowledge of plants as you may best use in the country in which you live, by communicating it to others; and teaching them to take pleasure in the green herb, given for meat, and the colored flower, given for joy. And your business is not to make the greenhouse or hothouse rejoice and blossom like the rose, but the wilderness and solitary place. And it is, therefore, not at all of camellias and air-plants that the devil is afraid; on the contrary, the Dame aux Camellias is a very especial servant of his.—*Fors*, II., p. 284.

IDLENESS AND CRUELTY IN GIRLS.—How many soever you may find or fancy your faults to be, there are only two that are of real consequence,—Idleness and Cruelty. Perhaps you may be proud. Well, we can get much good out of pride, if only it be not religious. Perhaps you may be vain: it is highly probable; and very pleasant for the people who like to praise you. Perhaps you are a little envious: that is really very shocking; but then—so is everybody else. Perhaps, also, you are a little malicious, which I am truly concerned

to hear, but should probably only the more, if I knew you, enjoy your conversation. But whatever else you may be, you must not be useless, and you must not be cruel. If there is any one point which, in six thousand years of thinking about right and wrong, wise and good men have agreed upon, or successively by experience discovered, it is that God dislikes idle and cruel people more than any other ;—that His first order is, “ Work while you have light ;” and His second, “ Be merciful while you have mercy.”—*Sesame and Lilies*, Preface, 1871, p. 81.

VANITY REBUKED.—First, be quite sure of one thing, that, however much you may know, and whatever advantages you may possess, and however good you may be, you have not been singled out, by the God who made you, from all the other girls in the world, to be especially informed respecting His own nature and character. You have not been born in a luminous point upon the surface of the globe, where a perfect theology might be expounded to you from your youth up, and where everything you were taught would be true, and everything that was enforced upon you, right. Of all the insolent, all the foolish persuasions that by any chance could enter and hold your empty little heart, this is the proudest and foolishest,—that you have been so much the darling of the Heavens, and favorite of the Fates, as to be born in the very nick of time, and in the punctual place, when and where pure Divine truth had been sifted from the errors of the Nations ; and that your papa had been providentially disposed to buy a house in the convenient neighborhood of the steeple under which that immaculate and final verity would be beautifully proclaimed. Do not think it, child ; it is not so. This, on the contrary, is the fact,—unpleasant you may think it ; pleasant, it seems to *me*,—that you, with all your pretty dresses, and dainty looks, and kindly thoughts, and saintly aspirations, are not one whit more thought of or loved by the great

Maker and Master than any poor little red, black, or blue savage, running wild in the pestilent woods, or naked on the hot sands of the earth: and that, of the two, you probably know less about God than she does; the only difference being that she thinks little of Him that is right, and you, much that is wrong.—*Sesame and Lilies*, Preface, 1871, p. 6.

THE TWO MIRRORS.—I do not doubt but that the mind is a less pleasant thing to look at than the face, and for that very reason it needs more looking at; so always have two mirrors on your toilet table, and see that with proper care you dress body and mind before them daily. After the dressing is once over for the day, think no more about it: as your hair will blow about your ears, so your temper and thoughts will get ruffled with the day's work, and may need, sometimes, twice dressing; but I don't want you to carry about a mental pocket-comb; only to be smooth braided always in the morning.—*Sesame and Lilies*, Preface, 1871, p. 9.

AN ENGRAVING OF THE CROSS OF CHRIST.—This engraving represents a young lady in a very long and, though plain, very becoming white dress, tossed upon the waves of a terrifically stormy sea, by which neither her hair nor her becoming dress is in the least wetted; and saved from despair in that situation by closely embracing a very thick and solid stone Cross. By which far-sought and original metaphor young ladies are expected, after some effort, to understand the recourse they may have, for support, to the Cross of Christ, in the midst of the troubles of this world.

As those troubles are for the present, in all probability, limited to the occasional loss of their thimbles when they have not taken care to put them into their workboxes.—the concern they feel at the unsympathizing gaiety of their companions.—or perhaps the disappointment at not hearing a favorite clergyman preach.—(for I will not suppose the young ladies interested in this picture to be affected by any chargin at the loss of an invitation to a

ball, or the like worldliness.)—it seems to me the stress of such calamities might be represented, in a picture, by less appalling imagery. And I can assure my fair little lady friends,—if I still have any,—that whatever a young girl's ordinary troubles or annoyances may be, her true virtue is in shaking them off, as a rose-leaf shakes off rain, and remaining debonnaire and bright in spirits, or even, as the rose would be, the brighter for the troubles; and not at all in allowing herself to be either drifted or depressed to the point of requiring religious consolation.—*Ariadne*, p. 18.

ON THE EDUCATION OF GIRLS.—Keep the modern magazine and novel out of your girl's way: turn her loose into the old library every wet day, and let her alone. She will find what is good for her; you cannot: for there is just this difference between the making of a girl's character and a boy's—you may chisel a boy into shape, as you would a rock, or hammer him into it, if he be of a better kind, as you would a piece of bronze. But you cannot hammer a girl into anything. She grows as a flower does,—she will wither without sun; she will decay in her sheath, as the narcissus does, if you do not give her air enough; she may fall, and defile her head in dust, if you leave her without help at some moments of her life; but you cannot fetter her; she must take her own fair form and way, if she take any, and in mind as in body, must have always

“Her household motions light and free
And steps of virgin liberty.”

—*Sesame and Lilies*, p. 90.

All such knowledge should be given her as may enable her to understand, and even to aid, the work of men: and yet it should be given, not as knowledge,—not as if it were, or could be, for her an object to know; but only to feel, and to judge. It is of no moment, as a matter of pride or perfectness in herself, whether she knows many languages or one; but it is of the utmost, that she should be able

to show kindness to a stranger, and to understand the sweetness of a stranger's tongue. It is of no moment to her own worth or dignity that she should be acquainted with this science or that; but it is of the highest that she should be trained in habits of accurate thought; that she should understand the meaning, the inevitableness, and the loveliness of natural laws, and follow at least some one path of scientific attainment, as far as to the threshold of that bitter Valley of Humiliation, into which only the wisest and bravest of men can descend, owning themselves forever children, gathering pebbles on a boundless shore. It is of little consequence how many positions of cities she knows, or how many dates of events, or how many names of celebrated persons—it is not the object of education to turn a woman into a dictionary; but it is deeply necessary that she should be taught to enter with her whole personality into the history she reads; to picture the passages of it vitally in her own bright imagination; to apprehend, with her fine instincts, the pathetic circumstances and dramatic relations, which the historian too often only eclipses by his reasoning, and disconnects by his arrangement: it is for her to trace the hidden equities of divine reward, and catch sight through the darkness, of the fateful threads of woven fire that connect error with its retribution. But, chiefly of all, she is to be taught to extend the limits of her sympathy with respect to that history which is being for her determined, as the moments pass in which she draws her peaceful breath: and to the contemporary calamity which, were it but rightly mourned by her, would recur no more hereafter.—*Sesame and Lilies*, pp. 86, 87.

TWO AMERICAN GIRLS IN ITALY.—I had to go to Verona by the afternoon train. In the carriage with me were two American girls with their father and mother, people of the class which has lately made so much money suddenly, and does not know what to do with it: and these two girls, of about

fifteen and eighteen, had evidently been indulged in everything, (since they had had the means,) which western civilization could imagine. And here they were, specimens of the utmost which the money and invention of the nineteenth century could produce in maidenhood, — children of its most progressive race, — enjoying the full advantages of political liberty, of enlightened philosophical education, of cheap pilfered literature, and of luxury at any cost. Whatever money, machinery, or freedom of thought, could do for these two children, had been done. No superstition had deceived, no restraint degraded them: — types, they could not but be, of maidenly wisdom and felicity, as conceived by the forwardest intellects of our time.

And they were travelling through a district which, if any in the world, should touch the hearts and delight the eyes of young girls. Between Venice and Verona! Portia's villa perhaps in sight upon the Brenta, — Juliet's tomb to be visited in the evening, — blue against the southern sky, the hills of Petrarch's home. Exquisite midsummer sunshine, with low rays, glanced through the vine-leaves; all the Alps were clear, from the lake of Garda to Cadore, and to farthest Tyrol. What a princess's chamber, this, if these are princesses, and what dreams might they not dream, therein!

But the two American girls were neither princesses, nor seers, nor dreamers. By infinite self-indulgence, they had reduced themselves simply to two pieces of white putty that could feel pain. The flies and dust stuck to them as to clay, and they perceived, between Venice and Verona, nothing but the flies and the dust. They pulled down the blinds the moment they entered the carriage, and then sprawled, and writhed, and tossed among the cushions of it, in vain contest, during the whole fifty miles, with every miserable sensation of bodily affliction that could make time intolerable. They were dressed in thin white frocks, coming vaguely open at the backs as they stretched or wriggled;

they had French novels, lemons, and lumps of sugar, to beguile their state with; the novels hanging together by the ends of string that had once stiched them, or adhering at the corners in densely bruised dog's-ears, out of which the girls, wetting their fingers, occasionally extricated a gluey leaf. From time to time they cut a lemon open, ground a lump of sugar backwards and forwards over it till every fibre was in a treacly pulp; then sucked the pulp, and gnawed the white skin into leathery strings for the sake of its bitter. Only one sentence was exchanged, in the fifty miles, on the subject of things outside the carriage (the Alps being once visible from a station where they had drawn up the blinds).

“Don't those snow-caps make you cool?”

“No—I wish they did.”

And so they went their way, with sealed eyes and tormented limbs, their numbered miles of pain.—*Fors*, I., pp. 269, 270.

CARPACCIO'S PRINCESS.—In the year 1869, just before leaving Venice, I had been carefully looking at a picture by Victor Carpaccio, representing the dream of a young princess. Carpaccio has taken much pains to explain to us, as far as he can, the kind of life she leads, by completely painting her little bedroom in the light of dawn, so that you can see everything in it. It is lighted by two doubly-arched windows, the arches being painted crimson round their edges, and the capitals of the shafts that bear them, gilded. They are filled at the top with small round panes of glass; but beneath, are open to the blue morning sky, with a low lattice across them; and in the one at the back of the room are set two beautiful white Greek vases with a plant in each; one having rich dark and pointed green leaves, the other crimson flowers, but not of any species known to me, each at the end of a branch like a spray of heath.

These flower-pots stand on a shelf which runs all round the room, and beneath the window, at about

the height of the elbow, and serves to put things on anywhere: beneath it, down to the floor, the walls are covered with green cloth; but above, are bare and white. The second window is nearly opposite the bed, and in front of it is the princess's reading-table, some two feet and a half square, covered by a red cloth with a white border and dainty fringe: and beside it her seat, not at all like a reading chair in Oxford, but a very small three-legged stool like a music-stool, covered with crimson cloth. On the table are a book set up at a slope fittest for reading, and an hour-glass. Under the shelf, near the table, so as to be easily reached by the outstretched arm, is a press full of books. The door of this has been left open, and the books, I am grieved to say, are rather in disorder, having been pulled about before the princess went to bed, and one left standing on its side.

Opposite this window, on the white wall, is a small shrine or picture (I can't see which, for it is in sharp retiring perspective), with a lamp before it, and a silver vessel hung from the lamp, looking like one for holding incense.

The bed is a broad four-poster, the posts being beautifully wrought golden or gilded rods, variously wreathed and branched, carrying a canopy of warm red. The princess's shield is at the head of it, and the feet are raised entirely above the floor of the room, on a dais which projects at the lower end so as to form a seat, on which the child has laid her crown. Her little blue slippers lie at the side of the bed,—her white dog beside them. The coverlid is scarlet, the white sheet covered half way back over it; the young girl lies straight, bending neither at waist nor knee, the sheet rising and falling over her in a narrow unbroken wave, like the shape of the coverlid of the last sleep, when the turf scarcely rises.

She is some seventeen or eighteen years old, her head is turned towards us on the pillow, the cheek resting on her hand, as if she were thinking yet utterly calm in sleep, and almost colorless.

Her hair is tied with a narrow riband, and divided into two wreaths, which encircle her head like a double crown. The white nightgown hides the arm raised on the pillow, down to the wrist.

At the door of the room an angel enters ; (the little dog, though lying awake, vigilant, takes no notice.) He is a very small angel, his head just rises a little above the shelf round the room, and would only reach as high as the princess's chin, if she were standing up. He has soft gray wings, lustreless ; and his dress of subdued blue, has violet sleeves, open above the elbow, and showing white sleeves below. He comes in without haste, his body, like a mortal one, easting shadow from the light through the door behind, his face perfectly quiet ; a palm-branch in his right hand—a scroll in his left.

So dreams the princess, with blessed eyes, that need no earthly dawn. It is very pretty of Carpaccio to make her dream out the angel's dress so particularly, and notice the slashed sleeves ; and to dream so little an angel—very nearly a doll angel,—bringing her the branch of palm, and message. But the lovely characteristic of all is the evident delight of her continual life. Royal power over herself, and happiness in her flowers, her books, her sleeping and waking, her prayers, her dreams, her earth, her heaven. . . .

“ How do I know the princess is industrious ? ”

Partly by the trim state of her room,—by the hour-glass on the table,—by the evident use of all the books she has, (well bound, every one of them, in stoutest leather or velvet, and with no dog's-ears), but more distinctly from another picture of her, not asleep. In that one, a prince of England has sent to ask her in marriage: and her father, little liking to part with her, sends for her to his room to ask her what she would do. He sits, moody and sorrowful ; she, standing before him in a plain housewifely dress, talks quietly, going on with her needlework all the time.

A work-woman, friends, she, no less than a prin-

cess; and princess most in being so.*—*Fors*, I., pp. 267-271.

COURTSHIP.—When a youth is fully in love with a girl, and feels that he is wise in loving her, he should at once tell her so plainly, and take his chance bravely, with other suitors. No lover should have the insolence to think of being accepted at once, nor should any girl have the cruelty to refuse at once; without severe reasons. If she simply doesn't like him, she may send him away for seven years or so—he vowing to live on cresses, and wear sackcloth meanwhile, or the like penance: if she likes him a little, or thinks she might come to like him in time, she may let him stay near her, putting him always on sharp trial to see what stuff he is made of, and requiring, figuratively, as many lion-skins or giants' heads as she thinks herself worth. The whole meaning and power of true courtship is Probation; and it oughtn't to be shorter than three years at least,—seven is, to my own mind, the orthodox time. And these relations between the young people should be openly and simply known, not to their friends only, but to everybody who has the least interest in them: and a girl worth anything ought to have always half a dozen or so of suitors under vow for her.—*Fors*, IV., p. 321.

* To my great satisfaction, I am asked by a pleasant correspondent, where and what the picture of the Princess's Dream is. High up, in an out-of-the-way corner of the Academy of Venice, seen by no man—nor woman neither,—of all pictures in Europe the one I should choose for a gift, if a fairy queen gave me choice,—Victor Carpaccio's "Vision of St. Ursula."—*Fors*, II., p. 189.

I have to correct a mistake in *Fors*, which it will be great delight to all Amorites to discover; namely, that the Princess, whom I judged to be industrious because she went on working while she talked to her father about her marriage, cannot, on this ground, be praised beyond Princesses in general; for, indeed, the little mischief, instead of working, as I thought,—while her father is leaning his head on his hand in the greatest distress at the thought of parting with her,—is trying on her marriage-ring!—*Fors*, III., p. 318.

CHAPTER IV.

"THE MOB."

Positive in a pertinent and practical manner, I have been, and shall be; with such stern and steady wedge of fact and act as time may let me drive into the gnarled blockheadism of the British mob.—*Fors*, II., p. 131.

The Minotaur has a man's body, a bull's head (which is precisely the general type of the English nation to-day).—*Fors*, I., p. 331.

The word "manly" has come to mean practically, among us, a schoolboy's character, not a man's. We are, at our best, thoughtlessly impetuous, fond of adventure and excitement; curious in knowledge for its novelty, not for its system and results; faithful and affectionate to those among whom we are by chance cast, but gently and calmly insolent to strangers; we are stupidly conscientious, and instinctively brave, and always ready to cast away the lives we take no pains to make valuable, in causes of which we have never ascertained the justice.—*Athena*, p. 144.

Men called King Richard I. "Lion-heart," not untruly; and the English, as a people, have prided themselves somewhat ever since on having, every man of them, the heart of a lion; without inquiring particularly either what sort of a heart a lion has, or whether to have the heart of a lamb might not sometimes be more to the purpose.—*Fors*, I., p. 36.

Dickens is said to have made people good-natured. If he did, I wonder what sort of natures they had before! Thackeray is similarly asserted to have chastised and repressed flunkeydom—which it greatly puzzles me to hear, because, as far as I can see, there isn't a carriage now left in all the Row

with anybody sitting inside it: the people who ought to have been in it are, every one, hanging on behind, the carriage in front.—*Fors*, II., p. 20.

If the British public were informed that engineers were now confident, after their practice in the Cenis and St. Gothard tunnels, that they could make a railway to Hell—the British public would instantly invest in the concern to any amount; and stop church-building all over the country, for fear of diminishing the dividends.—*Fors*, II., p. 302.

In recent days, it is fast becoming the only definition of aristocracy, that the principal business of its life is the killing of sparrows. Sparrows, or pigeons, or partridges, what does it matter? “Centum mille. perdrices plumbo confecit;” that is, indeed, too often the sum of the life of an English lord; much questionable now, if *indeed* of more value than that of many sparrows.—*Love's Meinie*, p. 6.

As to our not massacring children, it is true that an English gentleman will not now himself willingly put a knife into the throat either of a child or a lamb; but he will kill any quantity of children by disease in order to increase his rents, as unconcernedly as he will eat any quantity of mutton.—*Val D'Arno*, p. 115.

THE DESTRUCTION OF LANDSCAPE BY THE BRITISH PHILISTINES.—You might have the rivers of England as pure as the crystal of the rock;—beautiful in falls, in lakes, in living pools;—so full of fish that you might take them out with your hands instead of nets. Or you may do always as you have done now, turn every river of England into a common sewer, so that you cannot so much as baptize an English baby but with filth, unless you hold its face out in the rain; and even *that* falls dirty.—*Fors*, I., p. 69.

You think it a great triumph to make the sun draw brown landscapes for you. That was also a discovery, and some day may be useful. But the

sun had drawn landscapes before for you, not in brown, but in green, and blue, and all imaginable colors, here in England. Not one of you ever looked at them then; not one of you cares for the loss of them now, when you have shut the sun out with smoke, so that he can draw nothing more, except brown blots through a hole in a box.—*Fors*, I., p. 64.

As far as your scientific hands and scientific brains, inventive of explosive and deathful, instead of blossoming and life-giving Dust, can contrive, you have turned the Mother-Earth—Demeter, into the Avenger-Earth—Tisiphone—with the voice of your brother's blood crying out of it, in one wild harmony round all its murderous sphere.—*Fors*, I., p. 69.

There was a rocky valley between Buxton and Bakewell, once upon a time, divine as the Vale of Tempé; you might have seen the Gods there morning and evening—Apollo and all the sweet Muses of the Light—walking in fair procession on the lawns of it, and to and fro among the pinnacles of its crags. You cared neither for Gods nor grass, but for cash (which you did not know the way to get); you thought you could get it by what the *Times* calls "Railroad Enterprise." You Enterprised a Railroad through the valley—you blasted its rocks away, heaped thousands of tons of shale into its lovely stream. The valley is gone, and the Gods with it; and now, every fool in Buxton can be at Bakewell in half an hour, and every fool in Bakewell at Buxton; which you think a lucrative process of exchange—you Fools everywhere.—*Fors*, I., p. 64.

You have made race-courses of the cathedrals of the earth—the mountains. Your *one* conception of pleasure is to drive in railroad carriages round their aisles, and eat off their altars. You have put a railroad bridge over the fall of Schaffhausen. You have tunnelled the cliffs of Lucerne by Tell's chapel; you have destroyed the Clarens shore of

the Lake of Geneva; there is not a quiet valley in England that you have not filled with bellowing fire; there is no particle left of English land which you have not trampled coal ashes into; nor any foreign city in which the spread of your presence is not marked among its fair old streets and happy gardens by a consuming white leprosy of new hotels and perfumers' shops: the Alps themselves, which your own poets used to love so reverently, you look upon as soaped poles in a bear-garden, which you set yourselves to climb, and slide down again, with "shrieks of delight."—*Sesame and Lilies*, p. 58.

THE ENGLISH JONAH TO THE ENGLISH LORDS.—Truly, as you have divided the fields of the poor, the poor, in their time, shall divide yours. . . . For the gipsy hunt is up also, as well as Harry our King's; and the hue and cry loud against your land and you; your tenure of it is in dispute before a multiplying mob, deaf and blind as you—frantic for the spoiling of you. The British Constitution is breaking fast. It never was, in its best days, entirely what its stout owner flattered himself. Neither British Constitution, nor British law, though it blanch every acre with an acre of parchment, sealed with as many seals as the meadow had buttercups, can keep your landlordships safe, henceforward, for an hour. You will have to fight for them, as your fathers did, if you mean to keep them. . . . And are you ready for that toil to-day? It will soon be called for. Sooner or later, within the next few years, you will find yourselves in Parliament in front of a majority resolved on the establishment of a Republic, and the division of lands. Vainly the landed mill-owners will shriek for the "operation of natural laws of political economy." The vast natural law of carnivorous rapine which they have declared their Baal-God, in so many words, will be in *equitable* operation then; and not, as they fondly hoped to keep it, all on their own side. . . .

Are you prepared to clear the streets with the

Woolwich infant—thinking that out of the mouth of that suckling, God will perfect your praise, and ordain your strength? Be it so; but every grocer's and chandler's shop in the thoroughfares of London is a magazine of petroleum and percussion powder; and there are those who will use both, among the Republicans. And you will see your father the Devil's will done on earth, as it is in hell. I call him your father, for you have denied your mortal fathers, and their Heavenly One. You have declared, in act and thought, the ways and laws of your sires—obsolete, and of your God—ridiculous; above all, the habits of obedience, and the elements of justice. You were made lords over God's heritage. You thought to make it your own heritage; to be lords of your own land, not of God's land. And to this issue of ownership you are come. . . .

To think how many of your dull Sunday mornings have been spent, for propriety's sake, looking chiefly at those carved angels blowing trumpets above your family vaults; and never one of you has had Christianity enough in him to think that he might as easily have his moors full of angels as of grouse. And now, if ever you did see a real angel before the Day of Judgment, your first thought would be—to shoot it.

And for your "family" vaults, what will be the use of them to you? Does not Mr. Darwin show you that you can't wash the slugs out of a lettuce without disrespect to your ancestors? Nay, the ancestors of the modern political economist cannot have been so pure;—they were not—he tells you himself—vegetarian slugs, but carnivorous ones—those, to wit, that you see also carved on your tombstones going in and out at the eyes of skulls. And, truly, I don't know what else the holes in the heads of modern political economists were made for. . . .

This essential meaning of Religion it was your office mainly to teach—each of you captain and king, leader and lawgiver, to his people;—vicegerents of your Captain, Christ. And now—you mis-

erable jockeys and gamesters—you can't get a seat in Parliament for those all but worn-out buckskin breeches of yours, but by taking off your hats to the pot-boy. Pretty classical statues you will make, Coriolanuses of the nineteenth century, humbly promising, not to your people gifts of corn, but to your pot-boys, stealthy sale of adulterated beer!

Obedience!—you dare not so much as utter the word, whether to pot-boy or any other sort of boy, it seems, lately; and the half of you still calling themselves, Lords, Marquises, Sirs, and other such ancient names, which—though omniscient Mr. Buckle says they and their heraldry are nought—some little prestige lingers about still. You yourselves, what do you yet [mean by them—Lords of what?—Herrs, Signors, Dukes of what?—of whom? Do you mean merely, when you go to the root of the matter, that you sponge on the British farmer for your living, and are strong-bodied paupers compelling your dole?

To that extent, there is still, it seems, some force in you. Heaven keep it in you; for, as I have said, it will be tried, and soon; and you would even yourselves see what was coming, but that in your hearts—not from cowardice, but from shame—you are not sure whether you will be ready to fight for your dole; and would fain persuade yourselves it will still be given you for form's sake, or pity's.

No, my lords and gentlemen: you won it at the lance's point, and must so hold it, against the clubs of Sempach, if still you may. No otherwise. . . . And the real secret of those strange breakings of the lance by the clubs of Sempach, is—"that villainous saltpetre"—you think? No, Shakespearian lord; nor even the sheaf-binding of Arnold, which so stopped the shaking of the fruitless spiculæ. The utter and inmost secret is, that you have been fighting these three hundred years for what you could *get*, instead of what you could *give*. You were ravenous enough in rapine in the olden times; but you lived fearlessly and innocently by it, because, essentially, you wanted money and food to give—not to consume;

to maintain your followers with, not to swallow yourselves. Your chivalry was founded, invariably, by knights who were content all their lives with their horse and armor, and daily bread. Your kings, of true power, never desired for themselves more—down to the last of them, Friedrich. What they *did* desire was strength of manhood round them, and, in their own hands, the power of largesse.—*Fors Clarigera*, II., pp. 256-264.

REAL KINGS.—Because you are king of a nation, it does not follow that you are to gather for yourself all the wealth of that nation; neither, because you are king of a small part of the nation, and lord over the means of its maintenance—over field, or mill, or mine—are you to take all the produce of that piece of the foundation of national existence for yourself.

Real kings, on the contrary, are known invariably by their doing quite the reverse of this; by their taking the least possible quantity of the nation's work for themselves. There is no test of real kingship so infallible as that. Does the crowned creature live simply, bravely, unostentatiously? probably he *is* a King. Does he cover his body with jewels, and his table with delicates? in all probability he is *not* a King. It is possible he may be, as Solomon was; but that is when the nation shares his splendor with him. Solomon made gold, not only to be in his own palace as stones, but to be in Jerusalem as stones. But even so, for the most part, these splendid kingdoms expire in ruin, and only the true kingdoms live, which are of royal laborers governing loyal laborers; who, both leading rough lives, establish the true dynasties.—*Crown of Wild Olive*, Lect. II., p. 62.

How comes it to pass that a captain will die with his passengers, and lean over the gunwale to give the parting boat its course; but that a king will not usually die with—much less *for*—his passengers; thinks it rather incumbent on his passengers, in any number, to die for *him*?—*Crown of Wild Olive*, Lect. III., p. 80.

Strange! to think how the Moth-kings lay up treasures for the moth, and the Rust-kings, who are to their peoples' strength as rust to armor, lay up treasures for the rust; and the Robber-kings, treasures for the robber; but how few kings have ever laid up treasures that needed no guarding—treasures of which, the more thieves there were, the better! Broidered robe, only to be rent; helm and sword, only to be dimmed; jewel and gold, only to be scattered: there have been three kinds of kings who have gathered these. Suppose there ever should arise a Fourth order of kings, who had read, in some obscure writing of long ago, that there was a Fourth kind of treasure, which the jewel and gold could not equal, neither should it be valued with pure gold. A web more fair in the weaving, by Athena's shuttle; an armor, forged in diviner fire by Vulcanian force; a gold only to be mined in the sun's red heart, where he sets over the Delphian cliffs;—deep-pictured tissue, impenetrable armor, potable gold!—the three great Angels of Conduct, Toil, and Thought, still calling to us, and waiting at the posts of our doors, to lead us, if we would, with their winged power, and guide us, with their inescapable eyes, by the path which no fowl knoweth, and which the vulture's eye has not seen! Suppose kings should ever arise, who heard and believed this word, and at last gathered and brought forth treasures of—Wisdom—for their people? Think what an amazing business *that* would be! How inconceivable, in the state of our present national wisdom. That we should bring up our peasants to a book exercise instead of a bayonet exercise!—organize, drill, maintain with pay, and good generalship, armies of thinkers, instead of armies of stabbers!—find national amusement in reading-rooms as well as rifle-grounds; give prizes for a fair shot at a fact, as well as for a leaden splash on a target.—*Sesame and Lilies*, p. 69.

THE ENGLISH SQUIRE.—It remains true of the English squire to this day, that for the most part,

he thinks that his kingdom is given him that he may be bright and brave; and not at all that the sunshine or valor in him is meant to be of use to his kingdom.—*Fors*, I., p. 39.

Squires, are you, and not Workmen, nor Laborers, do you answer next?—Yet, I have certainly sometimes seen engraved over your family vaults, and especially on the more modern tablets, those comfortable words, "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord." But I observe that you are usually content, with the help of the village stone-mason, to say *only* this concerning your dead; and that you but rarely venture to add the "yea" of the Spirit, "that they may rest from their Labors, and their Works do follow them."

If there be one rather than another who will have strict scrutiny made into his use of every instant of his time, every syllable of his speech, and every action of his hand and foot—on peril of having hand and foot bound, and tongue scorched, in Tophet—that responsible person is the British Squire.

Very strange, the unconsciousness of this, in his own mind, and in the minds of all belonging to him. Even the greatest painter of him—the Reynolds who has filled England with the ghosts of her noble squires and dames;—though he ends his last lecture in the Academy with "the *name* of Michael Angelo," never for an instant thought of following out the purposes of Michael Angelo, and painting a Last Judgment upon Squires, with the scene of it laid in Leicestershire. Appealing lords and ladies on either hand: "Behold, Lord, here is Thy land; which I have—as far as my distressed circumstances would permit—laid up in a napkin. Perhaps there may be a cottage or so less upon it than when I came into the estate,—a tree cut down here and there imprudently;—but the grouse and foxes are undiminished. Behold, there Thou hast that is Thine." And what capacities of dramatic effect in the cases of less prudent owners—those who had said in their

hearts, "My Lord delayeth His coming." Michael Angelo's St. Bartholomew, exhibiting his *own* skin flayed off him, awakes but a minor interest in that classic picture. How many an English squire might not we, with more pictorial advantage, see represented as adorned with the flayed skins of other people?—*For's*, II., pp. 256, 257.

LONDON AS A SQUIRREL-CAGE.—England has a vast quantity of ground still food-producing, in corn, grass, cattle, or game. With that territory she educates her squire, or typical gentleman, and his tenantry, to whom, together, she owes all her power in the world. With another large portion of territory—now continually on the increase—she educates a mercenary population, ready to produce any quantity of bad articles to anybody's order; population which every hour that passes over them makes acceleratingly avaricious, immoral, and insane. In the increase of that kind of territory and its people, her ruin is just as certain as if she were deliberately exchanging her corn-growing land, and her heaven above it, for a soil of arsenic, and rain of nitric acid. . . .

Now the action of the squire for the last fifty years has been, broadly, to take the food from the ground of his estate, and carry it to London, where he feeds with it a vast number of builders, upholsterers (one of them charged me five pounds for a footstool the other day), carriage and harness makers, dress-makers, grooms, footmen, bad musicians, bad painters, gamblers, and harlots; and in supply of the wants of these main classes, a vast number of shopkeepers of minor useless articles. The muscles and the time of this enormous population being wholly unproductive—(for of course time spent in the mere process of sale is unproductive, and much more that of the footman and groom, while that of the vulgar upholsterer, jeweller, fiddler, and painter, etc., is not only unproductive, but mischievous)—the entire mass of this London population do nothing whatever either to feed or

clothe themselves; and their vile life preventing them from all rational entertainment, they are compelled to seek some pastime in vile literature, the demand for which again occupies another enormous class, who do nothing to feed or dress themselves; finally, the vain disputes of this vicious population give employment to the vast industry of the lawyers and their clerks, who similarly do nothing to feed or dress themselves.

Now the peasants might still be able to supply this enormous town population with food (in the form of the squire's rent); but it cannot, without machinery, supply the flimsy dresses, toys, metal work, and other rubbish belonging to their accursed life. Hence over the whole country the sky is blackened and the air made pestilent, to supply London and other such towns with their iron railings, vulgar upholstery, jewels, toys, liveries, lace, and other means of dissipation and dishonor of life. Gradually the country people cannot even supply food to the voracity of the vicious centre; and it is necessary to import food from other countries, giving in exchange any kind of commodity we can attract their itching desires for, and produce by machinery. The tendency of the entire national energy is therefore to approximate more and more to the state of a squirrel in a cage, or a turnspit in a wheel, fed by foreign masters with nuts and dog's-meat.

And indeed when we rightly conceive the relation of London to the country, the sight of it becomes more fantastic and wonderful than any dream. Hyde Park, in the season, is the great rotatory form of the vast squirrel-cage; round and round it go the idle company, in their reversed streams, urging themselves to their necessary exercise. They cannot with safety even eat their nuts, without so much "revolution" as shall, in Venetian language, "comply with the demands of hygiene." Then they retire into their boxes, with due quantity of straw; the Belgravian and Piccadillian streets outside the railings being, when one sees clearly, nothing but

the squirrel's box at the side of his wires. And then think of all the rest of the metropolis as the creation and ordinance of these squirrels, that they may squeak and whirl to their satisfaction, and yet be fed.—*Fors*, II., pp. 243-245.

“*ALI BABA AND THE FORTY THIEVES.*”—The pantomime was, as I said, *Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves*. The forty thieves were girls. The forty thieves had forty companions, who were girls. The forty thieves and their forty companions were in some way mixed up with about four hundred and forty fairies, who were girls. There was an Oxford and Cambridge boat-race, in which the Oxford and Cambridge men were girls. There was a transformation scene, with a forest, in which the flowers were girls, and a chandelier, in which the lamps were girls, and a great rainbow, which was all of girls. . . . And there was a little actress, of whom I have chiefly to speak, who played exquisitely the little part she had to play, a *pas de deux* dance with the donkey. . . . She did it beautifully and simply, as a child ought to dance. She was not an infant prodigy; there was no evidence, in the finish or strength of her motion, that she had been put to continual torture through half her eight or nine years. . . . She danced her joyful dance with perfect grace, spirit, sweetness, and self-forgetfulness. And through all the vast theatre, full of English fathers and mothers and children, there was not one hand lifted to give her sign of praise but mine.

Presently after this, came on the forty thieves, who, as I told you, were girls; and, there being no thieving to be presently done, and time hanging heavy on their hands, arms, and legs, the forty thief-girls proceeded to light forty cigars. Whereupon the British public gave them a round of applause. Whereupon I fell a-thinking; and saw little more of the piece, except as an ugly and disturbing dream.—*Time and Tide*, pp. 23-25.

THE CONSCIENCE OF THE BRITON A DARK LANTERN.—The British soul, I observe, is of late years

peculiarly inflamed with rage at the sound of the words "confession" and "inquisition." The reason of which sentiment is essentially that the British soul has been lately living the life of a Guy Fawkes; and is in perpetual conspiracy against God and man—evermore devising how it may wheedle the one, and rob the other. If your conscience is a dark lantern,—then, of course, you will shut it up when you see a policeman coming; but if it is the candle of the Lord, no man when he hath lighted a candle puts it under a bushel.—*Fors*, IV., p. 30.

INDIA AS A RESOURCE FOR LOVERS.—Every mutiny, every danger, every terror, and every crime, occurring under, or paralyzing, our Indian legislation, arises directly out of our national desire to live on the loot of India, and the notion always entertained by English young gentlemen and ladies of good position, falling in love with each other without immediate prospect of establishment in Belgrave Square, that they can find in India, instantly on landing, a bungalow ready furnished with the loveliest fans, china, and shawls; ices and sherbet at command; four-and-twenty slaves succeeding each other hourly to swing the punkah, and a regiment with a beautiful band to "keep order" outside, all round the house.—*Pleasures of England*, p. 52.

IRREVERENCE.—Have you ever taken the least pains to know what kind of Person the God of England once was? and yet, do you not think yourselves the cleverest of human creatures, because you have thrown His yoke off, with scorn. You need not crow so loudly about your achievement. Any young gutter-bred blackguard your police pick up in the streets, can mock your Fathers' God with the best of you.—*Fors*, IV., p. 12.

HIPPOMANIA AND OINOMANIA.—The power of the English currency has been, till of late, largely based on the national estimate of horses and of wine: so that a man might always give any price to fur-

nish choicely his stable, or his cellar, and receive public approval therefor: but if he gave the same sum to furnish his library, he was called mad, or a bibliomaniac. And although he might lose his fortune by his horses, and his health or life by his cellar, and rarely lost either by his books, he was yet never called a Hippo-maniac nor an Oino-maniac; but only Biblio-maniac, because the current worth of money was understood to be legitimately founded on cattle and wine, but not on literature.—*Munera Pulveris*, p. 56.

MODERN HEROINES.—You have one of them in perfection, for instance, in Mr. Charles Reade's *Griffith Gaunt*—"Lithe, and vigorous, and one with her great white gelding;" and liable to be entirely changed in her mind about the destinies of her life by a quarter of an hour's conversation with a gentleman unexpectedly handsome; the hero also being a person who looks at people whom he dislikes, with eyes "like a dog's in the dark;" and both hero and heroine having souls and intellects also precisely corresponding to those of a dog's in the dark, which is indeed the essential picture of the practical English national mind at this moment—happy if it remains doggish—Circe not usually being content with changing people into dogs only.—*Val D'Arno*, p. 99.

THE UMFRAVILLE HOTEL.—11th January, 1874.—Thinking I should be the better of a look at the sea, I have come down to an old watering-place, where one used to be able to get into a decent little inn, and possess one's self of a parlor with a bow window looking out on the beach, a pretty carpet, and a print or two of revenue cutters, and the Battle of the Nile. One could have a chop and some good cheese for dinner; fresh cream and cresses for breakfast, and a plate of shrimps.

I find myself in the Umfraville Hotel, a quarter of a mile long by a furlong deep; in a ghastly room, five-and-twenty feet square, and eighteen high,—

that is to say, just four times as big as I want, and which I can no more light with my candles in the evening than I could the Peak cavern. A gas apparatus in the middle of it serves me to knock my head against, but I take good care not to light it, or I should soon be stopped from my evening's work by a headache, and be unfit for my morning's business besides. The carpet is threadbare, and has the look of having been spat upon all over. There is only one window, of four huge panes of glass, through which one commands a view of a plaster balcony, some ornamental iron railings, an esplanade; and—well, I suppose—in the distance, that is really the sea, where it used to be.—*Fors.* II., p. 153.

THE LIGHT-OUTSPEEDING TELEGRAPH.—There was some excuse for your being a little proud when, about last sixth of April (Cœur de Lion's death-day, and Albert Dürer's), you knotted a copper wire all the way to Bombay, and flashed a message along it, and back. But what was the message, and what the answer? Is India the better for what you said to her? Are you the better for what she replied? If not, you have only wasted an all-around-the-world's length of copper wire—which is, indeed, about the sum of your doing. If you had had, perchance, two words of common sense to say, though you had taken wearisome time and trouble to send them;—though you had written them slowly in gold, and sealed them with a hundred seals, and sent a squadron of ships of the line to carry the scroll, and the squadron had fought its way round the Cape of Good Hope, through a year of storms, with loss of all its ships but one—the two words of common sense would have been worth the carriage, and more. But you have not anything like so much as that, to say, either to India, or to any other place.—*Fors.* I., p. 63.

ENGLAND THE CRUELLEST AND FOOLISHEST NATION ON THE EARTH.—In a little while, the discoveries of which we are now so proud will be familiar to all.

The marvel of the future will not be that we should have discerned them, but that our predecessors were blind to them. We may be envied, but shall not be praised, for having been allowed first to perceive and proclaim what could be concealed no longer. But the misuse we made of our discoveries will be remembered against us, in eternal history; our ingenuity in the vindication, or the denial, of species, will be disregarded in the face of the fact that we destroyed, in civilized Europe, every rare bird and secluded flower; our chemistry of agriculture will be taunted with the memories of irremediable famine; and our mechanical contrivance will only make the age of the mitrailleuse more abhorred than that of the guillotine.

Yes, believe me, in spite of our political liberality, and poetical philanthropy; in spite of our almshouses, hospitals, and Sunday-schools; in spite of our missionary endeavors to preach abroad what we cannot get believed at home; and in spite of our wars against slavery, indemnified by the presentation of ingenious bills—we shall be remembered in history as the most cruel, and therefore the most unwise, generation of men that ever yet troubled the earth:—the most cruel in proportion to their sensibility—the most unwise in proportion to their science.—*Eagle's Nest*, p. 28.

The feudal and monastic buildings of Europe, and still more the streets of her ancient cities, are vanishing like dreams: and it is difficult to imagine the mingled envy and contempt with which future generations will look back to us, who still possessed such things, yet made no effort to preserve, and scarcely any to delineate them.—*Lectures on Art*, p. 73.

JOHN BULL AS A SMALL PEDDLER.—If war is to be made by money and machinery, the nation which is the largest and most covetous multitude will win. You may be as scientific as you choose; the mob that can pay more for sulphuric acid and gunpowder will at last poison its bullets, throw acid in your

faces, and make an end of you ;—of itself, also, in good time, but of you first. And to the English people the choice of its fate is very near now. It may spasmodically defend its property with iron walls a fathom thick, a few years longer—a very few. No walls will defend either it, or its havings, against the multitude that is breeding and spreading, faster than the clouds, over the habitable earth. We shall be allowed to live by small peddler's business and ironmongery—since we have chosen those for our line of life—as long as we are found useful black servants to the Americans ; and are content to dig coals and sit in the cinders ; and have still coals to dig : they once exhausted, or got cheaper elsewhere, we shall be abolished. But if we think more wisely, while there is yet time, and set our minds again on multiplying Englishmen, and not on cheapening English wares ; if we resolve to submit to wholesome laws of labor and economy, and, setting our political squabbles aside, try how many strong creatures, friendly and faithful to each other, we can crowd into every spot of English dominion, neither poison nor iron will prevail against us ; nor traffic, nor hatred : the noble nation will yet, by the grace of Heaven, rule over the ignoble, and force of heart hold its own against fireballs.—*Athena*, p. 88.

ADDRESS BY A MANGLED CONVICT TO A BENEVOLENT GENTLEMAN.

At breakfast this morning, Oct. 24, 1872, I took up the *Pall Mall Gazette*, for the 21st, and chanced on the following stanzas :—

Mr. P. Taylor, honnered Sir,
 Accept these verses I indict,
 Thanks to a gentle mother dear
 Whitch taught these infant hands to rite

And thanks unto the Chaplin here,
 A heminent relidjous man,
 As kind a one as ever dipt
 ▲ beke into the flowing can.

He points out to me most clear
 How sad and sinfull is my ways,
 And numerous is the briney tear
 Whitch for that man I nightly prays.

“Cohen,” he ses, in sech a voice!
 “Your lot is hard, your stripes is sore;
 But Cohen,” he ses, “rejoice! rejoice!
 And never never steale no more!”

His langwidge is so kind and good,
 It works so strong on me inside,
 I woold not do it if I could,
 I coold not do it if I tryed.

Ah, wence this moisteur im my eye
 Whot makes me turn agin my food?
 O, Mister Taylor, arsk not why,
 Ime so cut up with gratitood.

Fansy a gentleman like you,
 No paultry Beak, but a M.P.,
 A riggling in your heasy chair
 The riggles they put onto me.

I see thee sludderin ore thy wine,—
 You hardly know what you are at,
 Whenere you think of Us emplyin
 The bloody and unhenglish Cat.

Well may your indigernation rise!
 I call it Manley what you feeled
 At seein Briton's n-k-d b-cks
 By brutial jailors acked and weald.

Habolish these yere torchiers!
 Dont have no horgies any more
 Of arf a dozen officers
 All wallerin in a fellers goar.

Imprisonment alone is not
 A thing of whitc we woold complane;
 Add ill-convenience to our lot,
 But do not give the convick pain.

And well you know that's not the wust,
 Not if you went and biled us whole;
 The Lash's degeradation!—that's
 What cuts us to the wery soul!

—*Fors*, I., pp. 305, 306.

THE AMERICANS.—This is their speciality, this their one gift to their race:—to show men how *not* to worship—how never to be ashamed in the presence of anything.—*Fors*, I., p. 170.

For the oil of the trees of Gethsemane, your American friends have struck oil more finely inflammable. Let Aaron look to it, how he lets any run down his beard; and the wise virgins trim their wicks cautiously, and Madelaine la Pétrolense, with her improved spikenard, take good heed how she breaks her alabaster, and completes the worship of her Christ.—*Fors*, I., p. 169.

If I had to choose, I would tenfold rather see the tyranny of old Austria triumphant in the old and new worlds, and trust to the chance (or rather the distant certainty) of some day seeing a true Emperor born to its throne, than, with every privilege of thought and act, run the most distant risk of seeing the thoughts of the people of Germany and England become like the thoughts of the people of America.*—*Time and Tide*, p. 95.

* My American friends—of whom one, Charles Eliot Norton, of Cambridge, is the best I have in the world—tell me I know nothing about America. It may be so, and they must do me the justice to observe that I, therefore, usually *say* nothing about America. But this I say, because the Americans as a nation set their trust in liberty and in equality, of which I detest the one, and deny the possibility of the other; and because, also, as a nation, they are wholly undesirous of Rest, and incapable of it; irrevocable of themselves, both in the present and in the future; discontented with what they are, yet having no ideal of anything which they desire to become, as the tide of the troubled sea, when it *cannot* rest.

PART IV.

S C I E N C E .

A RUSKIN ANTHOLOGY.

PART IV.—SCIENCE.

CHAPTER I.

SERPENTS AND BIRDS.

SERPENTS.

A SPECTRAL PROCESSION OF SPOTTED DUST.—The serpent crest of the king's crown, or of the god's, on the pillars of Egypt, is a mystery; but the serpent itself, gliding past the pillar's foot, is it less a mystery? Is there, indeed, no tongue, except the mute forked flash from its lips, in that running brook of horror on the ground? . . . That rivulet of smooth silver—how does it flow, think you? It literally rows on the earth, with every scale for an oar; it bites the dust with the ridges of its body. Watch it, when it moves slowly:—A wave, but without wind! a current, but with no fall! all the body moving at the same instant, yet some of it to one side, some to another, or some forward, and the rest of the coil backwards; but all with the same calm will and equal way—no contraction, no extension; one soundless, causeless, march of sequent rings, and spectral procession of spotted dust, with dissolution in its fangs, dislocation in its coils. Startle it;—the winding stream will become a twisted arrow;—the wave of poisoned life will lash through the grass like a cast lance. It scarcely breathes with its one lung (the other shrivelled and abortive); it is passive to the sun and shade, and is cold or hot like a stone; yet “it can outclimb the monkey, outswim the fish, outleap the zebra, outwrestle the athlete, and crush the tiger.” It is a

divine hieroglyph of the demoniac power of the earth—of the entire earthly nature. As the bird is the clothed power of the air, so this is the clothed power of the dust; as the bird the symbol of the spirit of life, so this of the grasp and sting of death.—*Athena*, p. 58.

A HONEYSUCKLE WITH A HEAD PUT ON.—I said that a serpent was a honeysuckle with a head *put on*. You perhaps thought I was jesting; but nothing is more mysterious in the compass of creation than the relation of flowers to the serpent tribe. . . . In the most accurate sense, the honeysuckle is an *anguis*—a strangling thing. The ivy stem increases with age, without compressing the tree trunk, any more than the rock, that it adorns; but the woodbine retains, to a degree not yet measured, but almost, I believe, after a certain time, unchanged, the first scope of its narrow contortion; and the growing wood of the stem it has seized is contorted with it, and at last paralyzed and killed.—*Deucalion*, p. 189.

DEADLY SERPENTS ALL HAVE SAD COLORS.—The fatal serpents are all of the French school of art—French gray; the throat of the asp, French blue, the brightest thing I know in the deadly snakes. The rest are all gravel color, mud color, blue-pill color, or in general, as I say, French high-art color.—*Deucalion*, p. 191.

A SERPENT IN MOTION.—You see that one-half of it can move anywhere without stirring the other; and accordingly you may see a foot or two of a large snake's body moving one way, and another foot or two moving the other way, and a bit between not moving at all; which I, altogether, think we may specifically call "Parliamentary" motion.—*Deucalion*, p. 193.

A SERPENT'S TONGUE.—But now, here's the first thing, it seems to me, we've got to ask of the scientific people, what use a serpent has for his tongue, since it neither wants it to talk with, to taste with, to hiss with, nor, so far as I know, to

lick with, and least of all to sting with; and yet, for people who do not know the creature, the little vibrating forked thread, flashed out of its mouth, and back again, as quick as lightning, is the most threatening part of the beast; but what is the use of it? Nearly every other creature but a snake can do all sorts of mischief with its tongue. A woman worries with it, a chameleon catches flies with it, a snail files away fruit with it, a humming-bird steals honey with it, a cat steals milk with it, a pholas digs holes in rocks with it, and a gnat digs holes in *us* with it; but the poor snake cannot do any manner of harm with it whatsoever; and what is *his* tongue forked for?—*Deucalion*, p. 185.

HOW EELS SWIM.—Nothing in animal instinct or movement is more curious than the way young eels get up beside the waterfalls of the highland streams. They get first into the jets of foam at the edge, to be thrown ashore by them, and then wriggle up the smooth rocks—heaven knows how. If you like, any of you, to put on greased sacks, with your arms tied down inside, and your feet tied together, and then try to wriggle up after them on rocks as smooth as glass, I think even the skilfullest members of the Alpine Club will agree with me as to the difficulty of the feat; and though I have watched them at it for hours, I do not know how much of serpent, and how much of fish, is mingled in the motion.—*Deucalion*, p. 188.

BIRDS.

The bird is little more than a drift of the air brought into form by plumes; the air is in all its quills; it breathes through its whole frame and flesh, and glows with air in its flying, like blown flame: it rests upon the air, subdues it, surpasses it, outraces it;—*is* the air, conscious of itself, conquering itself, ruling itself.

Also, into the throat of the bird is given the voice of the air. All that in the wind itself is weak, wild,

useless in sweetness, is knit together in its song. As we may imagine the wild form of the cloud closed into the perfect form of the bird's wings, so the wild voice of the cloud into its ordered and commanded voice; unwearied, rippling through the clear heaven in its gladness, interpreting all intense passion through the soft spring nights, bursting into acclaim and rapture of choir at daybreak, or lispings and twittering among the boughs and hedges through heat of day, like little winds that only make the cowslip bells shake, and ruffle the petals of the wild rose.

Also, upon the plumes of the bird are put the colors of the air: on these the gold of the cloud, that cannot be gathered by any covetousness; the rubies of the clouds, that are not the price of Athena, but *are* Athena; the vermilion of the cloud-bar, and the flame of the cloud crest, and the snow of the cloud, and its shadow, and the melted blue of the deep wells of the sky—all these, seized by the creating spirit, and woven by Athena herself into films and threads of plume; with wave on wave following and fading along breast, and throat, and opened wings, infinite as the dividing of the foam and the sifting of the sea-sand;—even the white down of the cloud seeming to flutter up between the stronger plumes, seen, but too soft for touch.—*Athena*, p. 56.

A BIRD'S BEAK.—I do not think it is distinctly enough felt by us that the beak of a bird is not only its mouth, but its hand, or rather its two hands. For, as its arms and hands are turned into wings, all it has to depend upon, in economical and practical life, is its beak. The beak, therefore, is at once its sword, its carpenter's tool-box, and its dressing-case; partly also its musical instrument; all this besides its function of seizing and preparing the food, in which function alone it has to be a trap, carving-knife, and teeth, all in one.—*Love's Meinie*, p. 16.

THE MARRIAGE OF THE HAIR-BRUSH AND THE WHISTLE.—Feathers are smoothed down, as a field

of corn by wind with rain; only the swathes laid in beautiful order. They are fur, so structurally placed as to imply, and submit to, the perpetually swift forward motion. In fact, I have no doubt the Darwinian theory on the subject is that the feathers of birds once stuck up all erect, like the bristles of a brush, and have only been blown flat by continual flying. Nay, we might even sufficiently represent the general manner of conclusion in the Darwinian system by the statement that if you fasten a hair-brush to a mill-wheel, with the handle forward, so as to develop itself into a neck by moving always in the same direction, and within continual hearing of a steam-whistle, after a certain number of revolutions the hair-brush will fall in love with the whistle; they will marry, lay an egg, and the produce will be a nightingale.—*Love's Meinie*, p. 20.

NO NATURAL HISTORY OF BIRDS YET WRITTEN.—We have no natural history of birds written yet. It cannot be written but by a scholar and a gentleman; and no English gentleman in recent times has ever thought of birds except as flying targets, or flavoured dishes. . . . In general, the scientific natural history of a bird consists of four articles: *First*, the name and estate of the gentleman whose gamekeeper shot the last that was seen in England; *Secondly*, two or three stories of doubtful origin, printed in every book on the subject of birds for the last fifty years; *Thirdly*, an account of the feathers from the comb to the rump, with enumeration of the colors which are never more to be seen on the living bird by English eyes; and, lastly, a discussion of the reasons why none of the twelve names which former naturalists have given to the bird are of any further use, and why the present author has given it a thirteenth, which is to be universally, and to the end of time, accepted.—*Love's Meinie*, p. 7.

THE EAGLE.—When next you are travelling by express sixty miles an hour, past a grass bank, try

to see a grasshopper, and you will get some idea of an eagle's optical business, if it takes only the line of ground underneath it. Does it take more?—*Eagle's Nest*, p. 74.

THE ROBIN.—If you think of it, you will find one of the robin's very chief ingratiatory faculties is his dainty and delicate movement—his footing it fealty here and there. Whatever prettiness there may be in his red breast, at his brightest he can always be outshone by a brickbat. But if he is rationally proud of anything about him, I should think a robin must be proud of his legs. Hundreds of birds have longer and more imposing ones, but for real neatness, finish, and precision of action, commend me to his fine little ankles, and fine little feet.—*Love's Meinie*, p. 18.

THE SWALLOW.—The bird which lives with you in your own houses, and which purifies for you, from its insect pestilence, the air that you breathe. Thus the sweet domestic thing has done, for men, at least, these four thousand years. She has been their companion, not of the home merely, but of the hearth and the threshold; companion only endeared by departure, and showing better her loving-kindness by her faithful return. Type sometimes of the stranger, she has softened us to hospitality; type always of the suppliant, she has enchanted us to mercy; and in her feeble presence, the cowardice, or the wrath, of sacrilege has changed into the fidelities of sanctuary. Herald of our summer, she glances through our days of gladness; numberer of our years, she would teach us to apply our hearts to wisdom;—and yet, so little have we regarded her, that this very day, scarcely able to gather from all I can find told of her enough to explain so much as the unfolding of her wings, I can tell you nothing of her life—nothing of her journeying. I cannot learn how she builds, nor how she chooses the place of her wandering, nor how she traces the path of her return. Remaining thus blind and careless to the true ministries of the

humble creature whom God has really sent to serve us, we in our pride, thinking ourselves surrounded by the pursuivants of the sky, can yet only invest them with majesty by giving them the calm of the bird's motion, and shade of the bird's plume:—and after all, it is well for us, if, when even for God's best mercies, and in His temples marble-built, we think that, “with angels and archangels, and all the company of Heaven, we laud and magnify His glorious name”—well for us, if our attempt be not only an insult, and His ears open rather to the inarticulate and unintended praise, of “the Swallow, twittering from her straw-built shed.”—*Love's Meinie*, p, 53.

I never watch the bird for a moment without finding myself in some fresh puzzle out of which there is no clue in the scientific books. I want to know, *for instance*, how the bird turns. What does it do with one wing, what with the other? Fancy the pace that has to be stopped; the force of bridle-hand put out in an instant. Fancy how the wings must bend with the strain; what need there must be for the perfect aid and work of every feature in them. There is a problem for you, students of mechanics—How does a swallow turn? . . . Given the various proportions of weight and wing; the conditions of possible increase of muscular force and quill-strength in proportion to size; and the different objects and circumstances of flight—you have a series of exquisitely complex problems, and exquisitely perfect solutions, which the life of the youngest among you cannot be long enough to read through so much as once, and of which the future infinitudes of human life, however granted or extended, never will be fatigued in admiration. . . . The mystery of its dart remains always inexplicable to me; no eye can trace the bending of bow that sends that living arrow.—*Love's Meinie*, pp. 39, 43, 46.

CHAPTER II.

BOTANY.*

It is better to know the habits of one plant than the names of a thousand; and wiser to be happily familiar with those that grow in the nearest field, than arduously cognizant of all that plume the isles of the Pacific, or illumine the Mountains of the Moon.—*Proserpina*, p. 139.

RUSKIN'S TRIBULATIONS IN THE STUDY OF BOTANY.—Balfour's *Manual of Botany*. "Sap"—yes, at last. "Article 257. Course of fluids in exogenous stems." I don't care about the course just now: I want to know where the fluids come from. "If a plant be plunged into a weak solution of acetate of lead."—I don't in the least want to know what happens. "From the minuteness of the tissue, it is not easy to determine the vessels through which the sap moves." Who said it was? If it had been easy, I should have done it myself. "Changes take place in the composition of the sap in its upward course." I dare say; but I don't know yet what its composition is before it begins going up. "The Elaborated Sap by Mr. Schultz has been called *latex*." I wish Mr. Schultz were in a hog's-head of it, with the top on. "On account of these movements in the latex, the laticiferous vessels have been denominated cinenchymatous." I do not venture to print the expressions which I here mentally make use of.—*Proserpina*, p. 37.

A sudden doubt troubles me, whether all poppies have two petals smaller than the other two. Whereupon I take down an excellent little school-book on botany—the best I have yet found, thinking to be told quickly; and I find a great deal about opium; and, apropos of opium, that the juice of

* See also Part II., Chapter II.

commoncelandine is of a bright orange color; and I pause for a bewildered five minutes, wondering if acelandine is a poppy, and how many petals it has: going on again—because I must, without making up my mind, on either question—I am told to “observe the floral receptacle of the Californian genus *Eschscholtzia*.” Now I can’t observe anything of the sort, and I don’t want to; and I wish California and all that’s in it were at the deepest bottom of the Pacific. Next I am told to compare the poppy and water-lily; and I can’t do that, neither—though I should like to; and there’s the end of the article; and it never tells me whether one pair of petals is always smaller than the other, or not.—*Proserpina*, pp. 53, 54.

Perfume, or Essence, is the general term for the condensed dew of a vegetable vapor, which is with grace and fitness called the “being” of a plant, because its properties are almost always characteristic of the species; and it is not, like leaf tissue or wood fibre, approximately the same material in different shapes; but a separate element in each family of flowers, of a mysterious, delightful, or dangerous influence, logically inexplicable, chemically inconstructible, and wholly, in dignity of nature, above all modes and faculties of form. . . . Yet I find in the index to Dr. Lindley’s *Introduction to Botany*—seven hundred pages of close print—not one of the four words “Volatile,” “Essence,” “Scent,” or “Perfume.” I examine the index to Gray’s *Structural and Systematic Botany*, with precisely the same success. I next consult Professors Balfour and Grindon, and am met by the same dignified silence. Finally, I think over the possible chances in French, and try in Figuier’s indices to the *Histoire des Plantes* for “Odeur”—no such word! “Parfum”—no such word! “Essence”—no such word! “Encens”—no such word! I try at last “Pois de Senteur,” at a venture, and am referred to a page which describes their going to sleep.—*Proserpina*, pp. 241, 243.

BOTANIC NOMENCLATURE.—Perhaps nothing is more curious in the history of the human mind than the way in which the science of botany has become oppressed by nomenclature. Here is perhaps the first question which an intelligent child would think of asking about a tree: “Mamma, how does it make its trunk?” and you may open one botanical work after another, and good ones too, and by sensible men—you shall not find this child’s question fairly put, much less fairly answered. You will be told gravely that a stem has received many names, such as *culmus*, *stipes*, and *truncus*; that twigs were once called *flagella*, but are now called *ramuli*; and that Mr. Link calls a straight stem, with branches on its sides, a *caulis excurrens*; and a stem, which at a certain distance above the earth breaks out into irregular ramifications, a *caulis deliquesens*. All thanks and honor be to Mr. Link! But at this moment, when we want to know *why* one stem breaks out “at a certain distance,” and the other not at all, we find no great help in those splendid excurrencies and deliquescencies.—*Modern Painters*, V., p. 65.

On heat and force, life is inseparably dependent; and I believe, also, on a form of substance, which the philosophers call “protoplasm.” I wish they would use English instead of Greek words. When I want to know why a leaf is green, they tell me it is colored by “chlorophyll,” which at first sounds very instructive; but if they would only say plainly that a leaf is colored green by a thing which is called “green leaf,” we should see more precisely how far we had got.—*Athena*, p. 51.

WHY IS CINNAMON AROMATIC AND SUGAR SWEET?
—It is of no use to determine, by microscope or retort, that cinnamon is made of cells with so many walls, or grape-juice of molecules with so many sides;—we are just as far as ever from understanding why these particular interstices should be aromatic, and these special parallelopipeds exhilarating, as we were in the savagely unscientific days

when we could only see with our eyes, and smell with our noses.—*Proserpina*, p. 159.

THE BIOGRAPHIES OF PLANTS.—Our scientific botanists are occupied in microscopic investigations of structure which have not hitherto completely explained to us either the origin, the energy, or the course of the sap; and which, however subtle or successful, bear to the real natural history of plants only the relation that anatomy and organic chemistry bear to the history of men. . . . What we especially need at present for educational purposes is to know, not the anatomy of plants, but their biography—how and where they live and die, their tempers, benevolences, malignities, distresses, and virtues.—*Lectures on Art*, p. 70.

SAP.—At every pore of its surface, under ground and above, the plant in the spring absorbs moisture, which instantly disperses itself through its whole system “by means of some permeable quality of the membranes of the cellular tissue invisible to our eyes even by the most powerful glasses;” in this way subjected to the vital power of the tree, it becomes sap, properly so called, which passes downwards through this cellular tissue, slowly and secretly; and then upwards, through the great vessels of the tree, violently, stretching out the supple twigs of it as you see a flaccid water-pipe swell and move when the cock is turned to fill it. And the tree becomes literally a fountain, of which the springing streamlets are clothed with new-woven garments of green tissue, and of which the silver spray stays in the sky,—a spray, now, of leaves.—*Proserpina*, p. 38.

THE ROOT OF A PLANT.—The feeding function of the root is of a very delicate and discriminating kind, needing much searching and mining among the dust, to find what it wants. If it only wanted water, it could get most of that by spreading in mere soft senseless limbs, like sponge, as far, and as far down, as it could—but to get the *salt* out of the earth it has to *sift* all the earth, and taste and

touch every grain of it that it can, with fine fibres. And therefore a root is not at all a merely passive sponge or absorbing thing, but an infinitely subtle tongue, or tasting and eating thing. That is why it is always so fibrous and divided and entangled in the clinging earth.—*Proserpina*, p. 26.

THE FLOWER THE FINAL CAUSE OF THE SEED.—The Spirit in the plant—that is to say, its power of gathering dead matter out of the wreck round it, and shaping it into its own chosen shape—is of course strongest at the moment of its flowering, for it then not only gathers, but forms, with the greatest energy. . . . Only, with respect to plants, as animals, we are wrong in speaking as if the object of this strong life were only the bequeathing of itself. The flower is the end or proper object of the seed, not the seed of the flower. The reason for seeds is that flowers may be; not the reason of flowers that seeds may be. The flower itself is the creature which the spirit makes; only, in connection with its perfectness, is placed the giving birth to its successor. . . .

The main fact, then, about a flower is that it is the part of the plant's form developed at the moment of its intensest life: and this inner rapture is usually marked externally for us by the flush of one or more of the primary colors. What the character of the flower shall be, depends entirely upon the portion of the plant into which this rapture of spirit has been put. Sometimes the life is put into its outer sheath, and then the outer sheath becomes white and pure, and full of strength and grace; sometimes the life is put into the common leaves, just under the blossom, and they become scarlet or purple; sometimes the life is put into the stalks of the flower, and they flush blue; sometimes into its outer enclosure or calyx; mostly into its inner cup; but, in all cases, the presence of the strongest life is asserted by characters in which the human sight takes pleasure, and which seem prepared with distinct reference to us, or rather, bear, in being de-

lightful, evidence of having been produced by the power of the same spirit as our own.—*Athena*, p. 54.

FRUIT.—I find it convenient in this volume, and wish I had thought of the expedient before, whenever I get into a difficulty, to leave the reader to work it out. He will perhaps, therefore, be so good as to define fruit for himself.—*Modern Painters*, V., p. 112.

All the most perfect fruits are developed *from exquisite forms either of foliage or flower*. The vine leaf, in its generally decorative power, is the most important, both in life and in art, of all that shade the habitations of men. The olive leaf is, without any rival, the most beautiful of the leaves of timber trees; and its blossom, though minute, of extreme beauty. The apple is essentially the fruit of the rose, and the peach of her only rival in her own color. The cherry and orange blossom are the two types of floral snow.—*Proserpina*, p. 162.

AN ORANGE.—In the orange, the fount of fragrant juice is interposed between the seed and the husk. It is wholly independent of both; the aurantine rind, with its white lining and divided compartments, is the true husk; the orange pips are the true seeds; and the eatable part of the fruit is formed between them, in clusters of delicate little flasks, as if a fairy's store of scented wine had been laid up by her in the hollow of a chestnut shell, between the nut and rind; and then the green changed to gold.—*Proserpina*, 155.

THE POPPY.—I have in my hand a small red poppy which I gathered on Whit Sunday on the palace of the Cæsars. It is an intensely simple, intensely floral, flower. All silk and flame: a scarlet cup, perfect-edged all round, seen among the wild grass far away, like a burning coal fallen from Heaven's altars. You cannot have a more complete, a more stainless, type of flower absolute; inside and outside, *all* flower. No sparing of color anywhere—no outside coarseness—no interior secrecies; open as the sunshine that creates it; fine finished on both

sides, down to the extremest point of insertion on its narrow stalk; and robed in the purple of the Cæsars. Gather a green poppy bud, just when it shows the scarlet line at its side; break it open and unpack the poppy. The whole flower is there complete in size and color; its stamens full-grown, but all packed so closely that the fine silk of the petals is crushed into a million of shapeless wrinkles. When the flower opens, it seems a deliverance from torture: the two imprisoning green leaves are shaken to the ground; the aggrieved corolla smooths itself in the sun, and comforts itself as it can; but remains visibly crushed and hurt to the end of its days.—*Proserpina*, pp. 52, 58.

THE ONION AND THE GARLIC AS ETHICAL FACTORS.—The star-group, of the squills, garlies, and onions, has always caused me great wonder. I cannot understand why its beauty, and serviceableness, should have been associated with the rank scent which has been really among the most powerful means of degrading peasant life, and separating it from that of the higher classes.—*Athena*, p. 67.

THE OAT.—Here is the oat germ—after the wheat, most vital of divine gifts; and assuredly, in days to come, fated to grow on many a naked rock in hitherto lifeless lands, over which the glancing sheaves of it will shake sweet treasure of innocent gold. And who shall tell us how they grow; and the fashion of their rustling pillars—bent, and again erect, at every breeze. Fluted shaft or clustered pier, how poor of art, beside this grass-shaft—built, first to sustain the food of men, then to be strewn under their feet!—*Proserpina*, p. 106.

THE MARTYR MOSS.—You remember, I doubt not, how often in gathering what most invited gathering, of deep green, starry, perfectly soft and living wood-moss, you found it fall asunder in your hand into multitudes of separate threads, each with its bright green crest, and long root of blackness. That blackness at the root—though only so notable

in this wood-moss and collateral species, is indeed a general character of the mosses, with rare exceptions. It is their funeral blackness;—that, I perceive, is the way the moss-leaves die. They do not fall—they do not visibly decay. But they decay *invisibly*, in continual secession, beneath the ascending crest. They rise to form that crest, all green and bright, and take the light and air from those out of which they grew; and those, their ancestors, darken and die slowly, and at last become a mass of mouldering ground. In fact, as I perceive farther, their final duty is so to die. The main work of other leaves is in their life—but these have to form the earth out of which all other leaves are to grow. Not to cover the rocks with golden velvet only, but to fill their crannies with the dark earth, through which nobler creatures shall one day seek their being.—*Proserpina*, p. 17.

LEAVES RIBBED AND UNDULATED.—When a leaf is to be spread wide, like the burdock, it is supported by a framework of extending ribs like a Gothic roof. The supporting function of these is geometrical; every one is constructed like the girders of a bridge, or beams of a floor, with all manner of science in the distribution of their substance in the section, for narrow and deep strength; and the shafts are mostly hollow. But when the extending space of a leaf is to be enriched with fulness of folds, and become beautiful in wrinkles, this may be done either by pure undulation as of a liquid current along the leaf edge, or by sharp “drawing”—or “gathering” I believe ladies would call it—and stitching of the edges together. And this stitching together, if to be done very strongly, is done round a bit of stick, as a sail is reefed round a mast; and this bit of stick needs to be compactly, not geometrically strong; its function is essentially that of starch—not to hold the leaf up off the ground against gravity; but to stick the edges out, stiffly, in a crimped frill. And in beautiful work of this kind, which we are meant to study, the stays

of the leaf—or stay-bones—are finished off very sharply and exquisitely at the points; and indeed so much so, that they prick our fingers when we touch them; for they are not at all meant to be touched, but admired.—*Proserpina*, pp. 80, 81.

CHAPTER III.

MINERALS.

CRYSTALS.—The crystalline power is essentially a styptic power, and wherever the earth is torn, it heals and binds; nay, the torture and grieving of the earth seem necessary to bring out its full energy; for you only find the crystalline living power fully in action, where the rents and faults are deep and many.—*Ethics of the Dust*, p. 114.

The mineral crystals group themselves neither in succession, nor in sympathy; but great and small recklessly strive for place, and deface or distort each other as they gather into opponent asperities. The confused crowd fills the rock cavity, hanging together in a glittering, yet sordid heap, in which nearly every crystal, owing to their vain contention, is imperfect, or impure. Here and there one, at the cost and in defiance of the rest, rises into unwarped shape or unstained clearness.—*Modern Painters*, V., p. 48.

The goodness of crystals consists chiefly in purity of substance, and perfectness of form: but those are rather the *effects* of their goodness, than the goodness itself. The inherent virtues of the crystals, resulting in these outer conditions, might really seem to be best described in the words we should use respecting living creatures—"force of heart" and "steadiness of purpose." There seem to be in some crystals, from the beginning, an unconquerable purity of vital power, and strength of crystal spirit. Whatever dead substance, unacceptable of this energy, comes in their way, is either

rejected, or forced to take some beautiful subordinate form ; the purity of the crystal remains unsoiled, and every atom of it bright with coherent energy.

Then the second condition is, that from the beginning of its whole structure, a fine crystal seems to have determined that it will be of a certain size and of a certain shape ; it persists in this plan, and completes it. Here is a perfect crystal of quartz for you. It is of an unusual form, and one which it might seem very difficult to build—a pyramid with convex sides, composed of other minor pyramids. But there is not a flaw in its contour throughout ; not one of its myriads of component sides but is as bright as a jeweller's faceted work (and far finer, if you saw it close). The crystal points are as sharp as javelins ; their edges will cut glass with a touch. Anything more resolute, consummate, determinate in form, cannot be conceived. Here, on the other hand, is a crystal of the same substance, in a perfectly simple type of form—a plain six-sided prism ; but from its base to its point,—and it is nine inches long,—it has never for one instant made up its mind what thickness it will have. It seems to have begun by making itself as thick as it thought possible with the quantity of material at command. Still not being as thick as it would like to be, it has clumsily glued on more substance at one of its sides. Then it has thinned itself, in a panic of economy ; then puffed itself out again ; then starved one side to enlarge another ; then warped itself quite out of its first line. Opaque, rough-surfaced, jagged on the edge, distorted in the spine, it exhibits a quite human image of decrepitude and dishonor ; but the worst of all the signs of its decay and helplessness, is that half-way up, a parasite crystal, smaller, but just as sickly, has rooted itself in the side of the larger one, eating out a cavity round its root, and then growing backwards, or downwards, contrary to the direction of the main crystal. Yet I cannot trace the least difference in purity of substance between the first

most noble stone, and this ignoble and dissolute one. The impurity of the last is in its will, or want of will.—*Ethics of the Dust*, p. 58.

THE MARBLES.—The soft white sediments of the sea draw themselves, in process of time, into smooth knots of sphered symmetry; burdened and strained under increase of pressure, they pass into a nascent marble; scorched by fervent heat, they brighten and blanch into the snowy rock of Paros and Carrara.—*Ethics of the Dust*, p. 140.

These stones, which men have been cutting into slabs, for thousands of years, to ornament their principal buildings with,—and which, under the general name of “marble,” have been the delight of the eyes, and the wealth of architecture, among all civilized nations—are precisely those on which the signs and brands of these earth-agonies have been chiefly struck; and there is not a purple vein nor flaming zone in them, which is not the record of their ancient torture.—*Ethics of the Dust*, p. 116.

The substance appears to have been prepared expressly in order to afford to human art a perfect means of carrying out its purposes. They are of exactly the necessary hardness—neither so soft as to be incapable of maintaining themselves in delicate forms, nor so hard as always to require a blow to give effect to the sculptor’s touch; the mere pressure of his chisel produces a certain effect upon them. The color of the white varieties is of exquisite delicacy, owing to the partial translucency of the pure rock; and it has always appeared to me a most wonderful ordinance—one of the most *marked* pieces of purpose in the creation—that all the variegated kinds should be comparatively opaque, so as to set off the color on the surface, while the white, which if it had been opaque would have looked somewhat coarse (as, for instance, common chalk does), is rendered just translucent enough to give an impression of extreme purity, but not so translucent as to interfere in the least

with the distinctness of any forms into which it is wrought.

The colors of variegated marbles are also for the most part very beautiful, especially those composed of purple, amber, and green, with white; and there seems to be something notably attractive to the human mind in the vague and veined labyrinths of their arrangements. They are farther marked as the prepared material for human work by the dependence of their beauty on smoothness of surface; for their veins are usually seen but dimly in the native rock; and the colors they assume under the action of weather are inferior to those of the crystallines: it is not until wrought and polished by man that they show their character. Finally, they do not decompose. The exterior surface is sometimes destroyed by a sort of mechanical disruption of its outer flakes, but rarely to the extent in which such action takes place in other rocks; and the most delicate sculptures, if executed in good marble, will remain for ages undeteriorated.—*Modern Painters*, IV., p. 141.

MINERALS AND MINERALS.—When I was a boy I used to care about pretty stones. I got some Bristol diamonds at Bristol, and some dog-tooth spar in Derbyshire; my whole collection had cost perhaps three half-crowns, and was worth considerably less; and I knew nothing whatever, rightly, about any single stone in it;—could not even spell their names: but words cannot tell the joy they used to give me. Now, I have a collection of minerals worth, perhaps, from two to three thousand pounds; and I know more about some of them than most other people. But I am not a whit happier, either for my knowledge, or possessions, for other geologists dispute my theories, to my grievous indignation and discontentment; and I am miserable about all my best specimens, because there are better in the British Museum.—*Fors Clavigera*.

THE COLORS OF CLAY, LIME, AND FLINT.—Nature seems to have set herself to make these three sub-

stances as interesting to us, and as beautiful for us, as she can. The clay, being a soft and changeable substance, she doesn't take much pains about, as we have seen, till it is baked ; she brings the color into it only when it receives a permanent form. But the limestone and flint she paints, in her own way, in their native state : and her object in painting them seems to be much the same as in her painting of flowers ; to draw us, careless and idle human creatures, to watch her a little, and see what she is about—that being on the whole good for us, her children. For Nature is always carrying on very strange work with this limestone and flint of hers : laying down beds of them at the bottom of the sea ; building islands out of the sea ; filling chinks and veins in mountains with curious treasures ; petrifying mosses, and trees, and shells ; in fact, carrying on all sorts of business, subterranean or submarine, which it would be highly desirable for us, who profit and live by it, to notice as it goes on. And apparently to lead us to do this, she makes picture-books for us of limestone and flint ; and tempts us, like foolish children as we are, to read her books by the pretty colors in them. The pretty colors in her limestone-books form those variegated marbles which all mankind have taken delight to polish and build with from the beginning of time ; and the pretty colors in her flint-books form those agates, jaspers, cornelians, bloodstones, onyxes, cairngorms, chrysoprases, which men have in like manner taken delight to cut, and polish, and make ornaments of, from the beginning of time ; and yet, so much of babies are they, and so fond of looking at the pictures instead of reading the book, that I question whether, after six thousand years of cutting and polishing there are above two or three people out of any given hundred, who know, or care to know, how a bit of agate or a bit of marble was made, or painted.

How it was made, may not be always very easy to say ; but with what it was painted there is no manner of question. All those beautiful violet veinings

and variegations of the marbles of Sicily and Spain, the glowing orange and amber colors of those of Siena, the deep russet of the *Rosso antico*, and the blood-color of all the precious jaspers that enrich the temples of Italy; and, finally, all the lovely transitions of tint in the pebbles of Scotland and the Rhine, which form, though not the most precious, by far the most interesting portion of our modern jewellers' work;—all these are painted by nature with this one material only, variously proportioned and applied—the oxide of iron that stains your Tunbridge springs.—*The Two Paths*, p. 110.

COMPETITION *vs.* CO-OPERATION.—Exclusive of animal decay, we can hardly arrive at a more absolute type of impurity, than the mud or slime of a damp, over-trodden path, in the outskirts of a manufacturing town. I do not say mud of the road, because that is mixed with animal refuse; but take merely an ounce or two of the blackest slime of a beaten footpath, on a rainy day, near a manufacturing town. That slime we shall find in most cases composed of clay (or brickdust, which is burnt clay), mixed with soot, a little sand and water. All these elements are at helpless war with each other, and destroy reciprocally each other's nature and power: competing and fighting for place at every tread of your foot; sand squeezing out clay, and clay squeezing out water, and soot meddling everywhere, and defiling the whole. Let us suppose that this ounce of mud is left in perfect rest, and that its elements gather together, like to like, so that their atoms may get into the closest relations possible.

Let the clay begin. Ridding itself of all foreign substance, it gradually becomes a white earth, already very beautiful, and fit with help of congealing fire, to be made into finest porcelain, and painted on, and be kept in kings' palaces. But such artificial consistence is not its best. Leave it still quiet, to follow its own instinct of unity, and it becomes, not only white but clear; not only

clear. but hard ; not only clear and hard, but so set that it can deal with light in a wonderful way, and gather out of it the loveliest blue rays only, refusing the rest. We call it then a sapphire.

Such being the consummation of the clay, we give similar permission of quiet to the sand. It also becomes, first, a white earth ; then proceeds to grow clear and hard, and at last arranges itself in mysterious, infinitely fine parallel lines, which have the power of reflecting, not merely the blue rays, but the blue, green, purple, and red rays, in the greatest beauty in which they can be seen through any hard material whatsoever. We call it then an opal.

In next order the soot sets to work. It cannot make itself white at first ; but, instead of being discouraged, tries harder and harder ; and comes out clear at last ; and the hardest thing in the world : and for the blackness that it had, obtains in exchange the power of reflecting all the rays of the sun at once, in the vividest blaze that any solid thing can shoot. We call it then a diamond.

Last of all, the water purifies, or unites itself ; contented enough if it only reach the form of a dew-drop ; but if we insist on its proceeding to a more perfect consistence, it crystallizes into the shape of a star. And, for the ounce of slime which we had by political economy of competition, we have, by political economy of co-operation, a sapphire, an opal, and a diamond, set in the midst of a star of snow.—*Modern Painters*, V., pp. 176, 177.

CHAPTER IV.

CLOUDS.

All clouds are so opaque that, however delicate they may be, you never see one through another. Six feet depth of them, at a little distance, will wholly veil the darkest mountain edge. . . . And this opacity is, nevertheless, obtained without

destroying the gift they have of letting broken light through them, so that, between us and the sun, they may become golden fleeces, and float as fields of light.—*Modern Painters*, V., pp. 137, 138.

All lovely clouds, remember, are *quiet* clouds—not merely quiet in appearance, because of their greater height and distance, but quiet actually, fixed for hours, it may be, in the same form and place. I have seen a fair-weather cloud high over Coniston Old Man—not *on* the hill, observe, but a vertical mile above it—stand motionless, changeless, for twelve hours together. From four o'clock in the afternoon of one day I watched it through the night by the north twilight, till the dawn struck it with full crimson, at four of the following July morning.—*Art of England*, p. 105.

OUTLINING A CLOUD.—How is a cloud outlined? Granted whatever you choose to ask, concerning its material, or its aspect, its loftiness and luminousness—how of its limitation? What hews it into a heap, or spins it into a web? Cold, it is usually shapeless, I suppose, extending over large spaces equally, or with gradual diminution. You cannot have in the open air, angles, and wedges, and coils, and cliffs, of cold. Yet the vapor stops suddenly, sharp and steep as a rock, or thrusts itself across the gates of heaven in likeness of a brazen bar; or braids itself in and out, and across and across, like a tissue of tapestry; or falls into ripples, like sand; or into waving shreds and tongues, as fire. On what anvils and wheels is the vapor pointed, twisted, hammered, whirled, as the potter's clay? By what hands is the incense of the sea built up into domes of marble?—*Modern Painters*, V., p. 124.

CLOUD LUSTRES.—The gilding to our eyes of a burnished cloud depends, I believe, at least for a measure of its lustre, upon the angle at which the rays incident upon it are reflected to the eye, just as much as the glittering of the sea beneath it—or the sparkling of the windows of the houses on the shore.—*Storm Cloud*, Lect. II.

ATTACHED CLOUDS.—The opposed conditions of the higher and lower orders of cloud, with the balanced intermediate one, are beautifully seen on mountain summits of rock or earth. On snowy ones they are far more complex: but on rock summits there are three distinct forms of attached cloud in serene weather; the first that of cloud veil laid over them, and *falling* in folds through their ravines (the obliquely descending clouds of the entering chorus in Aristophanes); secondly, the ascending cloud, which develops itself loosely and independently as it rises, and does not attach itself to the hillside, while the falling veil cloud clings to it close all the way down;—and lastly the throned cloud, which rests indeed on the mountain summit, with its base, but rises high above into the sky, continually changing its outlines, but holding its seat perhaps all day long.—*Storm Cloud*, Lect. II.

CIRRUS CLOUDS.—Their chief characters are—*First*, Symmetry: They are nearly always arranged in some definite and evident order, commonly in long ranks reaching sometimes from the zenith to the horizon, each rank composed of an infinite number of transverse bars of about the same length, each bar thickest in the middle, and terminating in a traceless vaporous point at each side; the ranks are in the direction of the wind, and the bars of course at right angles to it; these latter are commonly slightly bent in the middle.—*Secondly*, Sharpness of Edge: The edges of the bars of the upper clouds which are turned to the wind, are often the sharpest which the sky shows; no outline whatever of any other kind of cloud, however marked and energetic, ever approaches the delicate decision of these edges.—*Thirdly*, Multitude: The delicacy of these vapors is sometimes carried into such an infinity of division, that no other sensation of number that the earth or heaven can give is so impressive.—*Fourthly*, Purity of Color: They are composed of the purest aqueous vapor, free from all foulness of earthly gases, and of this in the lightest

and most ethereal state in which it can be, to be visible. . . . Their colors are more pure and vivid, and their white less sullied than those of any other clouds.—*Lastly*, Variety: Variety is never so conspicuous, as when it is united with symmetry. The perpetual change of form in other clouds, is monotonous in its very dissimilarity, nor is difference striking where no connection is implied; but if through a range of barred clouds, crossing half the heaven, all governed by the same forces and falling into one general form, there be yet a marked and evident dissimilarity between each member of the great mass—one more finely drawn, the next more delicately moulded, the next more gracefully bent—each broken into differently modelled and variously numbered groups, the variety is doubly striking, because contrasted with the perfect symmetry of which it forms a part.—*Modern Painters*, I., pp. 290–293.

THE STORM-CLOUD OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.—The first time I recognized the clouds brought by the plague-wind as distinct in character was in walking back from Oxford, after a hard day's work, to Abingdon, in the early spring of 1871. It would take too long to give you any account this evening of the particulars which drew my attention to them; but during the following months I had too frequent opportunities of verifying my first thoughts of them, and on the first of July in that year wrote the description of them which begins the *Fors Clavigera* of August, thus:—

“ It is the first of July, and I sit down to write by the dimmest light that ever yet I wrote by; namely, the light of this mid-summer morning, in mid-England (Matlock, Derbyshire), in the year 1871. For the sky is covered with grey clouds;—not rain-cloud, but a dry black veil, which no ray of sunshine can pierce; partly diffused in mist, feeble mist, enough to make distant objects unintelligible, yet without any substance, or wreathing, or color of its own. And everywhere the leaves of the trees are shaking fitfully, as they do before a thunder-

storm ; only not violently, but enough to show the passing to and fro of a strange, bitter, blighting wind. Dismal enough, had it been the first morning of its kind that summer had sent. But during all this spring, in London, and at Oxford, through meagre March, through changelessly sullen April, through despondent May, and darkened June, morning after morning has come grey-shrouded thus.

“ And it is a new thing to me, and a very dreadful one. I am fifty years old, and more ; and since I was five, have gleaned the best hours of my life in the sun of spring and summer mornings ; and I never saw such as these, till now. And the scientific men are busy as ants, examining the sun, and the moon, and the seven stars, and can tell me all about *them*, I believe, by this time ; and how they move, and what they are made of.

“ And I do not care, for my part, two copper spangles how they move, nor what they are made of. I can't move them any other way than they go, nor make them of anything else, better than they are made. But I would care much and give much, if I could be told where this bitter wind comes from, and what *it* is made of. For, perhaps, with forethought, and fine laboratory science, one might make it of something else.

“ It looks partly as if it were made of poisonous smoke ; very possibly it may be : there are at least two hundred furnace chimneys in a square of two miles on every side of me. But mere smoke would not blow to and fro in that wild way. It looks more to me as if it were made of dead men's souls—such of them as are not gone yet where they have to go, and may be flitting hither and thither, doubting, themselves, of the fittest place for them. . . . ”

Since that Midsummer day, my attention, however otherwise occupied, has never relaxed in its record of the phenomena characteristic of the plague-wind ; and I now define for you, as briefly as possible, the essential signs of it :

1. It is a wind of darkness;—all the former condi-

tions of tormenting winds, whether from the north or east, were more or less capable of co-existing with sunlight, and often with steady and bright sunlight ; but whenever, and wherever the plague-wind blows, be it but for ten minutes, the sky is darkened instantly.—2. It is a malignant *quality* of wind unconnected with any one quarter of the compass ; it blows indifferently from all, attaching its own bitterness and malice to the worst characters of the proper winds of each quarter. It will blow either with drenching rain, or dry rage, from the south—with ruinous blasts from the west—with bitterest chills from the north—and with venomous blight from the east. Its own favorite quarter, however, is the south-west, so that it is distinguished in its malignity equally from the Bise of Provence, which is a north wind always, and from our own old friend, the east.—3. It always blows *tremulously*, making the leaves of the trees shudder as if they were all aspens, but with a peculiar fitfulness which gives them—and I watch them this moment as I write—an expression of anger as well as of fear and distress. You may see the kind of quivering, and hear the ominous whimpering, in the gusts that precede a great thunder-storm ; but plague-wind is more panic-struck, and feverish ; and its sound is a hiss instead of a wail.—4. Not only tremulous at every moment, it is also *intermittent* with a rapidity quite unexampled in former weather. There are, indeed, days—and weeks, on which it blows without cessation, and is as inevitable as the Gulf Stream ; but also there are days when it is contending with healthy weather, and on such days it will remit for half an hour, and the sun will begin to show itself, and then the wind will come back and cover the whole sky with clouds in ten minutes ; and so on every half-hour, through the whole day ; so that it is often impossible to go on with any kind of drawing in color, the light being never for two seconds the same from morning till evening.—5. It degrades, while it intensifies, ordinary storm.

Take the following sequences of accurate description of thunderstorm, with plague-wind :

“*June 22, 1876.*—Thunderstorm; pitch dark, with no *blackness*—but deep, high, *filthiness* of lurid, yet not sublimely lurid, smoke-cloud; dense manufacturing mist; fearful squalls of shivery wind, making Mr. Severn’s sail quiver like a man in a fever-fit—all about four, afternoon—but only two or three claps of thunder, and feeble, though near, flashes. I never saw such a dirty, weak, foul storm. It cleared suddenly, after raining all afternoon, at half-past eight to nine, into pure, natural weather, —low rain-clouds on quite clear, green, wet hills.

“*August 13, 1879.*—Quarter to eight, morning.—Thunder returned, all the air collapsed into one black fog, the hills invisible, and scarcely visible the opposite shore; heavy rain in short fits, and frequent, though less formidable, flashes, and shorter thunder. While I have written this sentence the cloud has again dissolved itself, like a nasty solution in a bottle, with miraculous and unnatural rapidity, and the hills are in sight again. Half-past eight.—Three times light and three times dark since last I wrote, and the darkness seeming each time as it settles more loathsome, at last stopping my reading in mere blindness. One lurid gleam of white cumulus in upper lead-blue sky, seen for half a minute through the sulphuro s chimney-pot vomit of blackguardly cloud beneath, where its rags were thinnest.

“*August 17, 1879.*—Raining in foul drizzle, slow and steady; sky pitch-dark, and I just got a little light by sitting in the bow-window; diabolic clouds over everything: and looking over my kitchen garden yesterday, I found it one miserable mass of weeds gone to seed, the roses in the higher garden putrefied into brown sponges, feeling like dead snails; and the half-ripe strawberries all rotten at the stalks.”

“*February 22, 1883.*—Yesterday a fearfully dark mist all afternoon, with steady, south plague-wind of the bitterest, nastiest, poisonous blight, and fretful flutter. I could scarcely stay in the wood for the horror of it. To-day, really rather bright blue, and bright semi-cumuli, with the frantic Old Man blowing sheaves of lancets and chisels across the lake—not in strength enough, or whirl enough, to

raise it in spray, but tracing every squall's outline in black on the silvery grey waves, and whistling meanly, and as if on a flute made of a file.

6. And now I come to the most important sign of the plague-wind and the plague-cloud: that in bringing on their peculiar darkness, they *blanch* the sun instead of reddening it. . . . I should have liked to have blotted down for you a bit of plague-cloud; but Heaven knows, you can see enough of it nowadays without any trouble of mine; and if you want, in a hurry, to see what the sun looks like through it, you've only to throw a bad half-crown into a basin of soap and water.—*Storm-Cloud*, Lect. I., pp. 26-35.

CHAPTER V.

BITS OF THOUGHT.

RUSKIN'S FIRST PIECE OF PUBLISHED WRITING.

—I do not think the causes of the color of transparent water have been sufficiently ascertained. I do not mean that effect of color which is simply optical, as the color of the sea, which is regulated by the sky above, or the state of the atmosphere; but I mean the settled color of transparent water, which has, when analyzed, been found pure. Now, copper will tinge water green, and that very strongly; but water thus impregnated will not be transparent, and will deposit the copper it holds in solution upon any piece of iron which may be thrown into it. There is a lake in a defile on the north-west flank of Snowdon, which is supplied by a stream, which previously passes over several veins of copper: this lake is, of course, of a bright verdigrise green, but it is not transparent. Now, the coloring effect of which I speak, is well seen in the waters of the Rhone and Rhine. The former of these rivers, when it enters the Lake of Geneva, after having received the torrents descending from

the mountains of the Valais, is fouled with mud, or white with the calcareous matter which it holds in solution. Having deposited this in the Lake Lemman (thereby forming an immense delta), it issues from the lake perfectly pure, and flows through the streets of Geneva so transparent, that the bottom can be seen 20 feet below the surface, yet so blue, that you might imagine it to be a solution of indigo. In like manner, the Rhine, after purifying itself in the Lake of Constance, flows forth, colored of a clear green ; and this under all circumstances, and in all weathers. It is sometimes said that this arises from the torrents which supply these rivers generally flowing from the glaciers, the green and blue color of which may have given rise to this opinion ; but the color of the ice is purely optical, as the fragments detached from the mass appear simply white. Perhaps some correspondent can afford me some information on the subject.—*Magazine of Natural History*, 1834.

ENVY AMONG SCIENTIFIC MEN.—The retardation of science by envy is one of the most tremendous losses in the economy of the present century.—*Unto this Last*, p. 51.

RUSKIN'S OPINION OF MODERN SCIENCE, WRITTEN IN 1853.—That modern science, with all its additions to the comforts of life, and to the fields of rational contemplation, has placed the existing races of mankind on a higher platform than any that preceded them, none can doubt for an instant ; and I believe the position in which we find ourselves is somewhat analogous to that of thoughtful and laborious youth succeeding a restless and heedless infancy.—*Stones of Venice*, III., p. 166.

PURE SCIENTIFIC RESEARCH NEVER REWARDED.—My ingenious friends, science has no more to do with making steam-engines than with making breeches ; though she condescends to help you a little in such necessary (or it may be, conceivably, in both cases, sometimes unnecessary) businesses.

Science lives only in quiet places, and with odd people, mostly poor. . . .

You cannot be simple enough, even in April, to think I got my three thousand pounds worth of minerals by studying mineralogy? Not so; they were earned for me by hard labor; my father's in England, and many a sunburnt vineyard-dresser's in Spain.—*Fors*, I., p. 44.

We are glad enough, indeed, to make our profit of science; we snap up anything in the way of a scientific bone that has meat on it, eagerly enough; but if the scientific man comes for a bone or a crust to *us*, that is another story.—*Sesame and Lilies*, p. 56.

THE VIBRATIONS OF THE TYMPANUM.—It is quite true that the tympanum of the ear vibrates under sound, and that the surface of the water in a ditch vibrates too: but the ditch hears nothing for all that; and my hearing is still to me as blessed a mystery as ever, and the interval between the ditch and me, quite as great. If the trembling sound in my ears was once of the marriage-bell which began my happiness and is now of the passing-bell which ends it, the difference between those two sounds to me cannot be counted by the number of concussions.—*Athena*, p. 50.

THE STUDY OF NATURAL HISTORY.—For one man who is fitted for the study of words, fifty are fitted for the study of things, and were intended to have a perpetual, simple, and religious delight in watching the processes, or admiring the creatures, of the natural universe. Deprived of this source of pleasure, nothing is left to them but ambition or dissipation; and the vices of the upper classes of Europe are, I believe, chiefly to be attributed to this single cause.—*Stones of Venice*, III., p. 216.

ONLY SIMPLE TOOLS NEEDED.—A quick eye, a candid mind, and an earnest heart, are all the microscopes and laboratories which any of us need; and with a little clay, sand, salt, and sugar, a man may find out more of the methods of geological phe-

nomenon than ever were known to Sir Charles Lyell.—*In Montibus Sanctis*, p. 25.

NONDESCRIPT SPECIES OF ANIMALS.—Between the gentes, or races of animals, and between the species, or families, there are invariably links—mongrel creatures, neither one thing nor another—but clumsy, blundering, hobbling, misshapen things. You are always thankful when you see one that you are not *it*. They are, according to old philosophy, in no process of development up or down, but are necessary, though much pitiable, where they are. Thus between the eagle and the trout, the mongrel or needful link is the penguin. Well, if you ever saw an eagle or a windhover flying, I am sure you must have sometimes wished to be a windhover; and if ever you saw a trout or a dolphin swimming, I am sure, if it was a hot day, you wished you could be a trout. But did ever anybody wish to be a penguin?—*Deucalion*, p. 182.

WOULD PEEP AND BOTANIZE UPON THEIR MOTHER'S GRAVE.—Men who have the habit of clustering and harmonizing their thoughts are a little too apt to look scornfully upon the harder workers who tear the bouquet to pieces to examine the stems. This was the chief narrowness of Wordsworth's mind; he could not understand that to break a rock with a hammer in search of crystal may sometimes be an act not disgraceful to human nature, and that to dissect a flower may sometimes be as proper as to dream over it; whereas all experience goes to teach us, that among men of average intellect the most useful members of society are the dissectors, not the dreamers.—*Modern Painters*, III., p. 309.

THE SPECTRUM OF BLOOD.—My friend showed me the rainbow of the rose, and the rainbow of the violet, and the rainbow of the hyacinth, and the rainbow of forest leaves being born, and the rainbow of forest leaves dying.

And, last, he showed me the rainbow of blood. It was but the three hundredth part of a grain, dissolved in a drop of water: and it cast its measured

bars, forever recognizable now to human sight, on the chord of the seven colors. And no drop of that red rain can now be shed, so small as that the stain of it cannot be known, and the voice of it heard out of the ground.—*Time and Tide*, p. 110.

MODERN SCIENTIFIC KNOWLEDGE AN ASSES' BRIDGE.—The fact is that the greater quantity of the knowledge which modern science is so saucy about, is only an asses' bridge, which the asses all stop at the top of, and which, moreover, they can't help stopping at the top of; for they have from the beginning taken the wrong road, and so come to a broken bridge—a *Ponte rotto* over the River of Death, by which the Pontifex Maximus allows them to pass no step farther.

For instance—having invented telescopes and photography, you are all stuck up on your hobby-horses, because you know how big the moon is, and can get pictures of the volcanoes in it! But you never can get any more than *pictures* of these, while in your own planet there are a thousand volcanoes which you may jump into, if you have a mind to; and may one day perhaps be blown sky high by, whether you have a mind or not. The last time the great volcano in Java was in eruption, it threw out a stream of hot water as big as Lancaster Bay, and boiled twelve thousand people. That's what I call a volcano to be interested about, if you want sensational science.

But if not, and you can be content in the wonder and the power of Nature, without her terror,—here is a little bit of a volcano, close at your very doors—Yewdale Crag, which I think will be quiet for our time; and on which the *Anagallis tenella*, and the golden potentilla, and the sun-dew grow together among the dewy moss in peace. And on the cellular surface of one of the blocks of it, you may find more beauty, and learn more precious things, than with telescope or photograph from all the moons in the milky way, though every drop of it were another solar system.—*Deucalion*, pp. 142, 143.

MR. DARWIN'S ACCOUNT OF THE PEACOCK'S FEATHER.—I went to it myself, hoping to learn some of the existing laws of life which regulate the local disposition of the color. But none of these appear to be known; and I am informed only that peacocks have grown to be peacocks out of brown pheasants, because the young feminine brown pheasants like fine feathers. Whereupon I say to myself, "Then either there was a distinct species of brown pheasants originally born with a taste for fine feathers; and therefore with remarkable eyes in their heads.—which would be a much more wonderful distinction of species than being born with remarkable eyes in their tails,—or else all pheasants would have been peacocks by this time!" And I trouble myself no more about the Darwinian theory.—*Eagle's Nest*, p. 112.

SCIENCE AND SONG.—You have, I doubt not, your new science of song, as of nest-building; and I am happy to think you could all explain to me, or at least you will be able to do so before you pass your natural science examination, how, by the accurate connection of a larynx with a bill, and by the action of heat, originally derived from the sun, upon the muscular fibre, an undulatory motion is produced in the larynx, and an opening and shutting one in the bill, which is accompanied, necessarily, by a piping sound.—*Eagle's Nest*, p. 41.

THERE ARE SCIENCES OF THE ARTS, TOO.—It has become the permitted fashion among modern mathematicians, chemists, and apothecaries, to call themselves "scientific men," as opposed to theologians, poets, and artists. They know their sphere to be a separate one; but their ridiculous notion of its being a peculiarly scientific one ought not to be allowed in our Universities. There is a science of Morals, a science of History, a science of Grammar, a science of Music, and a science of Painting; and all these are quite beyond comparison higher fields for human intellect, and require accuracies of intenser

observation, than either chemistry, electricity, or geology.—*Ariadne*, p. 85.

THE CULT OF UGLINESS.—And the universal instinct of blasphemy in the modern vulgar scientific mind is above all manifested in its love of what is ugly, and natural enthralment by the abominable;—so that it is ten to one if, in the description of a new bird, you learn much more of it than the enumerated species of vermin that stick to its feathers; and in the natural history museum of Oxford, humanity has been hitherto taught, not by portraits of great men, but by the skulls of cretins.—*Storm Cloud*, Lect. II., § 20.

SCIENCE vs. ART.—“It is very fine,” sculptors and painters say, “and very useful, this knocking the light out of the sun, or into it, by an eternal cataract of planets. But you may hail away, so, for ever, and you will not knock out what we can. Here is a bit of silver, not the size of half-a-crown, on which, with a single hammer stroke, one of us, two thousand and odd years ago, hit out the head of the Apollo of Clazomenæ. It is merely a matter of form; but if any of you philosophers, with your whole planetary system to hammer with, can hit out such another bit of silver as this,—we will take off our hats to you. For the present, we keep them on.”—*Ethics of the Dust*, p. 127.

RIVERS NOT DEEPENING BUT FILLING UP THEIR BEDS.—Niagara is a vast Exception—and Deception. The true cataracts and falls of the great mountains, as the dear little cascades and leaplets of your own rills, fall where they fell of old;—that is to say, wherever there's a hard bed of rock for them to jump over. They don't cut it away—and they can't. They do form pools *beneath* in a mystic way,—they excavate them to the depth which will break their fall's force—and then they excavate no more.—*Deucalion*, p. 136.

DECAY IN THE SCALE OF ANIMATED LIFE.—The decomposition of a crystal is not necessarily impure at all. The fermentation of a wholesome liquid be-

gins to admit the idea slightly ; the decay of leaves yet more; of flowers, more; of animals, with greater painfulness and terribleness in exact proportion to their original vitality ; and the foulest of all corruption is that of the body of man ; and, in his body, that which is occasioned by disease, more than that of natural death.—*Modern Painters*, V., p. 174.

GEOLOGY.—Though an old member of the Geological Society, my geological observations have always been as completely ignored by that society as my remarks on political economy by the directors of the Bank of England.—*In Montibus Sanctis*.

I do not believe that one in a hundred of our youth, or of our educated classes, out of directly scientific circles, take any real interest in geology. And for my own part, I do not wonder,—for it seems to me that geology tells us nothing really interesting. It tells us much about a world that once was. But, for my part, a world that only was, is as little interesting as a world that only is to be. I no more care to hear of the forms of mountains that crumbled away a million of years ago to leave room for the town of Kendal, than of forms of mountains that some future day may swallow up the town of Kendal in the cracks of them. I am only interested—so ignoble and unspeculative is my disposition—in knowing how God made the Castle Hill of Kendal, for the Baron of it to build on, and how he brought the Kent through the dale of it, for its people and flocks to drink of.

And these things, if you think of them, you will find are precisely what the geologists cannot tell you. They never trouble themselves about matters so recent, or so visible ; and while you may always obtain the most satisfactory information from them respecting the congelation of the whole globe out of gas, or the direction of it in space, there is really not one who can explain to you the making of a pebble, or the running of a rivulet.—*Deucalion*, p. 127.

There are, broadly, three great demonstrable periods of the Earth's history: That in which it was crystallized; that in which it was sculptured; and that in which it is now being unsculptured, or deformed. These three periods interlace with each other, and gradate into each other—as the periods of human life do. Something dies in the child on the day that it is born—something is born in the man on the day that he dies: nevertheless, his life is broadly divided into youth, strength, and decrepitude. In such clear sense, the Earth has its three ages: of their length we know as yet nothing, except that it has been greater than any man had imagined.

The First Period.—But there was a period, or a succession of periods, during which the rocks which are now hard were soft; and in which, out of entirely different positions, and under entirely different conditions from any now existing or describable, the masses, of which the mountains you now see are made, were lifted and hardened, in the positions they now occupy, though in what forms we can now no more guess than we can the original outline of the block from the existing statue.

The Second Period.—Then, out of those raised masses, more or less in lines compliant with their crystalline structure, the mountains we now see were hewn, or worn, during the second period, by forces for the most part differing both in mode and violence from any now in operation, but the result of which was to bring the surface of the earth into a form approximately that which it has possessed as far as the records of human history extend.—The Ararat of Moses's time, the Olympus and Ida of Homer's, are practically the same mountains now, that they were then.

The Third Period.—Not, however, without some calculable, though superficial, change, and that change, one of steady degradation. For in the third, or historical period, the valleys excavated in the second period, are being filled up, and the mountains hewn in the second period, worn or ruined down. In the second era the valley of the Rhone

was being cut deeper every day; now it is every day being filled up with gravel. In the second era, the scars of Derbyshire and Yorkshire were cut white and steep; now they are being darkened by vegetation, and crumbled by frost. You cannot, I repeat, separate the periods with precision; but, in their characters, they are as distinct as youth from age.—*Deucalion*, pp. 22, 23.

THE DISCOVERY BY JAMES FORBES OF THE VISCOUS NATURE OF GLACIER ICE.—Professor Agassiz, of Neuchâtel, had then [1841] been some eight or ten years at work on the glaciers: had built a cabin on one of them; walked a great many times over a great many of them; described a number of their phenomena quite correctly; proposed, and in some cases performed, many ingenious experiments upon them; and indeed done almost everything that was to be done for them—except find out the one thing that we wanted to know.

As his malicious fortune would have it, he invited in that year (1841) a man of acute brains—James Forbes—to see what he was about. The invitation was accepted. The visitor was a mathematician; and after examining the question, for discussion of which Agassiz was able to supply him with all the data except those which were essential, resolved to find out the essential ones himself. Which in the next year (1842) he quietly did; and in 1843 solved the problem of glacier motion for ever: announcing, to everybody's astonishment, and to the extreme disgust and mortification of all glacier students—including my poor self, (not the least envious, I fancy, though with as little right to be envious as any one)—that glaciers were not solid bodies at all, but semi-liquid ones, and ran down in their beds like so much treacle. . . .

But fancy the feelings of poor Agassiz in his Hôtel des Neuchâtelois! To have had the thing under his nose for ten years, and missed it! There is nothing in the annals of scientific mischance—(perhaps the truer word would be scientific dulness)—to match it; certainly it would be difficult for provocation

to be more bitter,—at least, for a man who thinks, as most of our foolish modern scientific men do think, that there is no good in knowing anything for its own sake, but only in being the first to find it out.

Nor am I prepared altogether to justify Forbes in his method of proceeding, except on the terms of battle which men of science have laid down for themselves. Here is a man has been ten years at his diggings ; has trenched here, and bored there, and been over all the ground again and again, except just where the nugget is. He asks one to dinner—and one has an eye for the run of a stream ; one does a little bit of pickaxing in the afternoon on one's own account—and walks off with his nugget.—*Fors*, II., pp. 90, 91.

A GLACIER IS A RIVER OF HONEY.—Above all substances that can be proposed for definition of quality, glacier ice is the most defeating. For it is practically plastic ; but *actually* viscous;—and that to the full extent. You can beat or hammer it, like gold ; and it will stay in the form you have beaten it into, for a time ;—and so long a time, that, on all instant occasions of plasticity, it is practically plastic. But only have patience to wait long enough, and it will run down out of the form you have stamped on it, as honey does, so that actually and inherently, it is viscous, and not plastic.—*Deucalion*, p. 56.

PART V.

NATURE AND LITERATURE.

A RUSKIN ANTHOLOGY.

PART V.—NATURE AND LITERATURE.

CHAPTER I.

NATURE.

THE AIR.—The deep of air that surrounds the earth enters into union with the earth at its surface, and with its waters ; so as to be the apparent cause of their ascending into life. First, it warms them, and shades, at once, staying the heat of the sun's rays in its own body, but warding their force with its clouds. It warms and cools at once, with traffic of balm and frost ; so that the white wreaths are withdrawn from the field of the Swiss peasant by the glow of Libyan rock. It gives its own strength to the sea ; forms and fills every cell of its foam ; sustains the precipices, and designs the valleys of its waves ; gives the gleam to their moving under the night, and the white fire to their plains under sunrise ; lifts their voices along the rocks, bears above them the spray of birds, pencils through them the dimpling of unfooted sands. It gathers out of them a portion in the hollow of its hand : dyes, with that, the hills into dark blue, and their glaciers with dying rose ; inlays with that, for sapphire, the dome in which it has to set the cloud ; shapes out of that the heavenly flocks : divides them, numbers, cherishes, bears them on its bosom, calls them to their journeys, waits by their rest ; feeds from them the brooks that cease not, and strews with them the dews that cease. It spins and weaves their fleece into wild tapestry, rends it, and

renews ; and flits and flames, and whispers, among the golden threads, thrilling them with a plectrum of strange fire that traverses them to and fro, and is enclosed in them like life.

It enters into the surface of the earth, subdues it, and falls together with it into fruitful dust, from which can be moulded flesh ; it joins itself, in dew, to the substance of adamant ; and becomes the green leaf out of the dry ground ; it enters into the separated shapes of the earth it has tempered, commands the ebb and flow of the current of their life, fills their limbs with its own lightness, measures their existence by its indwelling pulse, moulds upon their lips the words by which one soul can be known to another ; is to them the hearing of the ear, and the beating of the heart ; and, passing away, leaves them to the peace that hears and moves no more.—*Athena*, p. 78.

CLOUDS AMONG THE HILLS.—There is more beauty in a single wreath of early cloud, pacing its way up an avenue of pines, or pausing among the points of their fringes, than in all the white heaps that fill the arched sky of the plains from one horizon to the other. And of the nobler cloud manifestations—the breaking of their troublous seas against the crags, their black spray sparkling with lightning ; or the going forth of the morning along their pavements of moving marble, level-laid between dome and dome of snow ;—of these things there can be as little imagination or understanding in an inhabitant of the plains as of the scenery of another planet than his own.—*Modern Painters*, IV., p. 373.

THE CUMULUS CLOUD.—I have never succeeded in drawing a cumulus. Its divisions of surface are grotesque and endless, as those of a mountain ;—perfectly defined, brilliant beyond all power of color, and transitory as a dream. Even Turner never attempted to paint them, any more than he did the snows of the high Alps.—*Modern Painters*, V., p. 140.

RAIN IN TEMPERATE CLIMES.—The great Angel of the Sea—rain ;—the Angel, observe, the messen-

ger sent to a special place on a special errand. Not the diffused perpetual presence of the burden of mist, but the going and returning of intermittent cloud. All turns upon that intermittence. Soft moss on stone and rock ;—cave-fern of tangled glen ; wayside well—perennial, patient, silent, clear ; stealing through its square font of rough-hewn stone ; ever thus deep—no more—which the winter wreck sullies not, the summer thirst wastes not, incapable of stain as of decline—where the fallen leaf floats, undecayed, and the insect darts undefiling. Crossed brook and ever-eddying river, lifted even in flood scarcely over its stepping-stones,—but through all sweet summer keeping tremulous music with harp-strings of dark water among the silver fingering of the pebbles. Far away in the south the strong river Gods have all hasted, and gone down to the sea. Wasted and burning, white furnaces of blasting sand, their broad beds lie ghastly and bare ; but here the soft wings of the Sea Angel droop still with dew, and the shadows of their plumes falter on the hills : strange laughings, and glitterings of silver streamlets, born suddenly, and twined about the mossy heights in trickling tinsel, answering to them as they wave.—*Modern Painters*, V., p. 154.

THE HURRICANE STORM.—The fronting clouds come leaning forward, one thrusting the other aside, or on ; impatient, ponderous, impendent, like globes of rock tossed of Titans—Ossa on Olympus—but hurled forward all, in one wave of cloud-lava—cloud whose throat is as a sepulchre. Fierce behind them rages the oblique wrath of the rain, white as ashes, dense as showers of driven steel ; the pillars of it full of ghastly life ; Rain-Furies, shrieking as they fly ;—scourging, as with whips of scorpions ;—the earth ringing and trembling under them, heaven wailing wildly, the trees stooped blindly down, covering their faces, quivering in every leaf with horror, ruin of their branches flying by them like black stubble.—*Modern Painters*, V., p. 156.

THE MIRACLES OF ICE AND FROST.—Every crystalline substance has a brick of a particular form to build with, usually, in some angle or modification of angle, quite the mineral's own special property—and if not absolutely peculiar to it, at least peculiarly used by it. Thus, though the brick of gold, and that of the ruby-colored oxide of copper, are alike cubes, yet gold grows trees with its bricks, and ruby copper weaves samite with them. Gold cannot plait samite, nor ruby copper branch into trees; and ruby itself, with a far more convenient and adaptable form of brick, does neither the one nor the other. But ice, which has the same form of bricks to build with as ruby, can, at its pleasure, bind them into branches, or weave them into wool; buttress a polar cliff with adamant, or flush a dome of Alp with light lovelier than the ruby's.—*Deucalion*, p. 220.

Iceicles, and all other such accretions of ice formed by additions at the surface, by flowing or dropping water, are always, when unaffected by irregular changes of temperature or other disturbing accidents, composed of exquisitely transparent vitreous ice (the water of course being supposed transparent to begin with)—compact, flawless, absolutely smooth at the surface, and presenting on the fracture, to the naked eye, no evidence whatever of crystalline structure. They will enclose living leaves of holly, fern, or ivy, without disturbing one fold or fringe of them, in clear jelly (if one may use the word of anything frozen so hard), like the dantiest candyings by Parisian confectioner's art, over glacé fruit, or like the fixed juice of the white currant in the perfect confiture of Bar-le-Duc;—and the frozen gelatine melts, as it forms, stealthily, serenely, showing no vestige of its crystalline power; pushing nowhere, pulling nowhere; revealing in dissolution, no secrets of its structure; affecting flexile branches and foliage only by its weight, and letting them rise when it has passed away, as they rise after being bowed under rain.

A small cascade, falling lightly, and shattering itself only into *drops*, will always do beautiful things, and often incomprehensible ones. After some fortnight or so of clear frost in one of our recent hard winters at Coniston, a fall of about twenty-five feet in the stream of Leathes-water, beginning with general glass basket-making out of all the light grasses at its sides, built for itself at last a complete veil or vault of finely interwoven ice, under which it might be seen, when the embroidery was finished, falling tranquilly: its strength being then too far subdued to spoil by overloading or over-laboring the poised traceries of its incandescent canopy.—*Deucalion*, pp. 217-219.

THE EARTH-VEIL.—The earth in its depths must remain dead and cold, incapable except of slow crystalline change; but at its surface, which human beings look upon and deal with, it ministers to them through a veil of strange intermediate being; which breathes, but has no voice; moves, but cannot leave its appointed place; passes through life without consciousness, to death without bitterness; wears the beauty of youth, without its passion; and declines to the weakness of age, without its regret.

And in this mystery of intermediate being, entirely subordinate to us, with which we can deal as we choose, having just the greater power as we have the less responsibility for our treatment of the unsuffering creature, most of the pleasures which we need from the external world are gathered, and most of the lessons we need are written, all kinds of precious grace and teaching being united in this link between the Earth and Man: wonderful in universal adaptation to his need, desire, and discipline; God's daily preparation of the earth for him, with beautiful means of life. First a carpet to make it soft for him; then, a colored fantasy of embroidery thereon; then, tall spreading of foliage to shade him from sun-heat, and shade also the fallen rain, that it may not dry quickly back into

the clouds, but stay to nourish the springs among the moss. Stout wood to bear this leafage: easily to be cut, yet tough and light, to make houses for him, or instruments (lance-shaft, or plough-handle, according to his temper); useless it had been, if harder; useless, if less fibrous; useless, if less elastic. Winter comes, and the shade of leafage falls away, to let the sun warm the earth; the strong boughs remain, breaking the strength of winter winds. The seeds which are to prolong the race, innumerable according to the need, are made beautiful and palatable, varied into infinitude of appeal to the fancy of man, or provision for his service: cold juice, or glowing spice, or balm, or incense, softening oil, perserving resin, medicine of styptic, febrifuge, or lulling charm: and all these presented in forms of endless change. Fragility or force, softness and strength, in all degrees and aspects; unerring uprightness, as of temple pillars, or undivided wandering of feeble tendrils on the ground; mighty resistances of rigid arm and limb to the storms of ages, or wavings to and fro with faintest pulse of summer streamlet. Roots cleaving the strength of rock, or binding the transience of the sand; crests basking in sunshine of the desert, or hiding by dripping spring and lightless cave; foliage far tossing in entangled fields, beneath every wave of ocean—clothing with variegated, everlasting films, the peaks of the trackless mountains, or ministering at cottage doors to every gentlest passion and simplest joy of humanity.—*Modern Painters*, V., pp. 6–17.

BRANCHES AND LEAVES.—Branches float on the wind more than they yield to it; and in their tossing do not so much bend under a force, as rise on a wave, which penetrates in liquid threads through all their sprays.—*Modern Painters*, V., p. 79.

Caprice is an essential source of branch beauty: being in reality the written story of all the branch's life—of the theories it formed, the accidents it suffered, the fits of enthusiasm to which it yielded in

certain delicious warm springs; the disgusts at weeks of east wind, the mortifications of itself for its friends' sakes; or the sudden and successful inventions of new ways of getting out to the sun.—*Modern Painters*, V., p. 84.

Paint a leaf indeed! Above-named Titian has done it: Correggio, moreover, and Giorgione: and Leonardo, very nearly, trying hard. Holbein, three or four times, in precious pieces, highest wrought. Raphael, it may be, in one or two crowns of Muse or Sibyl. If any one else, in later times, we have to consider.—*Modern Painters*, V., p. 49.

The leaves of the herbage at our feet take all kinds of strange shapes, as if to invite us to examine them. Star-shaped, heart-shaped, spear-shaped, arrow-shaped, fretted, fringed, cleft, furrowed, serrated, sinuated; in whorls, in tufts, in spires, in wreaths endlessly expressive, deceptive, fantastic, never the same from footstalk to blossom; they seem perpetually to tempt our watchfulness, and take delight in outstripping our wonder. And observe, their forms are such as will not be visibly injured by crushing. Their complexity is already disordered: jags and rents are their laws of being; rent by the footstep they betray no harm.—*Modern Painters*, V., p. 109.

By a power of which I believe no sufficient account exists, as each leaf adds to the thickness of the shoot, so each shoot to the branch, so each branch to the stem, and that with so perfect an order and regularity of duty, that from every leaf in all the countless crowd at the tree's summit, one slender fibre, or at least fibre's thickness of wood, descends through shoot, through spray, through branch, and through stem; and having thus added, in its due proportion, to form the strength of the tree, labors yet farther and more painfully to provide for its security; and thrusting forward into the root, loses nothing of its mighty energy, until, mining through the darkness, it has taken hold in cleft of rock or depth of earth, as extended as the sweep of its green crest in the free air. . . .

These ridges, which rib the shoot so distinctly, are not on the ascending part of it. They are the contributions of each successive leaf thrown out as it ascended. Every leaf sent down a slender cord, covering and clinging to the shoot beneath, and increasing its thickness. Each, according to his size and strength, wore his little strand of cable, as a spider his thread; and cast it down the side of the springing tower by a marvellous magic—irresistible! The fall of a granite pyramid from an Alp may perhaps be stayed; the descending force of that silver thread shall not be stayed. It will split the rocks themselves at its roots, if need be, rather than fail in its work.—*Modern Painters*, V., pp. 55, 57.

Every single leaf-cluster presents the general aspect of a little family, entirely at unity among themselves, but obliged to get their living by various shifts, concessions, and infringements of the family rules, in order not to invade the privileges of other people in their neighborhood. And in the arrangement of these concessions there is an exquisite sensibility among the leaves. They do not grow each to his own liking, till they run against one another, and then turn back sulkily; but by a watchful instinct, far apart, they anticipate their companions' courses, as ships at sea, and in every new unfolding of their edged tissue, guide themselves by the sense of each other's remote presence, and by a watchful penetration of leafy purpose in the far future. So that every shadow which one casts on the next, and every glint of sun which each reflects to the next, and every touch which in toss of storm each receives from the next, aid or arrest the development of their advancing form, and direct, as will be safest and best, the curve of every fold and the current of every vein.—*Modern Painters*, V., pp. 46, 47.

To conclude, then, we find that the beauty of these buildings of the leaves consists, from the first step of it to the last, in its showing their perfect fel-

lowship ; and a single aim uniting them under circumstances of various distress, trial, and pleasure. Without the fellowship, no beauty ; without the steady purpose, no beauty ; without trouble and death, no beauty ; without individual pleasure, freedom, and caprice, so far as may be consistent with the universal good, no beauty.

Tree-loveliness might be thus lost or killed in many ways. Discordance would kill it—of one leaf with another ; disobedience would kill it—of any leaf to the ruling law ; indulgence would kill it, and the doing away with pain ; or slavish symmetry would kill it, and the doing away with delight.—*Modern Painters*, V., p. 88.

FLOWERS.—All plants are composed of essentially two parts—the leaf and root ; one loving the light, the other darkness ; one liking to be clean, the other to be dirty ; one liking to grow for the most part up, the other for the most part down ; and each having faculties and purposes of its own. But the pure one, which loves the light, has, above all things, the purpose of being married to another leaf, and having child-leaves, and children's children of leaves, to make the earth fair for ever. And when the leaves marry, they put on wedding-ropes, and are more glorious than Solomon in all his glory, and they have feasts of honey, and we call them "Flowers."—*Fors*, 1., p. 62.

Few people care about flowers. Many, indeed, are fond of finding a new shape of blossom, caring for it as a child cares about a kaleidoscope. Many, also, like a fair service of flowers in the greenhouse, as a fair service of plate on the table. Many are scientifically interested in them, though even these in the nomenclature rather than the flowers. And a few enjoy their gardens : but I have never heard of a piece of land, which would let well on a building lease, remaining unlet because it was a flowery piece. I have never heard of parks being kept for wild hyacinths, though often of their being kept for wild beasts. And the blossoming time of the year

being principally spring, I perceive it to be the mind of most people, during that period, to stay in towns. . . .

Flowers seem intended for the solace of ordinary humanity: children love them; quiet, tender, contented ordinary people love them as they grow; luxurious and disorderly people rejoice in them gathered: They are the cottager's treasure; and in the crowded town, mark, as with a little broken fragment of rainbow, the windows of the workers in whose heart rests the covenant of peace. Passionate or religious minds contemplate them with fond, feverish intensity; the affection is seen severely calm in the works of many old religious painters, and mixed with more open and true country sentiment in those of our own pre-Raphaelites. To the child and the girl, the peasant and the manufacturing operative, to the grisette and the nun, the lover and monk, they are precious always. But to the men of supreme power and thoughtfulness, precious only at times; symbolically and pathetically often to the poets, but rarely for their own sake. They fall forgotten from the great workmen's and soldiers' hands. Such men will take, in thankfulness, crowns of leaves, or crowns of thorns — not crowns of flowers.

A curious fact, this! Here are men whose lives are spent in the study of color, and the one thing they will not paint is a flower! Anything but that. A furred mantle, a jewelled zone, a silken gown, a brazen corslet, nay, an old leathern chair, or a wall-paper if you will, with utmost care and delight;—but a flower by no manner of means, if avoidable. When the thing has perforce to be done, the great painters of course do it rightly. Titian, in his early work, sometimes carries a blossom or two out with affection, as the columbines in our Bacchus and Ariadne. So also Holbein. But in his later and mightier work, Titian will only paint a fan or a wristband intensely, never a flower. The utmost that Turner ever allows in his fore-

grounds is a water-lily or two, a cluster of heath or foxglove, a thistle sometimes, a violet or daisy, or a bindweed-bell; just enough to lead the eye into the understanding of the rich mystery of his more distant leafage.—*Modern Painters*, V., pp. 104-108.

THE PINE TREE.—Almost the only pleasure I have myself in re-reading my old books is my sense of having at least done justice to the pine.—*Frondees Agrestes*, p. 28.

When the sun rises behind a ridges of pines, and those pines are seen from a distance of a mile or two, against his light, the whole form of the tree, trunk, branches, and all, becomes one frostwork of intensely brilliant silver, which is relieved against the clear sky like a burning fringe, for some distance on either side of the sun.—*Stones of Venice*, I., p. 245.

The pine is trained to need nothing, and to endure everything. It is resolutely whole, self-contained, desiring nothing but rightness, content with restricted completion. Tall or short, it will be straight. Small or large, it will be round. It may be permitted to these soft lowland trees that they should make themselves gay with show of blossom, and glad with pretty charities of fruitfulness. We builders with the sword have harder work to do for man, and must do it in close-set troops. To stay the sliding of the mountain snows, which would bury him; to hold in divided drops, at our sword-points, the rain, which would sweep away him and his treasure-fields; to nurse in shade among our brown fallen leaves the tricklings that feed the brooks in drought; to give massive shield against the winter wind, which shrieks through the bare branches of the plain:—such service must we do him steadfastly while we live. Our bodies, also, are at his service: softer than the bodies of other trees, though our toil is harder than theirs.—*Modern Painters*, V., p. 95.

I can never without awe stay long under a great

Alpine cliff, far from all house or work of men, looking up to its companies of pine, as they stand on the inaccessible juts and perilous ledges of the enormous wall, in quiet multitudes, each like the shadow of the one beside it—upright, fixed, spectral, as troops of ghosts standing on the walls of Hades, not knowing each other—dumb for ever. You cannot reach them, cannot cry to them;—those trees never heard human voice; they are far above all sound but of the winds. No foot ever stirred fallen leaf of theirs. All comfortless they stand, between the two eternities of the Vacancy and the Rock: yet with such iron will, that the rock itself looks bent and shattered beside them—fragile, weak, inconsistent, compared to their dark energy of delicate life, and monotony of enchanted pride:—unnumbered, unconquerable.—*Modern Painters*, V., p. 96.

A pine cannot be represented by a round stroke, nor by an upright one, nor even by an angular one; no conventionalism will express a pine; it must be legitimately drawn, with a light side and a dark side, and a soft gradation from the top downwards, or it does not look like a pine at all. Most artists think it not desirable to choose a subject which involves the drawing of ten millions of trees; because, supposing they could even do four or five in a minute, and worked for ten hours a day, their picture would still take them ten years before they had finished its pine forests. For this, and other similar reasons, it is declared usually that Switzerland is ugly and unpicturesque; but that is not so; it is only that *we* cannot paint it. If we could, it would be as interesting on the canvas as it is in reality; and a painter of fruit and flowers might just as well call a human figure unpicturesque, because it was to him unmanageable, as the ordinary landscape-effect painter speak in depreciation of the Alps.—*Modern Painters*, IV., p. 311.

The Northern peoples, century after century, lived under one or other of the two great powers of

the Pine and the Sea, both infinite. They dwelt amidst the forests, as they wandered on the waves, and saw no end, nor any other horizon ;—still the dark green trees, or the dark green waters, jagged the dawn with their fringe, or their foam. And whatever elements of imagination, or of warrior strength, or of domestic justice, were brought down by the Norwegian and the Goth against the dissoluteness or degradation of the South of Europe, were taught them under the green roofs and wild penetralia of the pine.—*Modern Painters*, V., p. 100.

THE CEREAL GRASSES.—We find another element of very complex effect added to the others which exist in tented plants, namely, that of minute, granular, feathery, or downy seed-vessels, mingling quaint brown punctuation, and dusty tremors of dancing grain, with the bloom of the nearer fields ; and casting a gossamer grayness and softness of plummy mist along their surfaces far away ; mysterious evermore, not only with dew in the morning or mirage at noon, but with the shaking threads of fine arborescence, each a little belfry of grain-bells, all a-chime.—*Modern Painters*, V., p. 113.

A BLADE OF GRASS.—Gather a single blade of grass and examine for a minute, quietly, its narrow sword-shaped strip of fluted green. Nothing, as it seems there, of notable goodness or beauty. A very little strength, and a very little tallness, and a few delicate long lines meeting in a point,—not a perfect point neither, but blunt and unfinished, by no means a creditable or apparently much cared-for example of Nature's workmanship ; made, as it seems, only to be trodden on to-day, and to-morrow to be cast into the oven ; and a little pale and hollow stalk, feeble and flaccid, leading down to the dull brown fibres of roots. And yet, think of it well, and judge whether of all the gorgeous flowers that beam in summer air, and of all strong and goodly trees, pleasant to the eyes and good for food—stately palm and pine, strong ash and oak,

scented citron, burdened vine—there be any by man so deeply loved, by God so highly graced, as that narrow point of feeble green. It seems to me not to have been without a peculiar significance, that our Lord, when about to work the miracle which, of all that He showed, appears to have been felt by the multitude as the most impressive—the miracle of the loaves—commanded the people to sit down by companies “upon the green grass.” He was about to feed them with the principal produce of earth and the sea, the simplest representations of the food of mankind. He gave them the *seed* of the herb ; He bade them sit down upon the herb itself, which was as great a gift, in its fitness for their joy and rest, as its perfect fruit for their sustenance ; thus, in this single order and act, when rightly understood, indicating for evermore how the Creator had entrusted the comfort, consolation, and sustenance of man, to the simplest and most despised of all the leafy families of the earth.

And well does it fulfil its mission. Consider what we owe merely to the meadow grass, to the covering of the dark ground by that glorious enamel, by the companies of those soft, and countless, and peaceful spears. The fields ! Follow but forth for a little time the thoughts of all that we ought to recognize in those words. All spring and summer is in them—the walks by silent, scented paths—the rests in noonday heat—the joy of herds and flocks—the power of all shepherd life and meditation—the life of sunlight upon the world, falling in emerald streaks, and falling in soft blue shadows, where else it would have struck upon the dark mould, or scorching dust—pastures beside the pacing brooks—soft banks and knolls of lowly hills—thymy slopes of down overlooked by the blue line of lifted sea,—crisp lawns all dim with early dew, or smooth in evening warmth of barred sunshine, dinted by happy feet, and softening in their fall the sound of loving voices : all these are summed in those simple words ; and these are not all.

We may not measure to the full the depth of this

heavenly gift, in our own land ; though still, as we think of it longer, the infinite of that meadow sweetness, Shakespeare's peculiar joy, would open on us more and more, yet we have it but in part. Go out, in the spring time, among the meadows that slope from the shores of the Swiss lakes to the roots of their lower mountains. There, mingled with the taller gentians and the white narcissus, the grass grows deep and free; and as you follow the winding mountain paths, beneath arching boughs all veiled and dim with blossom—paths that forever droop and rise over the green banks and mounds sweeping down in scented undulation, steep to the blue water, studded here and there with new-mown heaps, filling all the air with fainter sweetness—look up towards the higher hills, where the waves of everlasting green roll silently into their long inlets among the shadows of the pines; and we may, perhaps, at last know the meaning of those quiet words of the 147th Psalm, "He maketh grass to grow upon the mountains."—*Modern Painters*, III., pp. 247-249.

LICHENS OF THE ROCK.—It is strange to think of the gradually diminished power and withdrawn freedom among the orders of leaves—from the sweep of the chestnut and gadding of the vine, down to the close-shrinking trefoil, and contented daisy, pressed on earth; and, at last, to the leaves that are not merely close to earth, but themselves a part of it; fastened down to it by their sides, here and there only a wrinkled edge rising from the granite crystals. . . . They will not be gathered, like the flowers, for chaplet or love-token; but of these the wild bird will make its nest, and the wearied child his pillow.

And, as the earth's first mercy, so they are its last gift to us. When all other service is vain, from plant and tree, the soft mosses and gray lichen take up their watch by the head-stone. The woods, the blossoms, the gift-bearing grasses, have done their parts for a time, but these do service for ever.

Trees for the builder's yard, flowers for the bride's chamber, corn for the granary, moss for the grave. . . . Sharing the stillness of the unimpassioned rock, they share also its endurance; and while the winds of departing spring scatter the white hawthorn blossom like drifted snow, and summer dews on the parched meadow the drooping of its cowslip-gold,—far above, among the mountains, the silver lichen-spots, rest, starlike, on the stone; and the gathering orange stain upon the edge of yonder western peak reflects the sunsets of a thousand years.—*Modern Painters*, V., pp. 116, 117.

THE SEA.

Day by day, the morning winds come coursing to the shore, every breath of them with a green wave rearing before it; clear, crisp, ringing, merry-minded waves, that fall over and over each other, laughing like children as they near the beach, and at last clash themselves all into dust of crystal over the dazzling sweeps of sand.—*Stones of Venice*, I., p. 226.

THE BREAKING OF A SEA-WAVE AGAINST A CLIFF.—One moment a flint cave—the next, a marble pillar,—the next a fading cloud.—*Harbors of England*.

THE UNSHOVELLED GRAVES OF THE SEA.—The calm gray abyss of the sea, that has no fury and no voice, but is as a grave always open, which the greensighing mounds do but hide for an instant as they pass.—*Harbors of England*.

MOONLIGHT ON A SWELLING SEA.—Let us stand on the sea-shore on a clondless night, with a full moon over the sea, and a swell on the water. Of course a long line of splendor will be seen on the waves under the moon, reaching from the horizon to our very feet. But are those waves between the moon and us *actually* more illuminated than any

other part of the sea? Not one whit. The whole surface of the sea is under the same full light, but the waves between the moon and us are the only ones which are in a position to reflect that light to our eyes. The sea on both sides of that path of light is in perfect darkness—almost black. But is it so from shadow? Not so, for there is nothing to intercept the moonlight from it: it is so from position, because it cannot reflect any of the rays which fall on it to our eyes, but reflects instead the dark vault of the night sky. Both the darkness and the light on it, therefore—and they are as violently contrasted as may well be—are nothing but reflections, the whole surface of the water being under one blaze of moonlight, entirely unshaded by any intervening object whatsoever.—*Arrows of the Chace*, I., p. 188.

“HE WEIGHETH THE WATERS BY MEASURE.”—Let us go down and stand by the beach of it,—of the great irregular sea, and count whether the thunder of it is not out of time. One—two:—here comes a well-formed wave at last, trembling a little at the top, but, on the whole, orderly. So, crash among the shingle, and up as far as this grey pebble; now stand by and watch! Another:—Ah, careless wave! why couldn't you have kept your crest on? it is all gone away into spray, striking up against the cliffs there—I thought as much—missed the mark by a couple of feet! Another:—How now, impatient one! couldn't you have waited till your friend's reflux was done with, instead of rolling yourself up with it in that unseemly manner? You go for nothing. A fourth, and a goodly one at last. What think we of yonder slow rise, and crystalline hollow, without a flaw? Steady, good wave; not so fast; not so fast; where are you coming to?—By our architectural word, this is to bad; two yards over the mark, and ever so much of you in our face besides; and a wave which we had some hope of, behind there, broken all to pieces out at sea, and laying a great white table-cloth of foam all the way to the shore, as if the marine gods were to dine off it! Alas, for

these unhappy arrow shots of Nature; she will never hit her mark with those unruly waves of hers, nor get one of them into the ideal shape, if we wait for a thousand years.—*Stones of Venice*, I., p. 343.

THE MOUNTAINS.

The hills, which, as compared with living beings, seem “everlasting,” are, in truth, as perishing as they: its veins of flowing fountain weary the mountain heart, as the crimson pulse does ours; the natural force of the iron crag is abated in its appointed time, like the strength of the sinews in a human old age; and it is but the lapse of the longer years of decay which, in the sight of its Creator, distinguishes the mountain range from the moth and the worm.—*Modern Painters*, IV., p. 152.

DAWN ON THE MOUNTAINS.—Wait yet for one hour, until the east again becomes purple and the heaving mountains, rolling against it in darkness, like waves of a wild sea, are drowned one by one in the glory of its burning; watch the white glaciers blaze in their winding paths about the mountains, like mighty serpents with scales of fire; watch the columnar peaks of solitary snow, kindling downwards, chasm by chasm, each in itself a new morning; their long avalanches cast down in keen streams brighter than the lightning, sending each his tribute of driven snow, like altar-smoke, up to the heaven; the rose-light of their silent domes flushing that heaven about them and above them, piercing with purer light through its purple lines of lifted cloud, casting a new glory on every wreath as it passes by, until the whole heaven—one scarlet canopy—is interwoven with a roof of waving flame, and tossing, vault beyond vault, as with the drifted wings of many companies of angels; and then, when you can look no more for gladness, and when you are bowed down with fear and love of the Maker and Doer of this, tell me who has best de-

livered this His message unto men!—*Modern Painters*, I., p. 341.

MORNING IN THE MOUNTAINS.—Level lines of dewy mist lay stretched along the valley, out of which rose the massy mountains—their lower cliffs in pale gray shadow, hardly distinguishable from the floating vapor, but gradually ascending till they caught the sunlight, which ran in sharp touches of ruddy color along the angular crags, and pierced, in long level rays, through their fringes of spear-like pine. Far above, shot up red splintered masses of castellated rock, jagged and shivered into myriads of fantastic forms, with here and there a streak of sunlit snow, traced down their chasms like a line of forked lightning; and, far beyond, and far above all these, fainter than the morning cloud, but purer, and changeless, slept, in the blue sky, the utmost peaks of the eternal snow.—*King of the Golden River*, p. 36.

DISTANCE LENDS ENCHANTMENT.—It is, in reality, better for mankind that the forms of their common landscape should offer no violent stimulus to the emotions; that the gentle upland, browned by the bending furrows of the plough, and the fresh sweep of the chalk down, and the narrow winding of the copse-clad dingle, should be more frequent scenes of human life than the Arcadias of cloud-capped mountain or luxuriant vale; and that, while humbler (though always infinite) sources of interest are given to each of us around the homes to which we are restrained for the greater part of our lives, these mightier and stranger glories should become the objects of adventure—at once the cynosures of the fancies of childhood, and themes of the happy memory, and the winter's tale of age.—*Modern Painters*, IV., p. 145.

THE USES OF MOUNTAINS.—It is not, in reality, a degrading, but a true, large, and ennobling view of the mountain ranges of the world, if we compare them to heaps of fertile and fresh earth, laid up by a prudent gardener beside his garden beds, whence,

at intervals, he casts on them some scattering of new and virgin ground. That which we so often lament as convulsion or destruction is nothing else than the momentary shaking of the dust from the spade. The winter floods, which inflict a temporary devastation, bear with them the elements of succeeding fertility; the fruitful field is covered with sand and shingle in momentary judgment, but in enduring mercy; and the great river, which chokes its mouth with marsh, and tosses terror along its shore, is but scattering the seeds of the harvest of futurity, and preparing the seats of unborn generations.—*Modern Painters*, IV., p. 111.

The first use of mountains is of course to give motion to water. Every fountain and river, from the inch-deep streamlet that crosses the village lane in trembling clearness, to the massy and silent march of the everlasting multitude of waters in Amazon or Ganges, owe their play, and purity, and power, to the ordained elevations of the earth. Gentle or steep, extended or abrupt, some determined slope of the earth's surface is of course necessary, before any wave can so much as overtake one sedge in its pilgrimage.

And how seldom do we enough consider, as we walk beside the margins of our pleasant brooks, how beautiful and wonderful is that ordinance, of which every blade of grass that waves in their clear water is a perpetual sign; that the dew and rain fallen on the face of the earth shall find no resting-place; shall find, on the contrary, fixed channels traced for them, from the ravines of the central crests down which they roar in sudden ranks of foam, to the dark hollows beneath the banks of lowland pasture, round which they must circle slowly among the stems and beneath the leaves of the lilies; paths prepared for them, by which, at some appointed rate of journey, they must evermore descend, sometimes slow and sometimes swift, but never pausing; the daily portion of the earth they have to glide over marked for them at each succes-

sive sunrise, the place which has known them knowing them no more, and the gateways of guarding mountains opened for them in cleft and chasm, none letting them in their pilgrimage; and, from far off, the great heart of the sea calling them to itself! Deep calleth unto deep.—*Modern Painters*, IV., p. 107.

The great mountains *lift* the lowlands *on their sides*. Let the reader imagine, first, the appearance of the most varied plain of some richly cultivated country; let him imagine it dark with graceful woods, and soft with deepest pastures; let him fill the space of it, to the utmost horizon, with innumerable and changeful incidents of scenery and life; leading pleasant streamlets through its meadows, strewing clusters of cottages beside their banks, tracing sweet footpaths through its avenues, and animating its fields with happy flocks, and slow wandering spots of cattle; and when he has wearied himself with endless imagining, and left no space without some loveliness of its own, let him conceive all this great plain, with its infinite treasures of natural beauty and happy human life, gathered up in God's hands from one edge of the horizon to the other like a woven garment; and shaken into deep, falling folds, as the robes droop from a king's shoulders; all its bright rivers leaping into cataracts along the hollows of its fall, and all its forests rearing themselves aslant against its slopes, as a rider rears himself back when his horse plunges; and all its villages nestling themselves into the new windings of its glens; and all its pastures thrown into steep waves of greensward, dashed with dew along the edges of their folds, and sweeping down into endless slopes, with a cloud here and there lying quietly, half on the grass, half in the air; and he will have as yet, in all this lifted world, only the foundation of one of the great Alps. And whatever is lovely in the lowland scenery becomes lovelier in this change: the trees which grew heavily and stiffly from the level line of plain assume strange

curves of strength and grace as they bend themselves against the mountain side; they breathe more freely, and toss their branches more carelessly as each climbs higher, looking to the clear light above the topmost leaves of its brother tree: the flowers which on the arable plain fell before the plough, now find out for themselves unapproachable places, where year by year they gather into happier fellowship, and fear no evil; and the streams which in the level land crept in dark eddies by unwholesome banks, now move in showers of silver, and are clothed with rainbows, and bring health and life wherever the glance of their waves can reach.—*Modern Painters*, IV., p. 106.

THE DIFFICULTY OF DRAWING A MOUNTAIN.—Nothing is more curious than the state of embarrassment into which the unfortunate artist must soon be cast when he endeavors honestly to draw the face of the simplest mountain cliff—say a thousand feet high, and two or three miles distant. It is full of exquisite details, all seemingly decisive and clear; but when he tries to arrest one of them, he cannot see it—cannot find where it begins or ends—and presently it runs into another; and then he tries to draw that, but that will not be drawn, neither, until it has conducted him to a third, which, somehow or another, made part of the first; presently he finds that, instead of three, there are in reality four, and then he loses his place altogether. He tries to draw clear lines, to make his work look craggy, but finds that then it is too hard; he tries to draw soft lines, and it is immediately too soft; he draws a curved line, and instantly sees it should have been straight; a straight one, and finds when he looks up again, that it has got curved while he was drawing it. There is nothing for him but despair, or some sort of abstraction and short-hand for cliff. Then the only question is, what is the wisest abstraction; and out of the multitude of lines that cannot altogether be interpreted, which are the really dominant ones; so that if we cannot give

the whole, we may at least give what will convey the most important facts about the cliff.—*Modern Painters*, IV., p. 206.

THE MATTERHORN.—Unlike the Chamouni aiguilles, there is no aspect of destruction about the Matterhorn cliffs. They are not torn remnants of separating spires, yielding flake by flake, and band by band, to the continual process of decay. They are, on the contrary, an unaltered monument, seemingly sculptured long ago, the huge walls retaining yet the forms into which they were first engraven, and standing like an Egyptian temple—delicate-fronted, softly colored, the suns of uncounted ages rising and falling upon it continually, but still casting the same line of shadows from east to west, still, century after century, touching the same purple stains on the lotus pillars; while the desert sand ebbs and flows about their feet, as those autumn leaves of rock lie heaped and weak about the base of the Cervin.—*Modern Painters*, IV., p. 257.

MOUNT CERVIN.—It has been falsely represented as a peak or tower. It is a vast ridged promontory, connected at its western root with the Dent d'Erin, and lifting itself, like a rearing horse, with its face to the east. All the way along the flank of it, for half a day's journey on the Zmutt glacier, the grim black terraces of its foundations range almost without a break; and the clouds, when their day's work is done, and they are weary, lay themselves down on those foundation steps, and rest till dawn, each with his leagues of gray mantle stretched along the grisly ledge, and the cornice of the mighty wall gleaming in the moonlight, three thousand feet above.—*Stones of Venice*, I., p. 69.

Higher up, the ice opens into broad white fields and furrows, hard and dry, scarcely fissured at all, except just under the Cervin, and forming a silent and solemn causeway, paved, as it seems, with white marble from side to side; broad enough for the march of an army in line of battle, but quiet as

a street of tombs in a buried city, and bordered on each hand by ghostly cliffs of that faint granite purple which seems, in its far-away height, as unsubstantial as the dark blue that bounds it ;—the whole scene so changeless and soundless ; so removed, not merely from the presence of men, but even from their thoughts ; so destitute of all life of tree or herb, and so immeasurable in its lonely brightness of majestic death, that it looks like a world from which not only the human, but the spiritual, presences had perished, and the last of its archangels, building the great mountains for their monuments, had laid themselves down in the sunlight to an eternal rest, each in his white shroud.—*Modern Painters*, IV., p. 255.

AN ARCADIAN VALLEY.—I do not know any district possessing more pure or uninterrupted fulness of mountain character (and that of the highest order), or which appears to have been less disturbed by foreign agencies, than that which borders the course of the Trient between Valorsine and Martigny.

The paths which lead to it out of the valley of the Rhone, rising at first in steep circles among the walnut trees, like winding stairs among the pillars of a Gothic tower, retire over the shoulders of the hills into a valley almost unknown, but thickly inhabited by an industrious and patient population. Along the ridges of the rocks, smoothed by old glaciers into long, dark, billowy swellings, like the backs of plunging dolphins, the peasant watches the slow coloring of the tufts of moss and roots of herb which, little by little, gather a feeble soil over the iron substance ; then, supporting the narrow strip of clinging ground with a few stones, he subdues it to the spade ; and in a year or two a little crest of corn is seen waving upon the rocky casque. The irregular meadows run in and out like inlets of lake among these harvested rocks, sweet with perpetual streamlets, that seem always to have chosen the steepest places to come down, for the

sake of the leaps, scattering their handfuls of crystals this way and that, as the wind takes them, with all the grace, but with none of the formalism, of fountains; dividing into fanciful change of dash and spring, yet with the seal of their granite channels upon them, as the lightest play of human speech may bear the seal of past toil, and closing back out of their spray to lave the rigid angles, and brighten with silver fringes and glassy films each lower and lower step of sable stone; until at last, gathered all together again—except, perhaps, some chance drops caught on the apple-blossom, where it has budded a little nearer the cascade than it did last spring—they find their way down to the turf, and lose themselves in that silently; with quiet depth of clear water furrowing among the grass blades, and looking only like their shadow, but presently emerging again in little startled gushes and laughing hurries, as if they had remembered suddenly that the day was too short for them to get down the hill.—*Modern Painters*, IV., p. 340.

SLATY PRECIPICES.—Such precipices are among the most impressive as well as the most really dangerous of mountain ranges; in many spots inaccessible with safety either from below or from above; dark in color, robed with everlasting mourning, for ever tottering like a great fortress shaken by war, fearful as much in their weakness as in their strength, and yet gathered after every fall into darker frowns and unhumiliated threatening; for ever incapable of comfort or of healing from herb or flower, nourishing no root in their crevices, touched by no hue of life on buttress or ledge, but, to the utmost, desolate; knowing no shaking of leaves in the wind, nor of grass beside the stream; no motion but their own mortal shivering, the deathful crumbling of atom from atom in their corrupting stones; knowing no sound of living voice or living tread, cheered neither by the kid's bleat nor the marmot's cry; haunted only by uninterrupted echoes from far off, wandering hither

and thither among their walls, unable to escape, and by the hiss of angry torrents, and sometimes the shriek of a bird that flits near the face of them, and sweeps frightened back from under their shadow into the gulf of air: and, sometimes, when the echo has faded, and the wind has carried the sound of the torrent away, and the bird has vanished, and the mouldering stones are still for a little time—a brown moth, opening and shutting its wings upon a grain of dust, may be the only thing that moves, or feels, in all the waste of weary precipice, darkening five thousand feet of the blue depth of heaven.—*Modern Painters*, IV., p. 261.

It is almost impossible to make a cottage built in a granite country look absolutely miserable. Rough it may be; neglected, cold, full of aspect of hardship; but it never can look *foul*; no matter how carelessly, how indolently, its inhabitants may live, the water at their doors will not stagnate, the soil beneath their feet will not allow itself to be trodden into slime, the timbers of their fences will not rot; they cannot so much as dirty their faces or hands if they try; do the worst they can, there will still be a feeling of firm ground under them, and pure air about them, and an inherent wholesomeness in their abodes which it will need the misery of years to conquer. And, as far as I remember, the inhabitants of granite countries have always a force and healthiness of character, more or less abated or modified, of course, according to the other circumstances of their life, but still definitely belonging to them, as distinguished from the inhabitants of the less pure districts of the hills.—*Modern Painters*, IV., p. 126.

DISTANCE NEEDED FOR MOUNTAIN EFFECTS.—Are not all natural things, it may be asked, as lovely near as far away? Nay, not so. Look at the clouds, and watch the delicate sculpture of their alabaster sides, and the rounded lustre of their magnificent rolling. They are meant to be beheld far away; they were shaped for their place, high

above your head ; approach them, and they fuse into vague mists, or whirl away in fierce fragments of thunderous vapor. Look at the crest of the Alp, from the far-away plains over which its light is cast, whence human souls have communion with it by their myriads. The child looks up to it in the dawn, and the husbandman in the burden and heat of the day, and the old man in the going down of the sun, and it is to them all as the celestial city on the world's horizon ; dyed with the depth of heaven, and clothed with the calm of eternity. There was it set, for holy dominion, by Him who marked for the sun his journey, and bade the moon know her going down. It was built for its place in the far-off sky ; approach it, and as the sound of the voice of man dies away about its foundations, and the tide of human life shallowed upon the vast ærial shore, is at last met by the Eternal "Here shall thy waves be stayed," the glory of its aspect fades into blanched fearfulness ; its purple walls are rent into grisly rocks, its silver fretwork saddened into wasting snow, the storm-brands of ages are on its breast, the ashes of its own ruin lie solemnly on its white raiment.—*Stones of Venice*, I., p. 244.

For every distance from the eye there is a peculiar kind of beauty, or a different system of lines of form ; the sight of that beauty is reserved for that distance, and for that alone. If you approach nearer, that kind of beauty is lost, and another succeeds, to be disorganized and reduced to strange and incomprehensible means and appliances in its turn. If you desire to perceive the great harmonies of the form of a rocky mountain, you must not ascend upon its sides. All is there disorder and accident, or seems so ; sudden starts of its shattered beds hither and thither ; ugly struggles of unexpected strength from under the ground ; fallen fragments, toppling one over another into more helpless fall. Retire from it, and, as your eye commands it more and more, as you see the ruined mountain world

with a wider glance—behold! dim sympathies begin to busy themselves in the disjointed mass; line binds itself into stealthy fellowship with line; group by group, the helpless fragments gather themselves into ordered companies; new captains of hosts and masses of battalions become visible, one by one, and far away answers of foot to foot, and of bone to bone, until the powerless chaos is seen risen up with girded loins, and not one piece of all the unregarded heap could now be spared from the mystic whole.—*Stones of Venice*, I., p. 245.

In a truly fine mountain or organic line, if it is looked at in detail, no one would believe in its being a continuous curve, or being subjected to any fixed law. It seems broken, and bending a thousand ways; perfectly free and wild, and yielding to every impulse. But, after following with the eye three or four of its impulses, we shall begin to trace some strange order among them; every added movement will make the ruling intent clearer; and when the whole life of the line is revealed at last, it will be found to have been, throughout, as obedient to the true law of its course as the stars in their orbits.—*Modern Painters*, IV., p. 295.

HAPPINESS IN RURAL LIFE.—To watch the corn grow, and the blossoms set; to draw hard breath over ploughshare or spade; to read, to think, to love, to hope, to pray—these are the things that make men happy; they have always had the power of doing these, they never *will* have power to do more. The world's prosperity or adversity depends upon our knowing and teaching these few things: but upon iron, or glass, or electricity, or steam, in no wise.—*Modern Painters*, III., p. 320.

THE LOVELINESS OF FRUITFUL LANDSCAPE INEXHAUSTIBLE.—The desert has its appointed place and work; the eternal engine, whose beam is the earth's axle, whose beat is its year, and whose breath is its ocean, will still divide imperiously to their desert kingdoms, bound with unfurrowable rock, and swept by unarrested sand, their powers of frost

and fire : but the zones and lands between, habitable, will be loveliest in habitation. The desire of the heart is also the light of the eyes. No scene is continually and untiringly loved, but one rich by joyful human labor; smooth in field, fair in garden; full in orchard; trim, sweet, and frequent in homestead; ringing with voices of vivid existence. No air is sweet that is silent; it is only sweet when full of low currents of under sound—triplets of birds, and murmur and chirp of insects, and deep-toned words of men, and wayward trebles of childhood.—*Unto This Last*, p. 88.

ON THE ASSERTED PROBABILITY OF THE DESTRUCTION OF NATURAL SCENERY.—We may spare our anxieties on this head. Men can neither drink steam, nor eat stone. . . . No amount of ingenuity will ever make iron digestible by the million, nor substitute hydrogen for wine. Neither the avarice nor the rage of men will ever feed them, and however the apple of Sodom and the grape of Gomorrah may spread their table for a time with dainties of ashes, and nectar of asps—so long as men live by bread, the far-away valleys must laugh as they are covered with the gold of God, and the shouts of His happy multitudes ring round the wine-press and the well.—*Unto This Last*, p. 87.

RUSKIN'S LOVE OF CRAGS AND HILLS.—If the scenery be resolutely level, insisting upon the declaration of its own flatness in all the detail of it, as in Holland, or Lincolnshire, or Central Lombardy, it appears to me like a prison, and I cannot long endure it. But the slightest rise and fall in the road—a mossy bank at the side of a crag of chalk, with brambles at its brow, overhanging it—a ripple over three or four stones in the stream by the bridge—above all, a wild bit of ferny ground under a fir or two, looking as if, possibly, one might see a hill if one got to the other side of the trees, will instantly give me intense delight, because the shadow, or the hope, of the hills is in them.—*Modern Painters*, IV., p. 368.

NOT EVERYBODY CAN SEE A LANDSCAPE.—A curiously balanced condition of the powers of mind is necessary to induce full admiration of any natural scene. Let those powers be themselves inert, and the mind vacant of knowledge and destitute of sensibility, and the external object becomes little more to us than it is to birds or insects ; we fall into the temper of the clown. On the other hand, let the reasoning powers be shrewd in excess, the knowledge vast, or sensibility intense, and it will go hard but that the visible object will suggest so much that it shall be soon itself forgotten, or become, at the utmost, merely a kind of key-note to the course of purposeful thought. Newton, probably, did not perceive whether the apple which suggested his meditations on gravity was withered or rosy ; nor could Howard be affected by the picturesqueness of the architecture which held the sufferers it was his occupation to relieve.—*Modern Painters*, III., p. 308.

THE ETHICAL SIGNIFICANCE OF A LOVE OF NATURE.—Intense love of nature is, in modern times, characteristic of persons not of the first order of intellect, but of brilliant imagination, quick sympathy, and undefined religious principle, suffering also usually under strong and ill-governed passions. . . . Our main conclusion is, that though the absence of the love of nature is not an assured condemnation, its presence is an invariable sign of goodness of heart and justness of moral *perception*, though by no means of moral *practice* ; that in proportion to the degree in which it is felt, will *probably* be the degree in which all nobleness and beauty of character will also be felt ; that when it is originally absent from any mind, that mind is in many other respects hard, worldly, and degraded ; that where, having been originally present, it is repressed by art or education, that repression appears to have been detrimental to the person suffering it ; and that wherever the feeling exists, it acts for good on the character to which it belongs, though, as it may belong

to characters weak in other respects, it may carelessly be mistaken for a source of evil in them. . . .

Take, as conspicuous instances of men totally devoid of love of nature, Le Sage and Smollett, and you will find, in meditating over their works, that they are utterly incapable of conceiving a human soul as endowed with any nobleness whatever; their heroes are simply beasts endowed with some degree of human intellect;—cunning, false, passionate, reckless, ungrateful, and abominable, incapable of noble joy, of noble sorrow, of any spiritual perception or hope. I said, “beasts with human intellect;” but neither Gil Blas nor Roderick Random reach, morally, anything near the level of dogs; while the delight which the writers themselves feel in mere filth and pain, with an unmitigated foulness and cruelty of heart, is just as manifest in every sentence as the distress and indignation which with pain and injustice are seen by Shelley and Byron.—*Modern Painters*, III., pp. 311, 323, 324.

NATURE IN THE SOUTH AND IN THE NORTH.—While the Greek could hardly have trodden the formal furrow, or plucked the clusters from the trellised vine, without reverent thoughts of the deities of field and leaf, who gave the seed to fructify, and the bloom to darken, the mediæval knight plucked the violet to wreath in his lady’s hair, or strewed the idle rose on the turf at her feet, with little sense of anything in the nature that gave them, but a frail, accidental, involuntary exuberance.—*Modern Painters*, III., p. 215.

How different must the thoughts about nature have been, of the noble who lived among the bright marble porticos of the Greek groups of temple or palace—in the midst of a plain covered with corn and olives, and by the shore of a sparkling and freighted sea—from those of the master of some mountain promontory in the green recesses of Northern Europe, watching night by night, from amongst his heaps of storm-broken stone, rounded into towers, the lightning of the lonely sea flash round

the sands of Harlech, or the mists changing their shapes for ever, among the changeless pines, that fringe the crests of Jura.—*Modern Painters*, III., p. 216.

In the climates of Greece and Italy, the monotonous sunshine, burning away the deep colors of everything into white and gray, and wasting the strongest mountain streams into threads among their shingle, alternates with the blue-fiery thunder-cloud, with sheets of flooding rain, and volleying musketry of hail. But throughout all the wild uplands of the former Saxon kingdom of Northumbria, from Edwin's Crag to Hilda's-Cliff, the wreaths of softly resting mist, and wandering to and fro of capricious shadows of clouds, and drooping swathes, or flying fringes, of the benignant western rain, cherish, on every moorland summit, the deep fibred moss, embalm the myrtle, gild the asphodel, enchant along the valleys the wild grace of their woods, and the green elf-land of their meadows; and passing away, or melting into the translucent calm of mountain air, leave to the open sunshine a world with every creature ready to rejoice in its comfort, and every rock and flower reflecting new loveliness to its light.—*Art of England*, p. 94.

FRENCH LANDSCAPE.—Much of the majesty of French landscape consists in its grand and gray village churches and turreted farm-houses, not to speak of its cathedrals, castles, and beautifully placed cities.—*Modern Painters*, IV., p. 369.

ONE OF TURNER'S LOIRE DRAWINGS.—It is only a coteau, scarce a hundred feet above the river, nothing like so high as the Thames banks between here and Reading; only a coteau, and a recess of calm water, and a breath of mist, and a ray of sunset. The simplest things, the frequentest, the dearest; things that you may see any summer evening by a thousand thousand streams among the low hills of old familiar lands. Love them, and see them rightly; Andes and Caucasus, Amazon and

Indus, can give you no more.—*Art of England*, p. 70.

INJURY TO SWISS SCENERY.—This first day of May, 1869, I am writing where my work was begun thirty-five years ago—within sight of the snows of the higher Alps. In that half of the permitted life of man, I have seen strange evil brought upon every scene that I best loved, or tried to make beloved by others. The light which once flushed those pale summits with its rose at dawn, and purple at sunset, is now numbered and faint; the air which once inlaid the clefts of all their golden crags with azure, is now defiled with languid coils of smoke, belched from worse than volcanic fires; their very glacier waves are ebbing, and their snows fading, as if Hell had breathed on them; the waters that once sank at their feet into crystalline rest, are now dimmed and foul, from deep to deep, and shore to shore. These are no careless words—they are accurately, horribly, true. I know what the Swiss lakes were; no pool of Alpine fountain at its source was clearer. This morning, on the Lake of Geneva, at half a mile from the beach, I could scarcely see my oar-blade a fathom deep.—*Athena*, p. 4.

CLUSE AND CHAMOUNI.—The valley of Cluse, through which unhappy travellers consent now to be invoiced, packed in baskets like fish, so only that they may cheaply reach, in the feverous haste which has become the law of their being, the glen of Chamouni whose every lovely foreground rock has now been broken up to build hotels for them, contains more beauty in half a league of it, than the entire valley they have devastated, and turned into a casino, did in its uninjured pride.—*Sesame and Lilies*, Preface, p. 22.

BELLS IN THE VALLEY OF CLUSE.—But presently, as I walked, the calm was deepened, instead of interrupted, by a murmur; first low, as of bees, and then rising into distinct harmonious chime of deep bells, ringing in true cadences—but I could not tell

where. The cliffs on each side of the valley of Cluse vary from 1,500 to above 2,000 feet in height ; and, without absolutely echoing the chime, they so accepted, prolonged, and diffused it, that at first I thought it came from a village high up and far away among the hills ; then presently it came down to me as if from above the cliff under which I was walking ; then I turned about and stood still, wondering ; for the whole valley was filled with the sweet sound, entirely without local or conceivable origin : and only after some twenty minutes' walk, the depth of tones gradually increasing, showed me that they came from the tower of Maglans in front of me ; but when I actually got into the village, the cliffs on the other side so took up the ringing, that I again thought for some moments I was wrong. Perfectly beautiful, all the while, the sound, and exquisitely varied—from ancient bells of perfect tone and series, rung with decent and joyful art.

“ What are the bells ringing so to-day for—it is no fête ? ” I asked of a woman who stood watching at a garden gate.

“ For a baptism, Sir.”

And so I went on, and heard them fading back, and lost among the same bewildering answers of the mountain air.—*Deucalion*, p. 51.

A SWISS RURAL SCENE.—A few steps only beyond the firs that stretch their branches, angular, and wild, and white, like forks of lightning, into the air of the ravine, and we are in an arable country of the most perfect richness ; the swathes of its corn glowing and burning from field to field ; its pretty hamlets all vivid with fruitful orchards and flowery gardens, and goodly with steep-roofed storehouse and barn ; its well-kept, hard, park-like roads rising and falling from hillside to hillside, or disappearing among brown banks of moss, and thickets of the wild raspberry and rose ; or gleaming through lines of tall trees, half glade, half avenue, where the gate opens, or the gateless path turns

trustedly aside, unhindered, into the garden of some statelier house, surrounded in rural pride with its golden hives, and carved granaries, and irregular domain of latticed and espaliered cottages, gladdening to look upon in their delicate homeliness—delicate, yet, in some sort, rude ; not like our English homes—trim, laborious, formal, irreproachable in comfort ; but with a peculiar carelessness and largeness in all their detail, harmonizing with the outlawed loveliness of their country.—*Modern Painters*, IV., p. 147.

GARDEN WALLS.—Your garden or park wall of brick has indeed often an unkind look on the outside, but there is more modesty in it than unkindness. It generally means, not that the builder of it wants to shut you out from the view of his garden, but from the view of himself : it is a frank statement that as he needs a certain portion of time to himself, so he needs a certain portion of ground to himself, and must not be stared at when he digs there in his shirt-sleeves, or plays at leapfrog with his boys from school, or talks over old times with his wife, walking up and down in the evening sunshine. Besides, the brick wall has good practical service in it, and shelters you from the east wind, and ripens your peaches and nectarines, and glows in autumn like a sunny bank. And, moreover, your brick wall, if you build it properly, so that it shall stand long enough, is a beautiful thing when it is old, and has assumed its grave purple red, touched with mossy green.—*The Two Paths*, p. 115.

CHAPTER II.

LITERATURE.

The more I see of writing the less I care for it : one may do more with a man by getting ten words spoken with him face to face, than by the black lettering of a whole life's thought.—*Fors*, I., p. 229.

Men do not sing themselves into love or faith ; but they are incapable of true song, till they love, and believe.—*Deucalion*, p. 208.

Not one word of any book is readable by you except so far as your mind is one with its author's, and not merely his words like your words, but his thoughts like your thoughts.—*Fors*, I., p. 349.

You think the function of words is to excite ? Why, a red rag will do that, or a blast through a brass pipe. But to give calm and gentle heat ; to be as the south wind, and the iridescent rain, to all bitterness of frost ; and bring at once strength, and healing. This is the work of human lips, taught of God.—*Mornings in Florence*, p. 83.

 BOOKS.

If a book is worth reading, it is worth buying. No book is worth anything which is not worth *much* ; nor is it serviceable, until it has been read, and re-read, and loved, and loved again ; and marked, so that you can refer to the passages you want in it, as a soldier can seize the weapon he needs in an armory, or a housewife bring the spice she needs from her store. Bread of flour is good : but there is bread, sweet as honey, if we would eat it, in a good book ; and the family must be poor indeed which, once in their lives, cannot, for such

multipliable barley-loaves, pay their baker's bill. We call ourselves a rich nation, and we are filthy and foolish enough to thumb each other's books out of circulating libraries.—*Sesame and Lilies*, p. 55.

In old times what a delicious thing a book used to be in a chimney corner, or in the garden, or in the fields, where one used really to read a book, and nibble a nice bit here and there if it was a bride-cake sort of book, and cut oneself a lovely slice—fat and lean—if it was a round-of-beef sort of book. But what do you do with a book now, be it ever so good? You give it to a reviewer, first to skin it, and then to bone it, and then to chew it, and then to lick it, and then to give it you down your throat like a handful of pilau. And when you've got it, you've no relish for it, after all.—*Deucalion*.

When you come to a good book, you must ask yourself, "Am I inclined to work as an Australian miner would? Are my pickaxes and shovels in good order, and am I in good trim myself, my sleeves well up to the elbow, and my breath good, and my temper?"—*Sesame and Lilies*, p. 36.

As I meditate more and more closely what reply I may safely make to the now eagerly pressed questioning of my faithful scholars, what books I would have them read, I find the first broadly-swept definition may be—Books written in the country. None worth spending time on, and few that are quite safe to touch, have been written in towns.

And my next narrowing definition would be, Books that have good music in them—that are rightly-rhythmic: a definition which includes the delicacy of perfect prose, such as Scott's; and which excludes at once a great deal of modern poetry, in which a dislocated and convulsed versification has been imposed on the ear in the attempt to express uneven temper, and unprincipled feeling.—*Fors*, IV., p. 351.

Very ready we are to say of a book, "How

good this is—that's exactly what I think!" But the right feeling is "How strange that is! I never thought of that before; and yet I see it is true; or if I do not now, I hope I shall, some day." But whether thus submissively or not, at least be sure that you go to the author to get at *his* meaning, not to find yours. . . . As we read, watching every accent and expression, and putting ourselves always in the author's place, annihilating our own personality, and seeking to enter into his, so as to be able assuredly to say, "Thus Milton thought," not "Thus I thought in mis-reading Milton." And by this process you will gradually come to attach less weight to your own "Thus I thought" at other times.—*Sesame and Lilies*, pp. 36, 46.

Though few can be rich, yet every man who honestly exerts himself may, I think, still provide, for himself and his family, good shoes, good gloves, strong harness for his cart or carriage horses, and stout leather binding for his books. And I would urge upon every young man, as the beginning of his due and wise provision for his household, to obtain as soon as he can, by the severest economy, a restricted, serviceable, and steadily—however slowly—increasing series of books for use through life; making his little library, of all the furniture in his room, the most studied and decorative piece; every volume having its assigned place, like a little statue in its niche, and one of the earliest and strictest lessons to the children of the house being how to turn the pages of their own literary possessions lightly and deliberately, with no chance of tearing or dog's ears.—*Sesame and Lilies*, Preface, 1871, p. 5.

In my island of Barataria, when I get it well into order, I assure you no book shall be sold for less than a pound sterling; if it can be published cheaper than that, the surplus shall all go into my treasury, and save my subjects taxation in other directions; only people really poor, who cannot pay the pound, shall be supplied with the books

they want for nothing, in a certain limited quantity.—*A Joy For Ever*, p. 44.

There is a society continually open to us, of people who will talk to us as long as we like, whatever our rank or occupation ;—talk to us in the best words they can choose, and with thanks if we listen to them. And this society, because it is so numerous and so gentle—and can be kept waiting round us all day long, not to grant audience, but to gain it ;—kings and statesmen lingering patiently in those plainly furnished and narrow anterooms, our bookcase shelves.—*Sesame and Lilies*, p. 32.

This court of the past differs from all living aristocracy in this :—it is open to labor and to merit, but to nothing else. No wealth will bribe, no name overawe, no artifice deceive, the guardian of those Elysian gates. In the deep sense, no vile or vulgar person ever enters there. At the portières of that silent Faubourg St. Germain, there is but brief question, “Do you deserve to enter?” “Pass.” “Do you ask to be the companion of nobles? Make yourself noble, and you shall be. Do you long for the conversation of the wise? Learn to understand it, and you shall hear it. But on other terms?—no. If you will not rise to us, we cannot stoop to you. The living lord may assume courtesy, the living philosopher explain his thought to you with considerable pain ; but here we neither feign nor interpret ; you must rise to the level of our thoughts if you would be gladdened by them, and share our feelings, if you would recognize our presence.”—*Sesame and Lilies*, p. 35.

You ought to read books, as you take medicine, by advice, and not advertisement. . . .

But you have no acquaintance, you say, among people who know good books from bad ones? Possibly not ; and yet, half the poor gentlemen of England are fain now-a-days to live by selling their opinions on this subject. It is a bad trade, let me tell them. Whatever judgment they have, likely to be useful to the human beings about them, may

be expressed in few words; and those words of sacred advice ought not to be articles of commerce. Least of all ought they to be so ingeniously concocted that idle readers may remain content with reading their eloquent account of a book, instead of the book itself.—*Fors*, I., pp. 274, 275.

If you want to understand any subject whatever, read the best book upon it, you can hear of; not a review of the book. If you don't like the first book you try, seek for another; but do not hope ever to understand the subject without pains, by a reviewer's help. Avoid especially that class of literature which has a knowing tone; it is the most poisonous of all. Every good book, or piece of book, is full of admiration and awe; it may contain firm assertion or stern satire, but it never sneers coldly, nor asserts haughtily, and it always leads you to reverence or love something with your whole heart. It is not always easy to distinguish the satire of the venomous race of books from the satire of the noble and pure ones; but in general you may notice that the cold-blooded Crustacean and Batrachian books will sneer at sentiment; and the warm-blooded, human books, at sin. Then, in general, the more you can restrain your serious reading to reflective or lyric poetry, history, and natural history, avoiding fiction and the drama, the healthier your mind will become. Of modern poetry keep to Scott, Wordsworth, Keats, Crabbe, Tennyson, the two Brownings, Lowell, Longfellow, and Coventry Patmore, whose *Angel in the House* is a most finished piece of writing, and the sweetest analysis we possess of quiet modern domestic feeling; while Mrs. Browning's *Aurora Leigh* is, as far as I know, the greatest poem which the century has produced in any language. Cast Coleridge at once aside, as sickly and useless; and Shelley as shallow and verbose; Byron, until your taste is fully formed, and you are able to discern the magnificence in him from the wrong. Never read bad or common poetry, nor write any poetry yourself; there is, per-

haps, rather too much than too little in the world already.—*Elements of Drawing*, pp. 193, 194.

WRITE PURE ENGLISH.—Whenever you write or read English, write it pure, and make it pure, if ill written, by avoiding all unnecessary foreign—especially Greek—forms of words yourself, and translating them when used by others. Above all, make this a practice in science. Great part of the supposed scientific knowledge of the day is simply bad English and vanishes the moment you translate it.—*Deucalion*, p. 142.

DERIVATION OF WORDS.—The derivation of words is like that of rivers: there is one real source, usually small, unlikely, and difficult to find, far up among the hills; then, as the word flows on and comes into service, it takes in the force of other words from other sources, and becomes quite another word—often much more than one word, after the junction—a word as it were of many waters, sometimes both sweet and bitter.—*Munera Pulveris*, p. 361.

COVENTRY PATMORE.—You cannot read him too often or too carefully; as far as I know he is the only living poet who always strengthens and purifies; the others sometimes darken, and nearly always depress and discourage the imagination they deeply seize.—*Sesame and Lilies*, p. 89.

VIRGIL AND POPE.—These are the two most accomplished *Artists*, merely as such, whom I know in literature.—*Lectures on Art*, p. 49.

TRASHY POETRY.—With poetry second-rate in *quality* no one ought to be allowed to trouble mankind. There is quite enough of the best—much more than we can ever read or enjoy in the length of a life; and it is a literal wrong or sin in any person to encumber us with inferior work. I have no patience with apologies made by young pseudo-poets, “that they believe there is *some* good in what they have written: that they hope to do better in time,” etc. *Some* good! If there is not *all*

good, there is no good. If they ever hope to do better, why do they trouble us now? Let them rather courageously burn all they have done, and wait for the better days. There are few men, ordinarily educated, who in moments of strong feeling could not strike out a poetical thought, and afterwards polish it so as to be presentable. But men of sense know better than so to waste their time; and those who sincerely love poetry, know the touch of the master's hand on the chords too well to fumble among them after him.—*Modern Painters*, III., p. 176.

PASTORAL POETRY.—The essence of pastoral poetry is the sense of strange delightfulness in grass, which is occasionally felt by a man who has seldom set his foot on it; it is essentially the poetry of the cockney, and for the most part corresponds in its aim and rank, as compared with other literature, to the porcelain shepherds and shepherdesses on a chimney-piece as compared with great works of sculpture. Of course all good poetry, descriptive of rural life, is essentially pastoral, or has the effect of the pastoral on the minds of men living in cities; but the class of poetry which I mean, and which you probably understand, by the term pastoral, is that in which a farmer's girl is spoken of as a "nymph," and a farmer's boy as a "swain," and in which, throughout, a ridiculous and unnatural refinement is supposed to exist in rural life, merely because the poet himself has neither had the courage to endure its hardships, nor the wit to conceive its realities.—*Lectures on Architecture*. p. 191.

FIRST AND LAST IMPRESSIONS.—Generally speaking, I find that when we first look at a subject, we get a glimpse of some of the greatest truths about it: as we look longer, our vanity, and false reasoning, and half-knowledge, lead us into various wrong opinions; but as we look longer still, we gradually return to our first impressions, only with a full understanding of their mystical and innermost reasons; and of much beyond and beside them, not

then known to us, now added (partly as a foundation, partly as a corollary) to what at first we felt or saw.—*Modern Painters*, IV., p. 61.

WORDSWORTH.—Wordsworth is simply a Westmoreland peasant, with considerably less shrewdness than most border Englishmen or Scotsmen inherit; and no sense of humor: but gifted (in this singularly) with vivid sense of natural beauty, and a pretty turn for reflections, not always acute, but, as far as they reach, medicinal to the fever of the restless and corrupted life around him. Water to parched lips may be better than Samian wine, but do not let us therefore confuse the qualities of wine and water. I much doubt there being many inglorious Miltons in our country churchyards; but I am very sure there are many Wordsworths resting there, who were inferior to the renowned one only in caring less to hear themselves talk. . . .

I am by no means sure that his influence on the stronger minds of his time was anywise hastened or extended by the spirit of tunefulness under whose guidance he discovered that Heaven rhymed to seven, and Foy to boy. Tuneful nevertheless at heart, and of the heavenly choir, I gladly and frankly acknowledge him; and our English literature enriched with a new and singular virtue in the aerial purity and healthful rightness of his quiet song;—but *aerial* only—not ethereal; and lowly in its privacy of light.

A measured mind, and calm; innocent, unrepentant; helpful to sinless creatures and scatheless, such of the flock as do not stray. Hopeful at least, if not faithful; content with intimations of immortality such as may be in skipping of lambs, and laughter of children—incurious to see in the hands the print of the nails. A gracious and constant mind; as the herbage of its native hills, fragrant and pure;—yet, to the sweep and the shadow, the stress and distress, of the greater souls of men, as the tufted thyme to the laurel wilderness of Tempé, —as the gleaming euphrasy to the dark branches of Dodona.—*Fiction—Fair and Foul*, pp. 46–48.

SHAKESPEARE.—The intellectual measure of every man since born, in the domains of creative thought, may be assigned to him, according to the degree in which he has been taught by Shakespeare.—*Mystery of Life*, p. 113.

At the close of a Shakespeare tragedy nothing remains but dead march and clothes of burial. At the close of a Greek tragedy there are far-off sounds of a divine triumph, and a glory as of resurrection.—*Modern Painters*, V., p. 231.

With a stern view of humanity, Shakespeare joined a sorrowful view of Fate, closely resembling that of the ancients. He is distinguished from Dante eminently by his always dwelling on last causes instead of first causes. Dante invariably points to the moment of the soul's choice which fixed its fate, to the instant of the day when it read no farther, or determined to give bad advice about Penestrino. But Shakespeare always leans on the force of Fate, as it urges the final evil; and dwells with infinite bitterness on the power of the wicked, and the infinitude of result dependent seemingly on little things. A fool brings the last piece of news from Verona, and the dearest lives of its noble houses are lost; they might have been saved if the sacristan had not stumbled as he walked. Othello mislays his handkerchief, and there remains nothing for him but death. Hamlet gets hold of the wrong foil, and the rest is silence. Edmund's runner is a moment too late at the prison, and the feather will not move at Cordelia's lips. Salisbury a moment too late at the tower, and Arthur lies on the stones dead. Goneril and Iago have, on the whole, in this world, Shakespeare sees, much of their own way, though they come to a bad end. It is a pin that Death pierces the king's fortress wall with; and Carelessness and Folly sit sceptred and dreadful, side by side with the pin-armed skeleton.—*Modern Painters*, IV., p. 398.

GERMAN SCHWARMEREL.—A modern German, without either invention or sense, seeing a rapid in

a river, will immediately devote the remainder of the day to the composition of dialogues between amorous water nymphs and unhappy mariners; while the man of true invention, power, and sense will, instead, set himself to consider whether the rocks in the river could have their points knocked off, or the boats upon it be made with stronger bottoms.—*Modern Painters*, III., p. 87.

CHARACTER-PAINTING.—The power of conceiving personal, as opposed to general, character, depends on purity of heart and sentiment. The men who cannot quit themselves of the impure taint, never invent character, properly so called; they only invent symbols of common humanity. Even Fielding's Allworthy is not a character, but a type of a simple English gentleman; and Squire Western is not a character, but a type of the rude English squire. But Sir Roger de Coverley is a character, as well as a type; there is no one else like him; and the masters of Tullyveolan, Ellangowan, Monkbarns, and Osbaldistone Hall, are all, whether slightly or completely drawn, portraits, not mere symbols.—*Fors*, II., p. 82.

FICTION *vs.* STRICT REALISM.—For some ten or twelve years I have been asking every good writer whom I knew, to write some part of what was exactly true, in the greatest of the sciences, that of Ilumanity. It seemed to me time that the Poet and Romance-writer should become now the strict historian of days which, professing the openest proclamation of themselves, kept yet in secrecy all that was most beautiful, and all that was most woful, in the multitude of their unshepherded souls. And, during these years of unanswered petitioning, I have become more and more convinced that the wholesomest antagonism to whatever is dangerous in the temper, or foolish in the extravagance of Modern Fiction, would be found in sometimes substituting for the artfully-combined improbability, the careful record of providentially ordered Fact.—*The Story of Ida*, Preface.

ACCURATE AND INACCURATE WORK.—I gave three years' close and incessant labor to the examination of the chronology of the architecture of Venice; two long winters being wholly spent in the drawing of details on the spot: and yet I see constantly that architects who pass three or four days in a gondola going up and down the grand canal, think that their first impressions are just as likely to be true as my patiently wrought conclusions.—*Joy For Ever*, p. 105.

I have been much impressed lately by one of the results of the quantity of our books; namely, the stern impossibility of getting anything understood, that required patience to understand. I observe always, in the case of my own writings, that if ever I state anything which has cost me any trouble to ascertain, and which, therefore, will probably require a minute or two of reflection from the reader before it can be accepted—that statement will not only be misunderstood, but in all probability taken to mean something very nearly the reverse of what it does mean.—*Joy For Ever*, p. 104.

EARS STRETCHED WIDE.—I find the desire of audiences to be *audiences only* becoming an entirely pestilent character of the age. Everybody wants to *hear*, nobody to read, nobody to think. To be excited for an hour, and, if possible, amused; to get the knowledge it has cost a man half his life to gather, first sweetened up to make it palatable, and then kneaded into the smallest possible pills, and to swallow it homœopathically and be wise—this is the passionate desire and hope of the multitude of the day.

It is not to be done. A living comment quietly given to a class on a book they are earnestly reading—this kind of lecture is eternally necessary and wholesome; your modern fire-working, smooth-downy-curry-and-strawberry-ice-and-milk-punch-altogether lecture is an entirely pestilent and abominable vanity; and the miserable death of poor Dickens, when he might have been writing blessed

books till he was eighty, but for the pestiferous demand of the mob, is a very solemn warning to us all, if we would take it.—*Errors of the Chace*, II., p. 115.

GABBLE OF FOOLS.—You will find, if you think deeply of it, that the chief of all the curses of this unhappy age is the universal gabble of its fools, and of the flocks that follow them, rendering the quiet voices of the wise men of all past time inaudible. This is, first, the result of the invention of printing, and of the easy power and extreme pleasure to vain persons of seeing themselves in print. When it took a twelvemonth's hard work to make a single volume legible, men considered a little the difference between one book and another; but now, when not only anybody can get themselves made legible through any quantity of volumes, in a week, but the doing so becomes a means of living to them, and they can fill their stomachs with the foolish foam of their lips, the universal pestilence of falsehood fills the mind of the world as cicadas do olive-leaves, and the first necessity for our mental government, is to extricate from among the insectile noise, the few books and words that are Divine.—*Fors*, IV., p. 116.

CRITICS.—Criticism is as impertinent in the world as it is in a drawing-room. In a kindly and well-bred company, if anybody tries to please them, they try to be pleased; if anybody tries to astonish them, they have the courtesy to be astonished; if people become tiresome, they ask somebody else to play, or sing, or what not; but they don't criticise. For the rest, a bad critic is probably the most mischievous person in the world, and a good one the most helpless and unhappy: the more he knows, the less he is trusted, and it is too likely he may become morose in his unacknowledged power. A good executant, in any art, gives pleasure to multitudes, and breathes an atmosphere of praise, but a strong critic is every man's adversary—men feel that he knows their foibles, and cannot conceive that

he knows more. His praise to be acceptable, must be always unqualified ; his equity is an offense instead of a virtue ; and the art of correction, which he has learned so laboriously, only fills his hearers with disgust.—*Arrows of the Chace*, II., p. 149.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.—This Magazine—which from the time that, with grace, judgment, and tenderness peculiarly its own, it bid the dying Keats “back to his gallipots,” to that in which it partly arrested the last efforts, and shortened the life of Turner, did, with an infallible instinct for the wrong, give what pain it could, and wither what strength it could, in every great mind that was in anywise within its reach ; and made itself, to the utmost of its power, frost and disease of the heart to the most noble spirits of England.—*Modern Painters*, IV., p. 415.

MYTHS.

WILLIAM TELL.—It is no matter how much, or how little, of the two first books of Livy may be literally true. The history of the Romans is the history of the nation which could *conceive* the battle of the Lake Regillus. I have rowed in rough weather on the Lake of the Four Cantons often enough to know that the legend of Tell is, in literal detail, absurd : but the history of Switzerland is that of the people who expressed their imagination of resistance to injustice by that legend, so as to animate their character vitally to this day.—*Eagle's Nest*, p. 129.

CINCINNATUS.—It is fatally certain that whenever you begin to seek the real authority for legends, you will generally find that the ugly ones have good foundation, and the beautiful ones none. Be prepared for this ; and remember that a lovely legend is all the more precious when it *has* no foundation. Cincinnatus might actually have been found ploughing beside the Tiber fifty times over ;

and it might have signified little to any one ;—least of all to you or me. But if Cincinnatus never was so found, nor ever existed at all in flesh and blood ; but the great Roman nation, in its strength of conviction that manual labor in tilling the ground was good and honorable, invented a quite bodiless Cincinnatus ; and set him, according to its fancy, in furrows of the field, and put its own words into his mouth, and gave the honor of its ancient deeds into his ghostly hand ; *this* fable, which has no foundation ; this precious coinage of the brain and conscience of a mighty people, you and I—believe me—had better read, and know, and take to heart, diligently.—*Fors*, I., p. 277.

ORIGIN AND GROWTH OF MYTHS.—The real meaning of any myth is that which it has at the noblest age of the nation among whom it is current. The farther back you pierce, the less significance you will find, until you come to the first narrow thought, which, indeed, contains the germ of the accomplished tradition ; but only as the seed contains the flower. As the intelligence and passion of the race develop, they cling to and nourish their beloved and sacred legend ; leaf by leaf it expands under the touch of more pure affections, and more delicate imagination, until at last the perfect fable burgeons out into symmetry of milky stem and honied bell.—*Athena*, p. 12.

In all the most beautiful and enduring myths, we shall find, not only a literal story of a real person ; not only a parallel imagery of moral principle, but an underlying worship of natural phenomena, out of which both have sprung, and in which both forever remain rooted. Thus, from the real sun, rising and setting ; from the real atmosphere, calm in its dominion of unfading blue, and fierce in its descent of tempest—the Greek forms first the idea of two entirely personal and corporeal gods, whose limbs are clothed in divine flesh, and whose brows are crowned with divine beauty ; yet so real that the quiver rattles at their

shoulder, and the chariot bends beneath their weight. And, on the other hand, collaterally with these corporeal images, and never for one instant separated from them, he conceives also two omnipresent spiritual influences, of which one illuminates, as the sun, with a constant fire, whatever in humanity is skilful and wise ; and the other, like the living air, breathes the calm of heavenly fortitude, and strength of righteous anger, into every human breast that is pure and brave.—*Athena*, p. 11.

THE MYTH OF ATHENA.—Athena is, physically, the queen of the air ; having supreme power both over its blessing of calm, and wrath of storm ; and, spiritually, she is the queen of the breath of man : first of the bodily breathing, which is life to his blood, and strength to his arm in battle ; and then of the mental breathing, or inspiration, which is his moral health and habitual wisdom ; wisdom of conduct and of the heart, as opposed to the wisdom of imagination and the brain ; moral, as distinct from intellectual ; inspired, as distinct from illuminated.—*Athena*, p. 16.

Athena is the air, giving life and health to all animals. She is the air, giving vegetative power to the earth. She is the air, giving motion to the sea, and rendering navigation possible. She is the air, nourishing artificial light, torch or lamplight ; as opposed to that of the sun, on one hand, and of *consuming* fire on the other. She is the air, conveying vibration of sound.—*Athena*, p. 31.

DREAM OF NEITH AND THE PYRAMID.—It was near evening ; and as I looked towards the sunset, I saw a thing like a dark pillar standing where the rock of the desert stoops to the Nile valley. I did not know there was a pillar there, and wondered at it ; and it grew larger, and glided nearer, becoming like the form of a man, but vast, and it did not move its feet, but glided like a pillar of sand. And as it drew nearer, I looked by chance past it towards the sun ; and saw a silver cloud, which was

of all the clouds closest to the sun (and in one place crossed it), draw itself back from the sun, suddenly. And it turned, and shot towards the dark pillar; leaping in an arch, like an arrow out of a bow. And I thought it was lightning; but when it came near the shadowy pillar, it sank slowly down beside it, and changed into the shape of a woman, very beautiful, and with a strength of deep calm in her blue eyes. She was robed to the feet with a white robe; and above that, to her knees, by the cloud which I had seen across the sun; but all the golden ripples of it had become plumes, so that it had changed into two bright wings like those of a vulture, which wrapped round her to her knees. She had a weaver's shuttle hanging over her shoulder, by the thread of it, and in her left hand, arrows, tipped with fire. . . .

And Neith drew herself to her height; and I heard a clashing pass through the plumes of her wings, and the asp stood up on her helmet, and fire gathered in her eyes. And she took one of the flaming arrows out of the sheaf in her left hand, and stretched it out over the heaps of clay. And they rose up like flights of locusts, and spread themselves in the air, so that it grew dark in a moment. Then Neith designed them places with her arrow point; and they drew into ranks, like dark clouds laid level at morning. Then Neith pointed with her arrow to the north, and to the south, and to the east, and to the west, and the flying motes of earth drew asunder into four great ranked crowds; and stood, one in the north, and one in the south, and one in the east, and one in the west—one against another. Then Neith spread her wings wide for an instant, and closed them with a sound like the sound of a rushing sea; and waved her hand towards the foundation of the pyramid, where it was laid on the brow of the desert. And the four flocks drew together and sank down, like sea-birds settling to a level rock; and when they met, there was a sudden flame, as broad as the pyramid, and as high as the clouds; and it dazzled me; and I

closed my eyes for an instant; and when I looked again, the pyramid stood on its rock, perfect; and purple with the light from the edge of the sinking sun.—*Ethics of the Dust*, pp. 25-28.

FICTION.

A GREEK VASE THE TYPE OF RIGHT FICTION.—The best type of right fiction is a Greek vase, planned rigorously, rounded smoothly, balanced symmetrically, handled handily, lipped softly for pouring out oil and wine. Painted daintily at last with images of eternal things. "For ever shalt thou love, and she be fair."

"Planned rigorously"—I press the conditions again one by one—it must be, as ever Memphian labyrinth or Norman fortress. Intricacy full of delicate surprise; covered way in secrecy of accurate purposes, not a stone useless, nor a word, nor an incident thrown away.—"Rounded smoothly"—the wheel of Fortune revolving with it in unfelt swiftness; like the world, its story rising like the dawn, closing like the sunset, with its own sweet light for every hour.—"Balanced symmetrically"—having its two sides clearly separate, its war of good and evil rightly divided. Its figures moving in majestic law of light and shade.—"Handled handily" so that, being careful and gentle, you can take easy grasp of it and all that it contains. . . . —"Lipped softly"—full of kindness and comfort. All beautiful fiction is of the Madonna.

Taking thus the Greek vase at its best time, for the symbol of fair fiction: of foul, you may find in the great entrance-room of the Louvre, filled with the luxurious *orfèvererie* of the sixteenth century types perfect and innumerable: Satyrs carved in serpentine, Gorgons platted in gold, Furies with eyes of ruby, Scyllas with scales of pearl; infinitely worthless toil, infinitely witless wickedness; pleasure satiated with idiocy, passion provoked

into madness, no object of thought, or sight, or fancy, but horror, mutilation, distortion, corruption, agony of war, insolence of disgrace, and misery of death.—*Fiction—Fair and Foul*, in *Nineteenth Century*, 1881, p. 516.

THE LITERATURE OF THE PRISON HOUSE.—The pleasure which we may conceive taken by the children of the coming time, in the analysis of physical corruption, guides, into fields more dangerous and desolate, the expatiation of imaginative literature: and the reactions of moral disease upon itself, and the conditions of languidly monstrous character developed in an atmosphere of low vitality, have become the most valued material of modern fiction, and the most eagerly discussed texts of modern philosophy. . . .

In the single novel of *Bleak House* there are nine deaths (or left for deaths, in the drop scene) carefully wrought out or led up to, either by way of pleasing surprise, as the baby's at the brickmaker's, or finished in their threatenings and sufferings, with as much enjoyment as can be contrived in the anticipation, and as much pathology as can be concentrated in the description. Under the following varieties of method:—

One by assassination, Mr. Tulkinghorn.—One by starvation, with phthisis, Joe.—One by chagrin, Richard.—One by spontaneous combustion, Mr. Krook.—One by sorrow, Lady Dedlock's lover.—One by remorse, Lady Dedlock.—One by insanity, Miss Flite.—One by paralysis, Sir Leicester.—Besides the baby, by fever, and a lively young Frenchwoman left to be hanged. . . .

In the work of the great masters death is always either heroic, deserved, or quiet and natural (unless their purpose be totally and deeply tragic, when collateral meaner death is permitted, like that of Polonius or Roderigo). In *Old Mortality*, four of the deaths—Bothwell's, Ensign Grahame's, Macbriar's, and Evandale's—are magnificently heroic; Burley's and Oliphant's long deserved, and swift; the troopers', met in the discharge of their military

duty ; and the old miser's, as gentle as the passing of a cloud, and almost beautiful in its last words of—now unselfish—care. . . .

In modern stories prepared for more refined or fastidious audiences than those of Dickens, the funereal excitement is obtained, for the most part, not by the infliction of violent or disgusting death ; but in the suspense, the pathos, and the more or less by all felt, and recognized, mortal phenomena of the sick-room. The temptation, to weak writers, of this order of subject is especially great, because the study of it from the living—or dying—model is so easy, and to many has been the most impressive part of their own personal experience ; while, if the description be given even with mediocre accuracy, a very large section of readers will admire its truth, and cherish its melancholy. . . . But the masters of strong imagination disdain such work, and those of deep sensibility, shrink from it.* Only under conditions of personal weakness, presently to be noted, would Scott comply with the cravings of his lower audience in scenes of terror like the death of Front-de-Bœuf. But he never once withdrew the sacred curtain of the sick-chamber, nor permitted the disgrace of wanton tears round the humiliation of strength, or the wreck of beauty. . . .

The effectual head of the whole cretinous school is the renowned novel in which the hunchbacked lover watches the execution of his mistress from the tower of Notre Dame ; and its strength passes gradually away into the anatomical preparations, for the general market, of novels like *Poor Miss Finch*, in which the heroine is blind, the hero epileptic, and the obnoxious brother is found dead, with his hands dropped off, in the Arctic regions. . . .

There is some excuse, indeed, for the pathologic labor of the modern novelist in the fact that he

* Nell, in the *Old Curiosity Shop*, was simply killed for the market, as a butcher kills a lamb (see Forster's *Life*), and Paul was written under the same conditions of illness which affected Scott—a part of the ominous palsies, grasping alike author and subject, both in *Dombey* and *Little Dorrit*.

cannot easily, in a city population, find a healthy mind to vivisect: but the greater part of such amateur surgery is the struggle, in an epoch of wild literary competition, to obtain novelty of material. The varieties of aspect and color in healthy fruit, be it sweet or sour, may be within certain limits described exhaustively. Not so the blotches of its conceivable blight.—*Fiction—Fair and Foul*, pp. 5-16.

The Mill on the Floss, is perhaps the most striking instance extant of this study of cutaneous disease. There is not a single person in the book of the smallest importance to anybody in the world but themselves, or whose qualities deserved so much as a line of printer's type in their description.—*Fiction—Fair and Foul*, in *Nineteenth Century*, October, 1881, p. 520.

SCOTT AND HIS NOVELS.

The excellence of Scott's work is precisely in proportion to the degree in which it is sketched from present nature. His familiar life is inimitable; his quiet scenes of introductory conversation, as the beginning of *Rob Roy* and *Redgauntlet*, and all his living Scotch characters, mean or noble, from Andrew Fairservice to Jeanie Deans, are simply right, and can never be bettered. But his romance and antiquarianism, his knighthood and monkery, are all false, and he knows them to be false; does not care to make them earnest; enjoys them for their strangeness, but laughs at his own antiquarianism.

It is pre-eminently in his faults and weaknesses that Scott is representative of the mind of his age: and because he is the greatest man born amongst us, and intended for the enduring type of us, all our principal faults must be laid on his shoulders, and he must bear down the dark marks to the latest ages. . . . Nothing is more notable or sorrowful in Scott's mind than its incapacity of steady belief in

anything. . . . He neither cared for painting nor sculpture, and was totally incapable of forming a judgment about them. . . . Throughout all his work there is no evidence of any purpose but to while away the hour.—*Modern Painters*, III., pp. 288-290.

The "dulness" which many modern readers inevitably feel, and some modern blockheads think it creditable to allege in Scott, consists not a little in his absolute purity from every loathsome element or excitement of the lower passions.—*Nineteenth Century*, Oct. 1881, p. 520.

SCOTT AT ASHESTIEL.—Sir Walter Scott's life, in the full strength of it at Ashestiel, and early at Abbotsford, with his literary work done by ten, or at latest twelve, in the morning; and the rest of the day spent in useful work with Tom Purdie in his woods, is a model of wise moral management of mind and body, for men of true literary power.—*Fors*, III., p. 241.

The house of Ashestiel itself is only three or four miles above the junction of Tweed and Ettrick. It has been sorrowfully changed since Sir Walter's death, but the essential make and set of the former building can still be traced.

There is more excuse for Scott's flitting to Abbotsford than I had guessed, for *this* house stands, conscious of the river rather than commanding it, on a brow of meadowy bank, falling so steeply to the water that nothing can be seen of it from the windows. Beyond, the pasture-land rises steep three or four hundred feet against the northern sky, while behind the house, south and east, the moorlands lift themselves in gradual distance to still greater height, so that virtually neither sunrise nor sunset can be seen from the deep-nested dwelling. A tricklet of stream wavers to and fro down to it from the moor, through a grove of entirely natural wood—oak, birch, and ash, fantastic and bewildering, but nowhere gloomy or decayed, and carpeted with anemone. Between this wild avenue and the

house, the old garden remains as it used to be, large, gracious, and tranquil ; its high walls swept round it in a curving line like a war rampart, following the ground ; the fruit-trees, trained a century since, now with gray trunks a foot wide, flattened to the wall like sheets of crag ; the strong bars of their living trellis charged, when I saw them, with clusters of green-gage, soft bloomed into gold and blue ; and of orange-pink magnum bonum, and crowds of ponderous pear, countless as leaves. Some open space of grass and path, now all redesigned for modern needs, must always have divided the garden from what was properly the front of the house, where the main entrance is now, between advanced wings, of which only the westward one is of Sir Walter's time : its ground floor being the drawing-room, with his own bedroom of equal size above, cheerful and luminous both, enfiling the house front with their large side windows, which commanded the sweep of Tweed down the valley, and some high masses of Ettrick Forest beyond, this view being now mostly shut off by the opposite wing, added for symmetry ! But Sir Walter saw it fair through the morning clouds when he rose, holding himself, nevertheless, altogether regardless of it, when once at work.

At Ashestiel and Abbotsford alike, his workroom is strictly a writing-office, what windows they have being designed to admit the needful light, with an extremely narrow vista of the external world. Courtyard at Abbotsford, and bank of young wood beyond : nothing at Ashestiel but the green turf of the opposite fells, with the sun on it, if sun there were, and silvery specks of passing sheep.

The room itself, Scott's true " memorial " if the Scotch people had heart enough to know him, or remember, is a small parlor on the ground-floor of the north side of the house, some twelve feet deep by eleven wide ; the single window little more than four feet square, or rather four feet *cube*, above the desk, which is set in the recess of the mossy wall, the light thus entering in front of the writer, and

reflected a little from each side. This window is set to the left in the end wall, leaving a breadth of some five feet or a little more on the fireplace side, where now, brought here from Abbotsford, stands the garden chair of the last days.

Contentedly, in such space and splendor of domicile, the three great poems were written, *Waverley* begun; and all the make and tenure of his mind confirmed, as it was to remain, or revive, through after time of vanity, trouble, and decay. A small chamber, with a fair world outside?—such are the conditions, as far as I know or can gather, of all greatest and best mental work.—*Fors*, IV., pp. 349-351.

SCOTT'S CHOICEST ROMANCES.—The memorable romances of Scott are eighteen, falling into three distinct groups, containing six each. The first group is distinguished from the other two by characters of strength and felicity which never more appeared after Scott was struck down by his terrific illness in 1819. It includes *Waverley*, *Guy Mannering*, *The Antiquary*, *Rob Roy*, *Old Mortality*, and *The Heart of Midlothian*. . . . The second group, composed in the three years subsequent to illness all but mortal, bear every one of them more or less the seal of it. They consist of the *Bride of Lammermoor*, *Ivanhoe*, the *Monastery*, the *Abbot*, *Kenilworth*, and the *Pirate*. The marks of broken health on all these are essentially twofold—prevailing melancholy, and fantastic improbability. . . .

The last series contains two quite noble ones, *Redgauntlet* and *Nigel*; two of very high value, *Quentin Durward* and *Woodstock*; and finally, the *Monastery*, and the *Abbot*.—*Fiction—Fair and Foul*, pp. 22-25.

WHY SCOTT'S HEROES ARE MILK-SOPS.—Scott lived in a country and time, when, from highest to lowest, but chiefly in that dignified and nobly severe middle class to which he himself belonged, a habit of serene and stainless thought was as natural to the people as their mountain air. Women like

Rose Bradwardine and Ailie Dinmont were the grace and guard of almost every household (God be praised that the race of them is not yet extinct, for all that Mall or Boulevard can do), and it has perhaps escaped the notice of even attentive readers that the comparatively uninteresting character of Sir Walter's heroes had always been studied among a class of youths who were simply incapable of doing anything seriously wrong; and could only be embarrassed by the consequences of their levity or imprudence.—*Fiction—Fair and Foul*, pp. 18, 19.

THE VERNACULAR IN SCOTT'S NOVELS.—The careful study of one sentence of Andrew Fairservice, in *Rob Roy*, will give us a good deal to think of. I take this account of the rescue of Glasgow Cathedral at the time of the Reformation.

Ah! it's a brave kirk—nane o' yere wigmaleeries and curliewurlies and opensteek hems about it—a' solid, weeljointed mason-wark, that will stand as lang as the warld, keep hands and gunpowther aff it. It had amaiest a downcome lang syne at the Reformation, when they pu'd down the kirks of St. Andrews and Perth, and thereawa', to cleanse them o' Papery and idolatry, and image-worship, and surplices, and siclike rags o' the muckle hure that sitteth on seven hills, as if ane wasna braid enugh for her auld hinder end. Sae the commons o' Renfrew, and o' the Barony, and the Gorbals, and a' about, they behoved to come into Glasgow ae fair morning, to try their hand on purging the Hligh Kirk o' Popish nicknackets. But the townsmen o' Glasgow, they were feared their auld edifice might slip the girths in gaun through siccan rough physic, sae they rang the common bell, and assembled the train-bands wi' took o' drum. By good luck, the worthy James Rabat was Dean o' Guild that year—(and a gude mason he was himsell, made him the keener to keep up the auld bigging), and the trades assembled, and offered downright battle to the commons, rather than their kirk should coup the crans, as others had done elsewhere. It wasna fur luve o' Paperie—na, na!—nane could ever say that o' the trades o' Glasgow.—Sae they sune came to an agreement to take a' the idolatrous statues of sants (sorrow be on them!) out o' their neuks.—And sae the bits o' stane idols were broken in pieces

by Scripture warrant, and flung into the Molendinar burn, and the auld kirk stood as crouse as a cat when the flaes are kained aff her, and a' body was alike pleased. And I hae heard wise folks say, that if the same had been done in ilka kirk in Scotland, the Reform wad just hae been as pure as it is e'en now, and we wad hae mair Christian-like kirks; for I hae been sae lang in England, that naething will drived out o' my head, that the dog-kennel at Osbaldistone-Hall is better than mony a house o' God in Scotland.

Now this sentence is in the first place a piece of Scottish history of quite inestimable and concentrated value. Andrew's temperament is the type of a vast class of Scottish—shall we call it "*southistlian*"—mind, which necessarily takes the view of either Pope or saint that the thistle in Lebanon took of the cedar or lilies in Lebanon; and the entire force of the passions which, in the Scottish revolution foretold and forearmed the French one, is told in this one paragraph; the coarseness of it, observe, being admitted, not for the sake of the laugh, any more than an onion in broth merely for its flavor, but for the meat of it; the inherent constancy of that coarseness being a fact in this order of mind, and an essential part of the history to be told.

Secondly, observe that this speech, in the religious passion of it, such as there may be, is entirely sincere. Andrew is a thief, a liar, a coward, and, in the Fair service from which he takes his name, a hypocrite; but in the form of prejudice, which is all that his mind is capable of in the place of religion, he is entirely sincere. He does not in the least pretend detestation of image worship to please his master, or any one else; he honestly scorns the "carnal morality as dowd and fusionless as rue-leaves at Yule" of the sermon in the upper cathedral; and when wrapt in critical attention to the "real savour o' doctrine" in the crypt, so completely forgets the hypocrisy of his fair service as to return his master's attempt to disturb him with hard punches of the elbow.

Thirdly. He is a man of nò mean sagacity, quite

up to the average standard of Scottish common sense—not a low one; and, though incapable of understanding any manner of lofty thought or passion, is a shrewd measurer of weaknesses, and not without a spark or two of kindly feeling. See first his sketch of his master's character to Mr. Hammorgaw, beginning: "He's no a'thegither sae void o' sense, neither;" and then the close of the dialogue: "But the lad's no a bad lad after a', and he needs some carefu' body to look after him."

Fourthly. He is a good workman; knows his own business well, and can judge of other craft, if sound, or otherwise.—All these four qualities of him must be known before we can understand this single speech. Keeping them in mind, I take it up, word by word.

You observe, in the outset, Scott makes no attempt whatever to indicate accents or modes of pronunciation by changed spelling, unless the word becomes a quite definitely new and scarcely writeable one. The Scottish way of pronouncing "James," for instance, is entirely peculiar, and extremely pleasant to the ear. But it is so, just because it does *not* change the word into Jeems, nor into Jims, nor into Jawms. A modern writer of dialects would think it amusing to use one or other of these ugly spellings. But Scott writes the name in pure English, knowing that a Scots reader will speak it rightly, and an English one be wise in letting it alone. On the other hand he writes *weel* for "well," because that word is complete in its change, and may be very closely expressed by the double *e*. The ambiguous *u*'s in *gude* and *sune* are admitted, because far liker the sound than the double *o* would be, and that in *hure* for grace' sake, to soften the word;—so also *flaes* for "fleas." *Mony* for "many" is again positively right in sound, and *neuk* differs from our "nook" in sense, and is not the same word at all.

Secondly, observe, not a word is corrupted in any indecent haste, slowness, slovenliness, or incapacity of pronunciation. There is no lispings, drawling,

slobbering, or snuffling : the speech is as clear as a bell and as keen as an arrow : and its elisions and contractions are either melodious, (*na*, for “not,”—*pu'd*, for “pulled,”) or as normal as in a Latin verse. The long words are delivered without the slightest bungling ; and *bigging* finished to its last *g*.

I take the important words now in their places.

Brave.—The old English sense of the word in “to go brave” retained, expressing Andrew’s sincere and respectful admiration. Had he meant to insinuate a hint of the church’s being too fine, he would have said *braw*.

Kirk.—This is of course just as pure and unprovincial a word as *Kirche*, or *église*.

Whigmaleerie.—I cannot get at the root of this word, but it is one showing that the speaker is not bound by classic rules, but will use any syllables that enrich his meaning. *Nipperty-tipperty* (of his master’s “poetry-nonsense”) is another word of the same class. *Curlewurlie* is of course just as pure as Shakespeare’s “Hurly-burly.”

Opensteek hems.—More description, or better of the later Gothic cannot be put into four syllables. *Steek*, melodious for *stitch*, has a combined sense of closing or fastening. And note that the later Gothic, being precisely what Scott knew best (in Melrose) and liked best, it is, here as elsewhere, quite as much himself as Frank, that he is laughing at, when he laughs *with* Andrew, whose *opensteek hems* are only a ruder metaphor for his own “willow-wreaths changed to stone.”

Gunpowther.—*Ther* is a lingering vestige of the French “-dre”

Syne.—One of the melodious and mysterious Scottish words which have partly the sound of wind and stream in them, and partly the range of softened idea, which is like a distance of blue hills over border land (“far in the distant Cheviot’s blue.”) Perhaps even the least sympathetic “Englisher” might recognize this, if he heard “Old Long Since” vocally substituted for the Scottish words

to the air. I do not know the root; but the word's proper meaning is not "since," but before or after an interval of some duration, "as weel sune as syne." "But first on Sawnie gies a ca', Syne, bauldly in she enters."

Behoved (to come).—A rich word, with peculiar idiom, always used more or less ironically of anything done under a partly mistaken and partly pretended notion of duty.

Siccan.—Far prettier, and fuller in meaning than "such." It contains an added sense of wonder; and means properly "so great" or "so unusual."

Took (o' drum).—Classical "tuck" from Italian *toccata*, the preluding "touch" or flourish, on any instrument (but see Johnson under word "tucket," quoting *Othello*). The deeper Scottish vowels are used here to mark the deeper sound of the bass drum, as in more solemn warning.

Bigging.—The only word in all the sentence of which the Scottish form is less melodious than the English, "and what for no," seeing that Scottish architecture is mostly little beyond Bessie Bell's and Mary Gray's? "They biggit a bow're by yon burnside, and theekit it ow're wi' rashes." But it is pure Anglo-Saxon in roots; see glossary to Fairbairn's edition of the Douglas *Virgil*, 1710.

Coup.—Another of the much-embracing words; short for "upset," but with a sense of awkwardness as the inherent cause of fall; compare Richie Moniplies (also for sense of "behoved"): "Ae auld hirplin deevil of a potter behoved just to step in my way, and offer me a pig (earthern pot—etym. dub.), as he said 'just to put my Scotch ointment in;' and I gave him a push, as but natural, and the tottering deevil coupit owre amang his own pigs, and damaged a score of them." So also Dandie Dinmont in the postchaise: "'Od! I hope they'll no coup us."

The Crans.—Idiomatic; root unknown to me, but it means in this use, full, total, and without recovery.

Molendinar.—From *molendinum*, "the grinding-

place." I do not know if actually the local name, or Scott's invention. Compare Sir Piercie's *Molinaras*. But at all events used here with by-sense of degradation of the formerly idle saints to grind at the mill.

Crouse.—Courageous, softened with a sense of comfort.

Ilka.—Again a word with azure distance, including the whole sense of "each" and "every." The reader must carefully and reverently distinguish these comprehensive words, which gather two or more perfectly understood meanings into one *chord* of meaning, and are harmonies more than words, from the above noted blunders between two half-hit meanings, struck as a bad piano-player strikes the edge of another note. In English we have fewer of these combined thoughts; so that Shakespeare rather plays with the distinct lights of his words, than melts them into one. So again Bishop Douglas spells, and doubtless spoke, the word "rose," differently, according to his purpose; if as the chief or governing ruler of flowers, *rois*, but if only in her own beauty, *rose*.

Christian-like.—The sense of the decency and order proper to Christianity is stronger in Scotland than in any other country, and the word "Christian" more distinctly opposed to "beast." Hence the back-handed cut at the English for their over-pious care of dogs.—*Fiction—Fair and Foul*, pp. 27-32.

POEMS BY RUSKIN.

SALTZBURG.

ON Salza's quiet tide the westering sun
 Gleams mildly; and the lengthening shadows dun,
 Chequered with ruddy streaks from spire and roof,
 Begin to weave fair twilight's mystic woof,
 Till the dim tissue, like a gorgeous veil,
 Wraps the proud city, in her beauty pale.
 A minute since, and in the rosy light
 Dome, easement, spire, were glowing warm and bright;
 A minute since, St. Rupert's stately shrine,
 Rich with the spoils of many a Hartzwald mine,

Flung back the golden glow; now, broad and vast,
The shadows from yon ancient fortress cast,
Like the dark grasp of some barbaric power,
Their leaden empire stretch o'er roof and tower.

—*Poems*, p. 7.

THE OLD WATER-WHEEL.

It lies beside the river; where its marge
Is black with many an old and oarless barge,
And yeasty filth, and leafage wild and rank
Stagnate and batten by the crumbling bank.

Once, slow revolving by the industrious mill,
It murmured, only on the Sabbath still;
And evening winds its pulse-like beating bore
Down the soft vale, and by the winding shore.

Sparkling around its orbèd motion flew,
With quick, fresh fall, the drops of dashing dew,
Through noon-tide heat that gentle rain was flung,
And verdant round the summer herbage sprung.

Now dancing light and sounding motion cease,
In these dark hours of cold continual peace;
Through its black bars the unbroken moonlight flows,
And dry winds howl about its long repose;

And mouldering lichens creep, and mosses gray
Cling around its arms, in gradual decay,
Amidst the hum of men—which doth not suit
That shadowy circle, motionless and mute.

So, by the sleep of many a human heart,
The crowd of men may bear their busy part,
Where withered, or forgotten, or subdued,
Its noisy passions have left solitude.

—*Poems*, p. 109.

CHAPTER III.

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL.*

I never wrote a letter in my life which all the world are not welcome to read if they will.—*Fors*, III., p. 65.

I never read anything in spring-time (except the Ai, Ai, on the "sanguine-flower inscribed with woe").—*Time and Tide*, p. 74.

* Compare the Introduction to this volume.

Nearly everything that I ever did of any use in this world has been done contrary to the advice of my friends ; and as my friends are unanimous at present in begging me never to write to newspapers, I am somewhat under the impression that I ought to resign my Oxford professorship, and try to get a sub-editorship in the *Telegraph*.—*Fors*, I., p. 384.

LOVE OF MONEY.—I never part with a new sovereign without a sigh : and if it were not that I am afraid of thieves, I would positively and seriously, at this moment, turn all I have into gold of the newest, and dig a hole for it in my garden, and go and look at it every morning and evening, like the man in *Æsop's Fables*, or *Silas Marner*.—*Fors*, I., p. 329.

HIS MEDIEVAL TENDENCIES.—I am no warped witness, as far as regards monasteries ; or if I am, it is in their favor. I have always had a strong leaning that way ; and have pensively shivered with Augustines at St. Bernard ; and happily made hay with Franciscans at Fesolé ; and sat silent with Carthusians in their little gardens, south of Florence ; and mourned through many a day-dream, at Melrose and Bolton. But the wonder is always to me, not how much, but how little, the monks have, on the whole, done, with all that leisure, and all that good-will.—*Ethics of the Dust*, p. 92.

STEALTHY CHARITY.—All the clergy in London have been shrieking against alms-giving to the lower poor this whole winter long, till I am obliged, whenever I want to give anybody a penny, to look up and down the street first, to see if a clergyman's coming.—*Fors*, I., p. 48.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.—One of my best friends has just gone mad ; and all the rest say I am mad myself. But, if ever I murder anybody—and, indeed, there are numbers of people I should like to murder—I won't say that I ought to be hanged ; for I think nobody but a bishop or a bank-director can

ever be rogue enough to deserve hanging ; but I particularly, and with all that is left me of what I imagine to be sound mind, request that I may be immediately shot.—*Fors*, 11., p. 319.

ST. BRUNO'S LILIES.—There was a pretty young English lady at the table d'hôte, in the Hotel du Mont Blanc at St. Martin's [1860], and I wanted to get speech of her, and didn't know how. So all I could think of was to go half-way up the Aiguille de Varens, to gather St. Bruno's lilies ; and I made a great cluster of them, and put wild roses all around them as I came down. I never saw anything so lovely ; and I thought to present this to her before dinner,—but when I got down, she had gone away to Chamouni. My *Fors* always treated me like that in affairs of the heart.—*Proserpina*, p. 11.

THE CHARGE THAT HE CONTRADICTS HIMSELF.—Perhaps some of my hearers this evening may occasionally have heard it stated of me that I am rather apt to contradict myself. I hope I am exceedingly apt to do so. I never met with a question yet, of any importance, which did not need, for the right solution of it, at least one positive and one negative answer, like an equation of the second degree. Mostly, matters of any consequence are three-sided, or four-sided, or polygonal ; and the trotting round a polygon is severe work for people any way stiff in their opinions.—*Cambridge Inaugural Address*, p. 12.

A COMMUNIST OF THE OLD SCHOOL.—For, indeed, I am myself a Communist of the old school—reddest also of the red ; and was on the very point of saying so at the end of my last letter ; only the telegram about the Louvre's being on fire stopped me, because I thought the Communists of the new school, as I could not at all understand them, might not quite understand me. For we Communists of the old school think that our property belongs to everybody, and everybody's property to us ; so of course I thought the Louvre belonged to me as much as to the Parisians, and expected they would

have sent word over to me, being an Art Professor, to ask whether I wanted it burnt down. But no message or intimation to that effect ever reached me.—*Fors*, I., p. 87.

NOT ALTOGETHER A CONSERVATIVE.—Consider the ridiculousness of the division of parties into “Liberal” and “Conservative.” There is no opposition whatever between those two kinds of men. There is opposition between Liberals and Illiberals; that is to say, between people who desire liberty, and who dislike it. I am a violent Illiberal; but it does not follow that I must be a Conservative. A Conservative is a person who wishes to keep things as they are; and he is opposed to a Destructive, who wishes to destroy them, or to an Innovator, who wishes to alter them. Now, though I am an Illiberal, there are many things I should like to destroy. I should like to destroy most of the railroads in England, and all the railroads in Wales. I should like to destroy and rebuild the Houses of Parliament, the National Gallery, and the East End of London; and to destroy, without rebuilding, the new town of Edinburgh, the north suburb of Geneva, and the city of New York. Thus in many things I am the reverse of Conservative; nay, there are some long-established things which I hope to see changed before I die; but I want still to keep the fields of England green, and her cheeks red; and that girls should be taught to curtsy, and boys to take their hats off, when a professor or otherwise dignified person passes by; and that kings should keep their crowns on their heads, and bishops their crosiers in their hands; and should duly recognize the significance of the crown, and the use of the crook.—*Fors*, I., p. 5.

APOLOGIA PRO VITA SUA.—Because I have passed my life in alms giving, not in fortune hunting; because I have labored always for the honor of others, not my own, and have chosen rather to make men look to Turner and Luini than to form or exhibit the skill of my own hand; because I

have lowered my rents, and assured the comfortable lives of my poor tenants, instead of taking from them all I could force for the roofs they needed; because I love a wood-walk better than a London street, and would rather watch a seagull fly than shoot it, and rather hear a thrush sing than eat it; finally, because I never disobeyed my mother, because I have honored all women with solemn worship, and have been kind even to the unthankful and the evil. therefore the hacks of English art and literature wag their heads at me, and the poor wretch who pawns the dirty linen of his soul daily for a bottle of sour wine and a cigar, talks of the "effeminate sentimentality of Ruskin."—*Pors*, II., p. 195.

THE BEWICKIAN LITTLE PIG.—Mr. Leslie Stephen rightly says how much better it is to have a thick skin and a good digestion. Yes, assuredly; but what is the use of knowing that, if one hasn't? In one of my saddest moods, only a week or two ago, because I had failed twice over in drawing the lifted hand of Giotto's "Poverty;" utterly beaten and comfortless, at Assisi, I got some wholesome peace and refreshment by mere sympathy with a Bewickian little pig in the roundest and conceitedest burst of pig-blossom. His servant—a grave old woman, with much sorrow and toil in the wrinkles of *her* skin, while his was only dimpled in its divine thickness—was leading him, with magnanimous length of rope, down a grassy path behind the convent; stopping, of course, where he chose. Stray stalks and leaves of eatable things, in various stages of ambrosial rottenness, lay here and there; the convent walls made more savory by their fumigation, as Mr. Leslie Stephen says the Alpine pines are by his cigar. And the little joyful darling of Demeter shook his curly tail, and munched; and grunted the goodnaturedest of grunts, and snuffled the approvingest of snuffles, and was a balm and beatification to behold; and I would fain have changed places with him for a little while, or with

Mr. Leslie Stephen for a little while—at luncheon, suppose—anywhere but among the Alps. But it can't be.—*Fors*, II., p. 307.

A SCHOLARLY RECLUSE AND SCIENTIFIC ANALYST.—It is peremptorily not my business—it is not my gift, bodily or mentally—to look after other people's sorrow, I have enough of my own; and even if I had not, the sight of pain is not good for me. I don't want to be a bishop. In a most literal and sincere sense, "*nolo episcopari.*" I don't want to be an almoner, nor a counsellor, nor a Member of Parliament, nor a voter for Members of Parliament. (What would Mr. Holyoake say to me if he knew that I had never voted for anybody in my life, and never mean to do so!) I am essentially a painter and a leaf dissector; and my powers of thought are all purely mathematical, seizing ultimate principles only—never accidents; a line is always, to me, length without breadth; it is not a cable or a crowbar; and though I can almost infallibly reason out the final law of anything, if within reach of my industry, I neither care for, nor can trace, the minor exigencies of its daily appliance. So, in every way, I like a quiet life; and I don't like seeing people cry, or die; and should rejoice, more than I can tell you, in giving up the full half of my fortune for the poor, provided I knew that the public would make Lord Overstone also give the half of his, and other people who were independent give the half of theirs; and then set men who were really fit for such office to administer the fund, and answer to us for nobody's perishing innocently; and so leave us all to do what we chose with the rest, and with our days, in peace.—*Time and Tide*, p. 83.

RUSKIN AS A PUBLISHER.—I am not in the least minded to compete for your audience with the "opinions" in your damp journals, morning and evening, the black of them coming off on your fingers, and beyond all washing, into your brains. It is no affair of mine whether you attend to me or

not ; but yours wholly ; my hand is weary of penholding, my heart is sick of thinking ; for my own part, I would not write you these pamphlets* though you would give me a barrel of beer, instead of two pints, for them ;—I write them wholly for your sake ; I choose that you shall have them decently printed on cream-colored paper, and with a margin underneath, which you can write on, if you like. That is also for your sake ; it is a proper form of book for any man to have who can keep his books clean ; and if he cannot, he has no business with books at all ; it costs me ten pounds to print a thousand copies, and five more to give you a picture ; and a penny off my sevenpence to send you the book—a thousand sixpences are twenty-five pounds ; when you have bought a thousand *Fors* of me, I shall therefore have five pounds for my trouble,—and my single shopman, Mr. Allen, five pounds for his ; we won't work for less, either of us ; not that we would not, were it good for you ; but it would be by no means good. And I mean to sell all my large books, henceforward, in the same way ; well printed, well bound, and at a fixed price ; and the trade may charge a proper and acknowledged profit for their trouble in retailing the book. Then the public know what they are about, and so will tradesmen ; I, the first producer, answer, to the best of my power, for the quality of the book ;—paper, binding, eloquence, and all: the retail-dealer charges what he ought to charge, openly ; and if the public do not choose to give it, they can't get the book. That is what I call legitimate business.—*Fors*, I., p. 75.

ANOTHER REASON FOR PUBLISHING HIS OWN BOOKS.—I wish entirely to resist the practice of writing for money early in life. I think an author's business requires as much training as a musician's, and that, as soon as he can write really well, there would always, for a man of worth and sense, be found capital enough to enable him to be able to

* Letters to the Workmen and Laborers of Great Britain.

print, say, a hundred pages of his careful work ; which, if the public were pleased with, they would soon enable him to print more. I do not think young men should rush into print, nor old ones modify their books to please publishers.—*Arrows of the Chace*, II., p. 146.

ON HIS OWN BOOKS.—I well yet remember my father's rushing up to the drawing-room at Herne Hill, with wet and flashing eyes, with the proof in his hand of the first sentences of his son's writing ever set in type,—“ Enquiries on the Causes of the Color of the Water of the Rhone ” (Magazine of Natural History, September, 1834 ; followed next month by “ Facts and Considerations on the Strata of Mont Blanc, and on some instances of Twisted Strata observable in Switzerland.” I was then fifteen). My mother and I eagerly questioning the cause of his excitement,—“ It's—it's—only *print*,” said he ! Alas how much the “ only ” meant!—*Deucalion*, p. 153.

In matters of grammar and punctuation, my literary sponsor, Mr. W. H. Harrison, was inexorable, and many a sentence in *Modern Painters*, which I had thought quite beautifully turned out after a forenoon's work on it, had to be turned outside-in, after all, and cut into the smallest pieces and sewn up again, because he had found out there wasn't a nominative in it, or a genitive, or a conjunction, or something else indispensable for a sentence's decent existence and position in life. Not a book of mine for good thirty years, but went, every word of it, under his careful eyes twice over—often also the last revises left to his tender mercy altogether on condition he wouldn't bother me any more “ for good thirty years ; ” that is to say, from my first verse-writing in *Friendship's Offering* at fifteen, to my last orthodox and conservative compositions at forty-five. But when I began to utter radical sentiments, and say things derogatory to the clergy, my old friend got quite restive—absolutely refused sometimes to pass even my most grammatical and

punctuated paragraphs, if their contents savored of heresy or revolution ; and at last I was obliged to print all my philanthropy and political economy on the sly.—*My First Editor, University Magazine, April, 1878.*

People used to call me a good writer when I wrote my first books ; now they say I can't write at all ; because, for instance, if I think anybody's house is on fire, I only say, "Sir, your house is on fire ;" whereas formerly I used to say, "Sir, the abode in which you probably passed the delightful days of youth is in a state of inflammation," and everybody used to like the effect of the two p's in "probably passed," and of the two d's in "delightful days."—*Fors, l., p. 309.*

I have had what in many respects, I boldly call the misfortune, to set my words sometimes prettily together ; not without a foolish vanity in the poor knack that I had of doing so ; until I was heavily punished for this pride, by finding that many people thought of the words only, and cared nothing for their meaning.—*Mystery of Life and its Arts, p. 102.*

I have always had three different ways of writing ; one, with the single view of making myself understood, in which I necessarily omit a great deal of what comes into my head :—another, in which I say what I think ought to be said, in what I suppose to be the best words I can find for it (which is in reality an affected style—be it good or bad) ; and my third way of writing is to say all that comes into my head for my own pleasure, in the first words that come, retouching them afterwards into (approximate) grammar.—*Athena, p. 103.*

The only power which I claim for any of my books, is that of being right and true as far as they reach. None of them pretend to be Kosmoses ;—none to be systems of Positivism or Negativism, on which the earth is in future to swing instead of on its old worn-out poles ;—none of them to be works of genius ;—none of them to be, more than all true

work *must* be, pious ;—and none to be, beyond the power of common people's eyes, ears, and noses, "æsthetic." They tell you that the world is *so* big, and can't be made bigger—that you yourself are also so big, and can't be made bigger, however you puff or bloat yourself ; but that, on modern mental nourishment, you may very easily be made smaller. They tell you that two and two are four, that ginger is hot in the mouth, that roses are red, and smuts black.—*Proserpina*, p. 200.

A DENMARK HILL IN 1871.—I have round me here at Denmark Hill seven acres of leasehold ground. I pay 50*l.* a-year ground rent, and 250*l.* a-year in wages to my gardeners ; besides expenses in fuel for hot-houses, and the like. And for this sum of three hundred odd pounds a-year I have some pease and strawberries in summer ; some camellias and azaleas in winter ; and good cream, and a quiet place to walk in, all the year round. Of the strawberries, cream, and pease, I eat more than is good for me ; sometimes, of course, obliging my friends with a superfluous pottle or pint. The camellias and azaleas stand in the ante-room of my library ; and everybody says, when they come in, "how pretty : " and my young lady friends have leave to gather what they like to put in their hair, when they are going to balls. Meantime, outside of my fenced seven acres—owing to the operation of the great universal law of supply and demand—numbers of people are starving ; many more, dying of too much gin ; and many of their children dying of too little milk : and, as I told you in my first Letter, for my own part, I won't stand this sort of thing any longer.—*Fors*, I., p. 154.

REFORM-EXPERIMENTS.—On my own little piece of mountain ground at Coniston, I grow a large quantity of wood-hyacinths and heather, without any expense worth mentioning ; but my only industrious agricultural operations have been the getting three pounds ten worth of hay, off a field for which I pay six pounds rent ; and the surround-

ing, with a costly wall six feet high, to keep out rabbits, a kitchen garden, which, being terraced and trim, my neighbors say is pretty; and which will probably, every third year, when the weather is not wet, supply me with a dish of strawberries.

At Carshalton, in Surrey, I have indeed had the satisfaction of cleaning out one of the springs of the Wandel, and making it pleasantly habitable by trout; but find that the fountain, instead of taking care of itself when once pure, as I expected it to do, requires continual looking after, like a child getting into a mess; and involves me besides in continual debate with the surveyors of the parish, who insist on letting all the roadwashings run into it. For the present, however, I persevere, at Carshalton, against the wilfulness of the spring and the carelessness of the parish; and hope to conquer both: but I have been obliged entirely to abandon a notion I had of exhibiting ideally clean street pavement in the centre of London—in the pleasant environs of Church Lane, St. Giles's. There I had every help and encouragement from the authorities; and hoped, with the staff of two men and a young rogue of a crossing-sweeper, added to the regular force of the parish, to keep a quarter of a mile square of the narrow streets without leaving so much as a bit of orange-peel on the footway, or an egg-shell in the gutters. I failed, partly because I chose too difficult a district to begin with, (the contributions of transitional mud being constant, and the inhabitants passive,) but chiefly because I could no more be on the spot myself, to give spirit to the men, when I left Denmark Hill for Coniston.

I next set up a tea-shop at 29, Paddington Street, W., (an establishment which my *Pors* readers may as well know of,) to supply the poor in that neighborhood with pure tea, in packets as small as they chose to buy, without making a profit on the subdivision—larger orders being of course equally acceptable from anybody who cares to promote honest dealing. The result of this experiment has been my ascertaining that the poor only like to buy

their tea where it is brilliantly lighted and eloquently ticketed ; and as I resolutely refuse to compete with my neighboring tradesmen either in gas or rhetoric, the patient subdivision of my parcels by the two old servants of my mother's, who manage the business for me, hitherto passes little recognized as an advantage by my uncalculating public. Also, steady increase in the consumption of spirits throughout the neighborhood faster and faster slackens the demand for tea ; but I believe none of these circumstances have checked my trade so much as my own procrastination in painting my sign. Owing to that total want of imagination and invention which makes me so impartial and so accurate a writer on subjects of political economy, I could not for months determine whether the said sign should be of a Chinese character, pleasant English, rose-color on green ; and still less how far legible scale of letters could be compatible, on a board only a foot broad, with lengthy enough elucidation of the peculiar offices of "Mr. Ruskin's tea-shop." Meanwhile the business languishes, and the rent and taxes absorb the profits, and something more, after the salary of my good servants has been paid.—*Fors*, II., pp. 304-306.

REMINISCENCES OF CHILDHOOD.

I had Walter Scott's novels and the *Iliad*, (Pope's translation,) for my only reading when I was a child, on week days: on Sundays their effect was tempered by *Robinson Crusoe* and the *Pilgrim's Progress*; my mother having it deeply in her heart to make an evangelical clergyman of me. Fortunately, I had an aunt more evangelical than my mother ; and my aunt gave me cold mutton for Sunday's dinner, which—as I much preferred it hot—greatly diminished the influence of the *Pilgrim's Progress*, and the end of the matter was, that I got all the noble imaginative teaching of

Defoe and Bunyan, and yet—am not an evangelical clergyman. . . .

Walter Scott and Pope's Homer were reading of my own election, but my mother forced me, by steady daily toil, to learn long chapters of the Bible by heart ; as well as to read it every syllable through, aloud, hard names -and all, from Genesis to the Apocalypse, about once a year ; and to that discipline—patient, accurate, and resolute—I owe, not only a knowledge of the book, which I find occasionally serviceable, but much of my general power of taking pains, and the best part of my taste in literature. . . .

The aunt who gave me cold mutton on Sundays was my father's sister: she lived at Bridge-end, in the town of Perth, and had a garden full of goose-berry-bushes, sloping down to the Tay, with a door opening to the water, which ran past it clear-brown over the pebbles three or four feet deep; an infinite thing for a child to look down into.

My father began business as a wine-merchant, with no capital, and a considerable amount of debts bequeathed him by my grandfather. He accepted the bequest, and paid them all before he began to lay by anything for himself, for which his best friends called him a fool, and I, without expressing any opinion as to his wisdom, which I knew in such matters to be at least equal to mine, have written on the granite slab over his grave that he was "an entirely honest merchant." As days went on he was able to take a house in Hunter Street, Brunswick Square, No. 54 (the windows of it, fortunately for me, commanded a view of a marvellous iron post, out of which the water-carts were filled through beautiful little trap-doors, by pipes like boa-constrictors ; and I was never weary of contemplating that mystery, and the delicious dripping consequent) ; and as years went on, and I came to be four or five years old, he could command a post-chaise and pair for two months in the summer, by help of which, with my mother and me, he went the round of his country customers (who liked to

see the principal of the house his own traveller); so that, at a jog-trot pace, and through the panoramic opening of the four windows of a post-chaise, made more panoramic still to me because my seat was a little bracket in front (for we used to hire the chaise regularly for the two months out of Long Acre, and so could have it bracketed and pocketed as we liked), I saw all the high roads, and most of the cross ones, of England and Wales, and great part of lowland Scotland, as far as Perth, where every other year we spent the whole summer; and I used to read the *Abbot* at Kinross and the *Monastery* in Glen Farg, which I confused with "Glendearg," and thought that the White Lady had as certainly lived by the streamlet in that glen of the Ochils, as the Queen of Scots in the island of Loch Leven.

It happened also, which was the real cause of the bias of my after life, that my father had a rare love of pictures. I use the word "rare" advisedly, having never met with another instance of so innate a faculty for the discernment of true art, up to the point possible without actual practice. Accordingly, wherever there was a gallery to be seen, we stopped at the nearest town for the night; and in reverentest manner I thus saw nearly all the noblemen's houses in England; not indeed myself at that age caring for the pictures, but much for castles and ruins, feeling more and more, as I grew older, the healthy delight of uncovetous admiration, and perceiving, as soon as I could perceive any political truth at all, that it was probably much happier to live in a small house, and have Warwick Castle to be astonished at, than to live in Warwick Castle, and have nothing to be astonished at; but that, at all events, it would not make Brunswick Square in the least more pleasantly habitable, to pull Warwick Castle down. And, at this day, though I have kind invitations enough to visit America, I could not, even for a couple of months, live in a country so miserable as to possess no castles.—*Fors*, 1., pp. 129-133.

FULLER ACCOUNT OF THE ROLLO-TOURS.—The

old English chariot is the most luxurious of travelling carriages, for two persons, or even for two persons and so much of third personage as I possessed at three years old. The one in question was hung high, so that we could see well over stone dykes and average hedges out of it; such elevation being attained by the old-fashioned folding-steps, with a lovely padded cushion fitting into the recess of the door—steps which it was one of my chief travelling delights to see the hostlers fold up and down; though my delight was painfully alloyed by envious ambition to be allowed to do it myself:—but I never was—lest I should pinch my fingers.

The “dickey”—(to think that I should never till this moment have asked myself the derivation of that word, and now be unable to get at it!)—being, typically, that commanding seat in her Majesty’s mail, occupied by the Guard; and classical, even in modern literature, as the scene of Mr. Bob Sawyer’s arrangements with Sam—was thrown far back in Mr. Telford’s chariot, so as to give perfectly comfortable room for the legs (if one chose to travel outside on fine days), and to afford beneath it spacious area to the boot, a storehouse of rearward miscellaneous luggage. Over which—with all the rest of forward and superficial luggage—my nurse Anne presided, both as guard and packer; unrivalled, she, in the flatness and precision of her in-laying of dresses, as in turning of pancakes; the fine precision, observe, meaning also the easy wit and invention of her art; for, no more in packing a trunk than commanding a campaign, is precision possible without foresight.

Posting, in those days, being universal, so that at the leading inns in every country town, the cry “Horses out!” down the yard, as one drove up, was answered, often instantly, always within five minutes, by the merry trot through the archway of the booted and bright-jacketed rider, with his caparisoned pair—there was no driver’s seat in front: and the four large, admirably fitting and sliding windows, admitting no drop of rain when they

were up, and never sticking as they were let down, formed one large moving oriel, out of which one saw the country round, to the full half of the horizon. My own prospect was more extended still, for my seat was the little box containing my clothes, strongly made, with a cushion on one end of it; set upright in front (and well forward), between my father and mother. I was thus not the least in their way, and my horizon of sight the widest possible. When no object of particular interest presented itself, I trotted, keeping time with the postboy—on my trunk cushion for a saddle, and whipped my father's legs for horses; at first theoretically only, with dextrous motion of wrist; but ultimately in a quite practical and efficient manner, my father having presented me with a silver-mounted postilion's whip.

The Midsummer holiday, for better enjoyment of which Mr. Telford provided us with these luxuries, began usually on the fifteenth of May, or thereabouts;—my father's birthday was on the tenth; on that day I was always allowed to gather the gooseberries for his first gooseberry pie of the year, from the tree between the buttresses on the north wall of the Herne Hill garden; so that we could not leave before that *fésta*. The holiday itself consisted in a tour for orders through half the English counties; and a visit (if the counties lay northward) to my aunt in Scotland.

The mode of journeying was as fixed as that of our home life. We went from forty to fifty miles a day, starting always early enough in the morning to arrive comfortably to four o'clock dinner. Generally, therefore, getting off at six o'clock, a stage or two were done before breakfast, with the dew on the grass, and first scent from the hawthorns: if in the course of the mid-day drive there were any gentleman's house to be seen—or, better still, a lord's, or, best of all, a duke's—my father baited the horses, and took my mother and me reverently through the state rooms; always speaking a little under our breath to the housekeeper, major-

domo, or other authority in charge; and gleaning worshipfully what fragmentary illustrations of the history and domestic ways of the family might fall from their lips. My father had a quite infallible natural judgment in painting; and though it had never been cultivated so as to enable him to understand the Italian schools, his sense of the power of the nobler masters in northern work was as true and passionate as the most accomplished artist's. He never, when I was old enough to care for what he himself delighted in, allowed me to look for an instant at a bad picture; and if there were a Reynolds, Velasquez, Vandyck, or Rembrandt in the rooms, he would pay the surliest housekeepers into patience until he had seen it to heart's content; if none of these, I was allowed to look at Guido, Carlo Dolce, or the more skilful masters of the Dutch school—Cuyp, Teniers, Hobbima, Wouvermans; but never any second-rate or doubtful examples.

I wonder how many of the lower middle class are now capable of going through a nobleman's house, with judgment of this kind; and yet with entirely unenvious and reverent delight in the splendor of the abode of the supreme and beneficent being who allows them thus to enter his paradise.

If there were no nobleman's house to be seen, there was certainly, in the course of the day's journey, some ruined castle or abbey; some celebrated village church, or stately cathedral. We had always unstinted time for these; and if I was at disadvantage because neither my father nor mother could tell me enough history to make the buildings authoritatively interesting, I had at least leisure and liberty to animate them with romance in my own fashion.—*Fors*, III., pp. 7-10.

TOURS ON THE CONTINENT.—Very early in Continental transits we had found out that the family travelling carriage, taking much time and ingenuity to load, needing at the least three—usually four—horses, and on Alpine passes six, not only jolted and lagged painfully on bad roads, but was liable

in every way to more awkward discomfitures than lighter vehicles ; getting itself jammed in archways, wrenched with damage out of ruts, and involved in volleys of justifiable reprobation among market stalls. So when we knew better, my father and mother always had their own old-fashioned light two-horse carriage to themselves, and I had one made with any quantity of front and side pockets for books and picked-up stones ; and hung very low, with a fixed side-step, which I could get off or on with the horses at the trot ; and at any rise or fall of the road, relieve them, and get my own walk, without troubling the driver to think of me.—*Proserpina*, p. 223.

EARLY NURTURE.—In my childhood, for best and truest beginning of all blessings, I had been taught the perfect meaning of Peace, in thought, act, and word. I never had heard my father's or mother's voice once raised in any question with each other ; nor seen an angry, or even slightly hurt or offended glance, in the eyes of either. I had never heard a servant scolded, nor even suddenly, passionately, or in any severe manner blamed. I had never seen a moment's trouble or disorder in any household matter ; nor anything whatever either done in a hurry, or undone in due time. . . .

Next to this quite priceless gift of Peace, I had received the perfect understanding of the natures of Obedience and Faith. I obeyed word, or lifted finger, of father or mother, simply as a ship her helm ; not only without idea of resistance, but receiving the direction as a part of my own life and force, a helpful law, as necessary to me in every moral action as the law of gravity in leaping. . . .

My parents were—in a sort—visible powers of nature to me, no more loved than the sun and the moon : only I should have been annoyed and puzzled if either of them had gone out ; (how much, now, when both are darkened !)—still less did I love God ; not that I had any quarrel with Him, or fear

of Him ; but simply found what people told me was His service, disagreeable ; and what people told me was His book, not entertaining.—*Fors*, II., pp. 426, 427.

RELIGIOUS TRAINING.—When I was a child, I lost the pleasure of some three-sevenths of my life because of Sunday ; for I always had a way of looking forward to things, and a lurid shade was cast over the whole of Friday and Saturday by the horrible sense that Sunday was coming, and inevitable. Not that I was rebellious against my good mother or aunts in any wise ; feeling only that we were all crushed under a relentless faith.—*Fors*, I., p. 326.

My mother took me very early to church ;—where, in spite of my quiet habits, and my mother's golden vinaigrette, always indulged to me there, and there only, with its lid unclasped that I might see the wreathed open pattern above the sponge, I found the bottom of the pew so extremely dull a place to keep quiet in, (my best story-books being also taken away from me in the morning.) that—as I have somewhere said before—the horror of Sunday used even to cast its prescient gloom as far back in the week as Friday—and all the glory of Monday, with church seven days removed again, was no equivalent for it.

Notwithstanding, I arrived at some abstract in my own mind of the Rev. Mr. Howell's sermons ; and occasionally—in imitation of him, preached a sermon at home over the red sofa cushions ;—this performance being always called for by my mother's dearest friends, as the great accomplishment of my childhood. The sermon was—I believe—some eleven words long ;—very exemplary, it seems to me, in that respect—and I still think must have been the purest gospel, for I know it began with “ People, be good.”—*Fors*, II., p. 378.

BIBLE STUDIES.—As soon as I was able to read with fluency, my mother began a course of Bible work with me, which never ceased till I went to Oxford. She read alternate verses with me, watch-

ing, at first, every intonation of my voice, and correcting the false ones, till she made me understand the verse, if within my reach, rightly, and energetically. It might be beyond me altogether; *that* she did not care about; but she made sure that as soon as I got hold of it at all, I should get hold of it by the right end.

In this way she began with the first verse of Genesis, and went straight through to the last verse of the Apocalypse; hard names, numbers, Levitical law, and all; and began again at Genesis the next day; if a name was hard, the better the exercise in pronunciation—if a chapter was tiresome, the better lesson in patience—if loathsome, the better lesson in faith that there was some use in its being so outspoken. After our chapters (from two to three a day, according to their length, the first thing after breakfast, and no interruption from servants allowed—none from visitors, who either^d joined in the reading or had to stay upstairs—and none from any visitings or excursions, except real travelling), I had to learn a few verses by heart, or repeat, to make sure I had not lost, something of what was already known; and, with the chapters below enumerated, I had to learn the whole body of the fine old Scottish paraphrases, which are good, melodious, and forceful verse; and to which, together with the Bible itself, I owe the first cultivation of my ear in sound.—*Fors*, II., p. 396.

I opened my oldest Bible just now, to look for the accurate words of David about the killed lamb;—a small, closely, and very neatly printed volume it is, printed in Edinburgh by Sir D. Hunter Blair and J. Bruce, Printers to the King's Most Excellent Majesty, in 1816. Yellow, now, with age, and flexible, but not unclean with much use, except that the lower corners of the pages at 8th of 1st Kings, and 32d Deuteronomy are worn somewhat thin and dark, the learning of those two chapters having cost me much pains. My mother's list of the chapters with which, learned every syllable accurately, she established my soul in life, has just fallen out of it:

Exodus, chapters 15th and 20th.—2 Samuel, chapter 1st, from 17th verse to the end.—1 Kings, chapter 8th.—Psalms, 23rd, 32nd, 90th, 91st, 103rd, 112th, 119th, 139th.—Proverbs, chapters 2nd, 3rd, 8th, 12th, —Isaiah, chapter 58th.—Matthew, chapters 5th, 6th, 7th.—Acts, chapter 26th.—1 Corinthians, chapters 13th, 15th.—James, chapter 4th.—Revelation, chapters 5th, 6th.

And truly, though I have picked up the elements of a little further knowledge—in mathematics, meteorology, and the like, in after life—and owe not a little to the teaching of many people, this maternal installation of my mind in that property of chapters, I count very confidently the most precious, and, on the whole, the one essential part of all my education.—*For's*, II., p. 213.

It is only by deliberate effort that I recall the long morning hours of toil, as regular as sunrise—toil on both sides equal—by which, year after year, my mother forced me to learn all the Scotch phrases by heart, and ever so many chapters of the Bible besides, (the eighth of 1st Kings being one—try it, good reader, in a leisure hour!) allowing not so much as a syllable to be missed or misplaced; while every sentence was required to be said over and over again till she was satisfied with the accent of it. I recollect a struggle between us of about three weeks, concerning the accent of the “of” in the lines

“Shall any following spring revive
The ashes of the urn?”

I insisting, partly in childish obstinacy, and partly in true instinct for rhythm (being wholly careless on the subject both of urns and their contents), on reciting it, “The ashes *of* the urn.” It was not, I say, till after three weeks’ labor, that my mother got the accent laid upon the ashes, to her mind. But had it taken three years, she would have done it, having once undertaken to do it. And, assuredly, had she not done it, I had been simply an avaricious picture collector, or perhaps even a more

avaricious money collector, to this day; and had she done it wrongly, no after-study would ever have enabled me to read so much as a single line of verse.—*Fors*, II., p. 70.

A REMINISCENCE.—[Looking one day at a copy of Prout's *Hotel de Ville*, Brussels, done by him, when a young man, at Herne Hill, Ruskin exclaimed] "Had I been permitted at this time to put my whole strength into drawing and geology, my life, so far as I can judge, would have been an entirely harmonious and serviceable one. But I was too foolish and sapless myself to persist in the healthy bent; and my friends mistook me for a 'genius,' and were minded to make me a poet, or a bishop, or a member of Parliament. Had I done heartily and honestly what they wished, it had also been well. But I sulked and idled, between their way and my own, and went all to pieces, just in the years when I ought to have been nailing myself well together."—*Notes on my Own Drawings, etc.*, p. 113.

LOVE OF THE SEA.—Whenever I could get to a beach it was enough for me to have the waves to look at and hear and pursue and fly from. I never took to natural history of shells, or shrimps, or weeds, or jelly-fish. Pebbles?—yes if there were any; otherwise, merely stared all day long at the tumbling and creaming strength of the sea. Idiotically, it now appears to me, wasting all that priceless youth in mere dream and trance of admiration. It had a certain strain of Byronesque passion in it, which meant something: but it was a fearful loss of time.—*Præterita*, p. 124.

LEAVES FROM RUSKIN'S PRIVATE
ACCOUNTS.*

	£	s.	d.
Balance in Bank, 20th Jan. 1876.....	527	17	9
Received: Mr. Allen, on Pub'g Account....	50	0	0
Mr. Ellis, on ditto ...	7	0	0
Lecture, London Institution.....	10	10	0
	595 7 9		
<i>Jan.</i> 24. Royal Insurance Co. (a)...	37	10	0
27. F. Crawley (b).....	25	0	0
31. Taxes on Amorial Bearings, etc.....	7	19	0
<i>Feb.</i> 4. Warren and Jones—Tea for Shop ..	36	1	0
6. Buying a lad off who had enlisted and repented	20	0	0
7. Christmas Gifts in Oxford	14	10	0
7. Klein (c).....	5	0	0
7. Pocket Money.....	10	10	0
7. Crawley.....	5	0	0
8. Miss Rudkin, Clifford Street (d).....	14	14	0
11. Dr. Parsons (e).....	21	0	0
11. The Bursar of Corpus (f)..	27	7	3
13. Professor Westwood (g)..	50	0	0
14. Mr. Sly (h), Coniston, Waterhead Inn.....	33	0	0
19. Downs (i).....	25	0	0
20. Subscriptions to Societies, learned and other (k)..	37	11	0
	360 2 0		
Balance Feb. 20.....	£235	5	9

(a) Insurance on £15,000 worth of drawings and books in my rooms at Oxford.

(b) Particulars of this account to be afterwards

* [Published by him, from time to time, in *Fors Clavigera*, as part of his official reports as Master of St. George's Guild. The one given above is accompanied by this foot-note] :—

My friends (see a really kind article in the *Monetary Gazette*) much doubt, and very naturally, the wisdom of this exposition. I indeed expected to appear to some better advantage; but that the confession is not wholly pleasant, and appears imprudent, only makes it the better example. Fors [Fate] would have it

given; my Oxford assistant having just lost his wife, and been subject to unusual expenses.

(c) My present valet, a delightful old German, on temporary service.

(d) Present, on my birthday, of a silk frock to one of my pets. It became her very nicely; but I think there was a little too much silk in the flounces.

(e) My good doctor at Coniston. Had to drive over from Hawkshead every other winter day, because I wouldn't stop drinking too much tea—also my servants were ill.

(f) About four times this sum will keep me comfortably—all the year round—here among my Oxford friends—when I have reduced myself to the utmost allowable limit of a St. George's Master's income—366 pounds a year (the odd pound for luck).

(g) For copies of the Book of Kells, bought of a poor artist. Very beautiful, and good for gifts to St. George.

(h) My honest host (happily falsifying his name), for friends when I haven't house-room, etc. This bill chiefly for hire of carriages.

(i) Downs shall give account of himself in next *Fors*.

(k)	£	s.
Athenæum.....	7	7
Alpine Club.....	1	1
Early English Text Society.....	10	10
Horticultural.....	4	4
Geological.....	2	2
Architectual.....	1	1
Historical.....	1	1
Anthropological.....	2	2
Consumption Hospital.....	3	3
Lifeboat.....	5	0

£37 11

—*Fors*, III., pp. 166, 167.

My father left all his fortune to my mother and me: to my mother, thirty-seven thousand pounds* and the house at Denmark Hill for life; to me, a

* 15,00 Bank Stock.

hundred and twenty thousand,* his leases at Herne and Denmark Hills, his freehold pottery at Greenwich, and his pictures, then estimated by him as worth ten thousand pounds, but now worth at least three times that sum.

My mother made two wills; one immediately after my father's death; the other—in gentle forgetfulness of all worldly things past)—immediately before her own. Both are in the same terms. "I leave all I have to my son." This sentence, expanded somewhat by legal artifice, remains yet pathetically clear, as the brief substance of both documents. I have therefore to-day, in total account of my stewardship, to declare what I have done with a hundred and fifty seven thousand pounds; and certain houses and lands besides. In giving which account I shall say nothing of the share that other people have had in counselling or mis-counselling me; nor of my reasons for what I have done. St. George's bishops do not ask people who advised them, or what they intended to do; but only what they did.

My first performance was the investment of fifty thousand pounds in "entirely safe" mortgages, which gave me five per cent. instead of three. I very soon, however, perceived it to be no less desirable, than difficult, to get quit of these "entirely safe" mortgages. The last of them that was worth anything came conveniently in last year (see *Fors* accounts). I lost about twenty thousand pounds on them, altogether.

In the second place, I thought it rather hard on my father's relations that he should have left all his money to me only; and as I was very fond of some of them, indulged myself, and relieved my conscience at the same time, by giving seventeen thousand pounds to those I liked best. Money which has turned out to be quite rightly invested, and at a high interest; and has been fruitful to me of many good things, and much happiness.

* I count Consols as thousands, forty thousand of this were in stocks.

Next I parted with some of my pictures, too large for the house I proposed to live in, and bought others at treble the price, the dealers always assuring me that the public would not look at any picture which I had seen reason to part with; and that I had only my own eloquence to thank for the prices of those I wished to buy.*

I bought next a collection of minerals (the foundation now of what are preparing Sheffield and other schools) for a stipulated sum of three thousand pounds, on the owner's statement of its value. It proved not to be worth five hundred. I went to law about it. The lawyers charged me a thousand pounds for their own services; gave me a thousand pounds back out of the three; and made the defendant give me another five hundred pounds' worth of minerals. On the whole, a satisfactory legal performance; but it took two years in the doing, and caused me much worry; the lawyers spending most of the time they charged me for, in cross-examining me, and other witnesses, as to whether the agreement was made in the front or the back shop, with other particulars, interesting in a picturesque point of view, but wholly irrelevant to the business.

Then Brantwood was offered me, which I bought, without seeing it, for fifteen hundred pounds; (the fact being that I have no time to see things, and *must* decide at a guess; or not act at all).

Then the house at Brantwood, a mere shed of rotten timber and loose stone, had to be furnished, and repaired. For old acquaintance sake, I went to my father's upholsterer in London, (instead of the country Coniston one, as I ought,) and had five pounds charged me for a footstool, the repairs also proving worse than complete rebuilding; and the

* Fortune also went always against me. I gave *carte-blanche* at Christie's for Turner's drawing of Terni (five inches by seven), and it cost me five hundred pounds. I put a limit of two hundred on the Roman Forum, and it was bought over me for a hundred and fifty, and I gnash my teeth whenever I think of it, because a commission had been given up to three hundred.

moving one's chattels from London, no small matter. I got myself at last settled at my tea-table, one summer evening, with my view of the lake—for a net four thousand pounds all told. I afterwards built a lodge nearly as big as the house, for a married servant, and cut and terraced a kitchen garden out of the "steep wood"*—another two thousand transforming themselves thus into "utilities embodied in material objects"; but these latter operations, under my own immediate direction, turning out approvable by neighbors, and, I imagine, not unprofitable as investment.

All these various shiftings of harness, and getting into saddle,—with the furnishing also of my rooms at Oxford, and the pictures and universal acquisitions aforesaid—may be very moderately put at fifteen thousand for a total. I then proceeded to assist my young relation in business; with resultant loss as before related of fifteen thousand; of which indeed he still holds himself responsible for ten, if ever able to pay it; but one of the pieces of the private message sent me, with St. Ursula's on Christmas Day, was that I should forgive this debt altogether. Which hereby my cousin will please observe, is very heartily done; and he is to be my cousin as he used to be, without any more thought of it.

Then, for my St. George and Oxford gifts—there are good fourteen thousand gone—nearer fifteen—even after allowing for stock prices, but say fourteen.

And finally, you see what an average year of carefully restricted expense has been to me!—Say £5,500 for thirteen years, or, roughly, seventy thousand; and we have this—I hope not beyond me—sum in addition:—

Loss on mortgages.....	£20,000
Gift to relations.....	17,000
Loss to relations.....	15,000
Harness and stable expenses.....	15,000
St. George and Oxford.....	14,000
And added yearly spending.....	70,000
	<hr/>
	£151,000

* "Brant" Westmoreland for steep.

Those are the clearly stateable and memorable heads of expenditure—more I could give, if it were needful; still, when one is living on one's capital, the melting away is always faster than one expects; and the final state of affairs is, that on this 1st of April, 1877, my goods and chattels are simply these following:—

In funded cash—six thousand Bank Stock, worth, at present prices, something more than fifteen thousand pounds.

Brantwood—worth, certainly with its house, and furnitures, five thousand.

Marylebone freehold and leaseholds—three thousand five hundred.

Greenwich freehold—twelve hundred.

Herne Hill leases and other little holdings—thirteen hundred.

And pictures and books, at present lowest auction prices, worth at least double my Oxford insurance estimate of thirty thousand; but put them at no more, and you will find that, gathering the wrecks of me together, I could still now retire to a mossy hermitage, on a little property of fifty-four thousand odd pounds; more than enough to find me in meal and cresses. So that I have not at all yet reached my limit proposed in *Munera Pulveris*—of dying “as poor as possible,” nor consider myself ready for the digging scenes in *Timon of Athens*. Accordingly, I intend next year, when St. George's work really begins, to redress my affairs in the following manner:—

First. I shall make over the Marylebone property entirely to the St. George's Company, under Miss Hill's superintendence always. I have already had the value of it back in interest, and have no business now to keep it any more.

Secondly. The Greenwich property was my father's, and I am sure he would like me to keep it. I shall keep *it* therefore; and in some way, make it a Garden of Tuileries, honorable to my father, and to the London he lived in.

Thirdly. Brantwood I shall keep, to live upon,

with its present servants—necessary, all, to keep it in good order; and to keep me comfortable, and fit for my work. I may not be able to keep quite so open a house there as I have been accustomed to do: that remains to be seen.

Fourthly. My Herne Hill leases and little properties that bother me, I shall make over to my pet cousin—whose children, and their donkey, need good supplies of bread and butter, and hay: she always promising to keep my old nursery for a lodging to me, when I come to town.

Fifthly. Of my ready cash, I mean to spend to the close of this year, another three thousand pounds, in amusing myself—with such amusement as is yet possible to me—at Venice, and on the Alps, or elsewhere; and as, at the true beginning of St. George's work, I must quit myself of usury and the Bank of England, I shall (at some loss you will find, on estimate) then buy for myself twelve thousand of Consols stock, which, if the nation hold its word, will provide me with three hundred and sixty pounds a-year—the proper degrees of the annual circle, according to my estimate, of a bachelor gentleman's proper income, on which, if he cannot live, he deserves speedily to die. And this, with Brantwood strawberries and cream, I will for my own poor part, undertake to live upon, uncomplainingly, as Master of St. George's Company—or die. But, for my dependants, and customary charities, further provision must be made; or such dependencies and charities must end. Virtually, I should then be giving away the lives of these people to St. George, and not my own.

Wherefore,

Sixthly. Though I have not made a single farthing by my literary work last year,* I have paid Messrs. Hazell, Watson, and Viney an approximate sum of £800 for printing my new books, which sum has been provided by the sale of the already printed ones. I have only therefore now to *stop* working; and I shall

* Counting from last April fool's day to this.

receive regular pay for my past work—a gradually increasing, and I have confidence enough in St. George and myself to say an assuredly still increasing, income, on which I have no doubt I can sufficiently maintain all my present servants and pensioners; and perhaps even also sometimes indulge myself with a new missal. New Turner drawings are indeed out of the question; but, as I have already thirty large and fifty or more small ones, and some score of illuminated MSS., I may get through the declining years of my æsthetic life, it seems to me, on those terms, resignedly, and even spare a book or two—or even a Turner or two, if needed—to my St. George's schools.

Now, to stop working *for the press*, will be very pleasant to me—not to say medicinal, or even necessary—very soon. But that does not mean stopping work. *Deucalion* and *Proserpina* can go on far better without printing; and if the public wish for them, they can subscribe for them. In any case, I shall go on at leisure, God willing, with the works I have undertaken.

Lastly. My Oxford professorship will provide for my expenses at Oxford as long as I am needed there.

Such, Companions mine, is your Master's position in life;—and such his plan for the few years of it which may yet remain to him. You will not, I believe, be disposed wholly to deride either what I have done, or mean to do; but of this you may be assured, that my spending, whether foolish or wise, has not been the wanton lavishness of a man who could not restrain his desires; but the deliberate distribution, as I thought best, of the wealth I had received as a trust, while I yet lived, and had power over it. For what has been consumed by swindlers, your modern principles of trade are answerable; for the rest, none even of that confessed to have been given in the partiality of affection, has been bestowed but in real self-denial. My own complete satisfaction would have been in buying every Turner drawing I could afford, and passing

quiet days at Brantwood between my garden and my gallery, praised, as I should have been, by all the world, for doing good to myself.

I do not doubt, had God condemned me to that selfishness, He would also have inflicted on me the curse of happiness in it. But He has lead me by other ways, of which my friends who are wise and kind, neither as yet praising me, nor condemning, may one day be gladdened in witness of a nobler issue.—*Fors*, IV., pp. 17-22.

CHAPTER IV.

ODDS AND ENDS.

THE CHEF-D'ŒUVRE OF MAN.—The greatest thing a human soul ever does in this world is to *see* something, and tell what it *saw* in a plain way. Hundreds of people can talk for one who can think, but thousands can think for one who can see. To see clearly is poetry, prophecy, and religion,—all in one.—*Modern Painters*, III., p. 286.

THE DIFFUSION OF TASTE.—As I was walking up Fleet Street the other day, my eye caught the title of a book standing open in a bookseller's window. It was—"On the necessity of the diffusion of taste among all classes." "Ah," I thought to myself, "my classifying friend, when you have diffused your taste, where will your classes be?"—*Crown of Wild Olive*, Lect. II., p. 47.

DROWNED IN WONDER.—The true miracle, to my mind, would not be in the sun's standing still, but in its going on! We are all of us being swept down to death in a sea of miracle; we are drowned in wonder, as gnats in a Rhine whirlpool.—*Fors*, III., p. 213.

EXTREME FATIGUE.—Fatigue yourself, but once, to utter exhaustion, and to the end of life you shall not recover the former vigor of your frame. Let heart-sickness pass beyond a certain bitter point,

and the heart loses its life forever.—*Sesame and Lilies*, Preface, 1871, p. 12.

THE DECISIVE INSTANT.—There is a decisive instant in all matters ; and if you look languidly, you are sure to miss it. Nature seems always, somehow, trying to make you miss it. “I will see that through,” you must say, “without turning my head” ; or you won’t see the trick of it at all.—*Mornings in Florence*, p. 27.

MUSIC AND SONG.—Music is the nearest at hand, the most orderly, the most delicate, and the most perfect, of all bodily pleasures ; it is also the only one which is equally helpful to all the ages of man—helpful from the nurse’s song to her infant, to the music, unheard of others, which often, if not most frequently, haunts the death-bed of pure and innocent spirits.—*Time and Tide*, p. 46.

All right human song is the finished expression, by art, of the joy or grief of noble persons, for right causes. And accurately in proportion to the rightness of the cause, and purity of the emotion, is the possibility of the fine art. A maiden may sing of her lost love, but a miser cannot sing of his lost money.—*Lectures on Art*, p. 47.

The only really beautiful piece of song which I heard at Verona, during several month’s stay there in 1869, was the low chant of girls unwinding the cocoons of the silkworm, in the cottages among the olive-clad hills on the north of the city. Never any in the streets of it ;—there, only insane shrieks of Republican populace, or senseless dance-music, played by operatic-military bands.—*Fors*, II., p. 50.

SOLOMON.—Some centuries before the Christian era, a Jew merchant largely engaged in business on the Gold Coast, and reported to have made one of the largest fortunes of his time (held also in repute for much practical sagacity), left among his ledgers some general maxims concerning wealth, which have been preserved, strangely enough, even to our own days. They were held in considerable respect by

the most active traders of the middle ages, especially by the Venetians, who even went so far in their admiration as to place a statue of the old Jew on the angle of one of their principal public buildings. Of late years these writings have fallen into disrepute, being opposed in every particular to the spirit of modern commerce.—*Unto This Last*, p. 43.

THE FATIGUED IMAGINATION.—Whenever the imagination is tired, it is necessary to find for it something, not *more* admirable but *less* admirable; such as in that weak state it can deal with; then give it peace, and it will recover.

I well recollect the walk on which I first found out this; it was on the winding road from Sallenche, sloping up the hills toward St. Gervais, one cloudless Sunday afternoon. The road circles softly between bits of rocky bank and mounded pasture; little cottages and chapels gleaming out from among the trees at every turn. Behind me, some leagues in length, rose the jagged range of the mountains of the Réposoir; on the other side of the valley, the mass of the Aiguille de Varens, heaving its seven thousand feet of cliff into the air at a single effort, its gentle gift of waterfall, the Nant d'Arpenaz, like a pillar of cloud at its feet; Mount Blanc and all its aiguilles, one silver flame, in front of me; marvellous blocks of mossy granite and dark glades of pine around me; but I could enjoy nothing, and could not for a long while make out what was the matter with me, until at last I discovered that if I confined myself to one thing—and that a little thing—a tuft of moss, or a single crag at the top of the Varens, or a wreath or two of foam at the bottom of the Nant d'Arpenaz, I began to enjoy it directly, because then I had mind enough to put into the thing, and the enjoyment arose from the quantity of the imaginative energy I could bring to bear upon it.—*Modern Painters*, III., p. 157.

— AN "OLDS" PAPER.—If any journal would limit

itself to statements of well-sifted facts, making itself not a "news" paper, but an "olds" paper, and giving its statements tested and true, like old wine, as soon as things could be known accurately; choosing also, of the many things that might be known, those which it was most vital to know, and summing them in few words of pure English,—I cannot say whether it would ever pay well to sell it; but I am sure it would pay well to read it, and to read no other.—*Fors*, I., p. 29.

REBUILDING OF WARWICK CASTLE.—I am at this hour endeavoring to find work and food for a boy of seventeen, one of eight people—two married couples, a woman and her daughter, and this boy and his sister—who all sleep together in one room, some 18 ft. square, in the heart of London; and you call upon me for a subscription to help to rebuild Warwick Castle.

Sir, I am an old and thoroughbred Tory, and as such I say, "If a noble family cannot rebuild their own castle, in God's name let them live in the nearest ditch till they can." . . .

The sum of what I have to say in this present matter may be put in few words.

As an antiquary—which, thank Heaven, I am—I say, "Part of Warwick Castle is burnt—'tis pity. Take better care of the rest."

As an old Tory—which, thank Heaven, I am—I say, "Lord Warwick's house is burned. Let Lord Warwick build a better if he can—a worse if he must; but in any case, let him neither beg nor borrow."

As a modern renovator and Liberal—which, thank Heaven, I am not—I would say, "By all means let the public subscribe to build a spick-and-span new Warwick Castle, and let the pictures be touched up, and exhibited by gas light; let the family live in the back rooms, and let there be a *table d'hôte* in the great hall at two and six every day, 2s. 6d. a head, and let us have Guy's bowl for a dinner bell."—*Arrows of the Chace*, I., pp. 148-150.

GARDENS AND LIBRARIES.—The human race may

be properly divided by zoologists into "men who have gardens, libraries, or works of art; and who have none;" and the former class will include all noble persons, except only a few who make the world their garden or museum; while the people who have not, or, which is the same thing, do not care for gardens or libraries, but care for nothing but money or luxuries, will include none but ignoble persons: only it is necessary to understand that I mean by the term "garden" as much the Carthusian's plot of ground fifteen feet square between his monastery buttresses, as I do the grounds of Chatsworth or Kew; and I mean by the term "art" as much the old sailor's print of the Arethusa bearing up to engage the Belle Poule, as I do Raphael's "Disputa," and even rather more.—*A Joy For Ever*, pp. 111–112.

CONCERNING HANDWRITING.—The scholar who among my friends does the *most* as well as the best work, writes the most deliberately beautiful hand: and that all the hands of sensible people agree in being merely a reduction of good print to a form producible by the steady motion of a pen, and are therefore always round and extremely upright, becoming more or less picturesque according to the humor of the writer, but never slurred into any unbecoming speed, nor subdued by any merely mechanical habit, whereas the writing of foolish people is almost always mechanically monotonous; and that of begging-letter writers, with rare exception, much sloped, and sharp at the turns.—*Fors*, IV., p. 371.

THE THEATRE.—The idea of making money by a theatre, and making it educational at the same time, is *utterly* to be got out of people's heads. You don't make money out of a Ship of the Line, nor should you out of a church, nor should you out of a College, nor should you out of a Theatre.—*Arrows of the Chace*, II., p. 172.

WORDS TO SHOEMAKERS.—You are to make shoes with extremest care to please your customers in all matters which they ought to ask; by fineness of

fit, excellence of work, and exactitude of compliance with special orders: but you are not to please them in things which they ought not to ask. It is *your* business to know how to protect, and adorn, the human foot. When a customer wishes you really to protect and adorn his or her foot, you are to do it with finest care: but if a customer wishes you to injure their foot, or disfigure it, you are to refuse their pleasure in those particulars, and bid them—if they insist on such *dis*-service—to go elsewhere. You are not, the smiths of you, to put horseshoes hot on hoofs; and you are not, the shoemakers of you, to make any shoes with high heels, or with vulgar and useless decorations, or—if made to measure—that will pinch the wearer.—*Fors*, IV., p. 29.

LEGAL DOCUMENTS.—Do you not see how infinitely advantageous it would be for me (if only I could get the other sufferers under this black letter literature of legal papers to be of my mind), to clap the lawyer and his clerk, once for all, fairly out of the way in a dignified almshouse, with parchment unlimited, and ink turned on at a tap, and maintenance for life, on the mere condition of their never troubling humanity more, with either their scriptures or opinions on any subject.—*Fors*, I., p. 216.

DYSPEPSIA.—I believe that a large amount of the dreamy and sentimental sadness, tendency to reverie, and general pathologicalness of modern life results merely from derangement of stomach; holding to the Greek life the same relation that the feverish night of an adult does to a child's sleep.—*Modern Painters*, III., p. 200.

CUTTLE-FISH MISANTHROPY.—I came by surprise, the other day, on a cuttle-fish in a pool at low tide. On being touched with the point of my umbrella, he first filled the pool with ink, and then finding himself still touched, in the darkness, lost his temper, and attacked the umbrella with much *psyche*, or *anima*, hugging it tightly with all his eight arms, and making efforts, like an impetuous

baby with a coral, to get it into his mouth. On my offering him a finger instead, he sucked that with two or three of his arms, with an apparently malignant satisfaction, and, on being shaken off, retired with an air of frantic misanthropy into the cloud of his ink. Now, it seems to me not a little instructive to reflect how entirely useless such a manifestation of a superior being was to his cuttlefish mind; and how fortunate it was for his fellow-octopods that he had no command of pens as well as ink, nor any disposition to write on the nature of umbrellas or of men.—*Contemporary Review*, 1871.

PROVING A NEGATIVE.—Nothing delights a true blockhead so much as to prove a negative;—to show that everybody has been wrong. Fancy the delicious sensation, to an empty-headed creature, of fancying for a moment that he has emptied everybody else's head as well as his own! nay, that, for once, his own hollow bottle of a head has had the best of other bottles, and has been *first* empty; first to know—nothing.—*Ariadne*, p. 38.

THE HOUSE FLY.—I believe we can nowhere find a better type of a perfectly free creature than in the common house fly. Nor free only, but brave; and irreverent to a degree which I think no human republican could by any philosophy exalt himself to. . . . Strike at him with your hand; and to him, the mechanical fact and external aspect of the matter is, what to you it would be, if an acre of red clay, ten feet thick, tore itself up from the ground in one massive field, hovered over you in the air for a second, and came crashing down with an aim. That is the external aspect of it; the inner aspect, to his fly's mind, is of a quite natural and unimportant occurrence—one of the momentary conditions of his active life. He steps out of the way of your hand, and alights on the back of it.—*Athena*, p. 112.

LOGIC.—Any man who can reason at all, does it instinctively, and takes leaps over intermediate syllogisms by the score, yet never misses his footing at

the end of the leap ; but he who cannot instinctively argue, might as well, with the gout in both feet, try to follow a chamois hunter by the help of crutches, as to follow, by the help of syllogism, a person who has the right use of his reason.—*Modern Painters*, III., p. 11.

SYSTEM-MAKERS.—I suspect that system-makers, in general, are not of much more use, each in his own domain, than, in that of Pomona, the old women who tie cherries upon sticks, for the more convenient portableness of the same. To cultivate well, and choose well, your cherries, is of some importance ; but if they can be had in their own wild way of clustering about their crabbed stalk, it is a better connection for them than any other ; and, if they cannot, then, so that they be not bruised, it makes to a boy of a practical disposition, not much difference whether he gets them by handfuls, or in beaded symmetry on the exalting stick.—*Modern Painters*, III., p. 18.

GIPSY FORTUNE-TELLING.—The poor servant-maid who has hoped that in the stars above might be read, by the stained wanderer's dark eyes, some twinkling sentence of her narrow destiny, is below contempt, forsooth, in the minds of persons who believe, on the delicatest suggestion of Mr. Tiggs and the Board, that it is the placid purpose of Heaven, through its rolling years forevermore, to pay them forty per cent. on their unpaid-up capital, for smoking their cigars and picking their teeth.—*Roadside Songs of Tuscany*, p. 201, Eng. Ed.

FISHING BOATS.—I doubt if ever academic grove were half so fit for profitable meditation as the little strip of shingle between two black, steep overhanging sides of stranded fishing-boats. The clear, heavy water-edge of ocean rising and falling close to their bows, in that unaccountable way which the sea has always in calm weather, turning the pebbles over and over, as if with a rake, to look for something, and then stopping a moment down at the bottom of the bank, and coming up again

with a little run and clash, throwing a foot's depth of salt crystal in an instant between you and the round stone you were going to take in your hand, sighing all the while as if it would infinitely rather be doing something else. And the dark flanks of the fishing-boats all aslope above, in their shining quietness, hot in the morning sun, rusty and seamed with square patches of plank nailed over their rents, just rough enough to let the little flat-footed fisher-children haul or twist themselves up to the gunwales, and drop back again along some stray rope; just round enough to remind us, in their broad and gradual curves, of the sweep of the green surges they know so well, and of the hours when those old sides of seared timber, all ashine with the sea, plunge and dip into the green purity of the mounded waves more joyfully than a deer lies down among the grass of spring, the soft white cloud of foam opening momentarily at the bows, and fading or flying high into the breeze where the sea-gulls toss and shriek,—the joy and beauty of it, all the while, so mingled with the sense of unfathomable danger, and the human effort and sorrow going on perpetually from age to age, waves rolling for ever, and winds moaning for ever, and faithful hearts trusting and sickening for ever, and brave lives dashed away about the rattling beach like weeds for ever; and still at the helm of every lonely boat, through starless night and hopeless dawn, His hand, who spread the fisher's net over the dust of the Sidonian palaces, and gave into the fisher's hand the keys of the kingdom of heaven.—*Harbors of England*, pp. 9-10.

SHIPS OF THE LINE.—It will always be said of us with unabated reverence "THEY BUILT SHIPS OF THE LINE." Take it all in all, a Ship of the Line is the most honorable thing that man, as a gregarious animal, has ever produced.—*Harbors of England*, p. 12.

THE BOW OF A SHIP.—That rude simplicity of

bent plank that can breast its way through the death that is in the deep sea, has in it the soul of shipping. Beyond this we may have more work, more men, more money; we cannot have more miracle. . . . The boat's bow is naively perfect: complete without effort. The man who made it knew not he was making anything beautiful, as he bent its planks into those mysterious, ever changing curves. It grows under his hand into the image of a sea-shell; the seal, as it were, of the flowing of the great tides and streams of ocean stamped on its delicate rounding. He leaves it, when all is done, without a boast. It is simple work, but it will keep out water. And every plank thenceforward is a Fate, and has men's lives wreathed in the knots of it, as the cloth-yard shaft had their deaths in its plumes.—*Harbors of England*, p. 112.

FOX-HUNTING.—Reprobation of fox-hunting on the ground of cruelty to the fox is entirely futile. More pain is caused to the draught-horses of London in an hour by avariciously overloading them, than to all the foxes in England by the hunts of the year; and the rending of body and heart in human death, caused by neglect, in our country cottages, in any one winter, could not be equalled by the death-pangs of any quantity of foxes.

The real evils of fox-hunting are that it wastes the time, misapplies the energy, exhausts the wealth, narrows the capacity, debases the taste, and abates the honor of the upper classes of this country; and instead of keeping, as your correspondent "Forester" supposes, "thousands from the work-house," it sends thousands of the poor, both there, and into the grave.

The athletic training given by fox-hunting is excellent; and such training is vitally necessary to the upper classes. But it ought always to be in real service to their country; in personal agricultural labor at the head of their tenantry; and in extending English life and dominion in waste regions, against the adverse powers of nature. Let them

become Captains of Emigration ;—hunt down the foxes that spoil the Vineyard of the World ; and keep their eyes on the leading hound, in Packs of Men.—*Arrows of the Chace*, II., p. 118.

CHILDREN IN ART.—If you will overpass quickly in your minds what you remember of the treasures of Greek antiquity, you will find that, among them all, you can get no notion of what a Greek little girl was like. Matronly Junos, and tremendous Demeters, and Gorgonian Minervas, as many as you please ; but for my own part, always speaking as a Goth, I had much rather have had some idea of the Spartan Helen dabbling with Castor and Pollux in the Eurotas,—none of them over ten years old. . . .

I noted the singular defect in Greek art, that it never gives you any conception of Greek children. Neither—up to the thirteen century—does Gothic art give you any conception of Gothic children ; for, until the thirteenth century, the Goth was not perfectly Christianized, and still thought only of the strength of humanity as admirable in battle or venerable in judgment, but not as dutiful in peace, nor happy in simplicity.

But from the moment when the spirit of Christianity had been entirely interpreted to the Western races, the sanctity of womanhood worshipped in the Madonna, and the sanctity of childhood in unity with that of Christ, became the light of every honest hearth, and the joy of every pure and chastened soul. . . . Till at last, bursting out like one of the sweet Surrey fountains, all dazzling and pure, you have the radiance and innocence or reinstated infant divinity showered again among the flowers of English meadows by Mrs. Allingham and Kate Greenaway.—*Art of England*, pp. 45, 61-63.

THE CHILD-ANGELS.—[Here is a pretty description of the work of ministering angels, as shown in Richter's lovely illustrations of the Lord's Prayer]:—

The real and living death-angel, girt as a pilgrim for journey, and softly crowned with flowers, beckons at the dying mother's door; child-angels sit talking face to face with mortal children, among the flowers;—hold them by their little coats, lest they fall on the stairs;—whisper dreams of heaven to them, leaning over their pillows; carry the sound of the church bells for them far through the air; and even descending lower in service, fill little cups with honey, to hold out to the weary bee.—*Ethics of the Dust*, p. 135.

THE VENETIAN DOGGIE.—It was to be drowned, soon after its eyes had opened to the light of sea and sky,—a poor worthless wet flake of floss silk it had like to have been, presently. Toni pitied it, pulled it out of the water, bought it for certain sous, brought it home under his arms. What it learned out of his heart in that half-hour, again, St. Theodore knows;—but the mute spiritual creature has been his own, verily, from that day, and only lives for him. Toni, being a pious Toni as well as a pitiful, went this last autumn, in his holiday, to see the Pope; but did not think of taking the doggie with him, (who, St. Theodore would surely have said, ought to have seen the Pope too). Whereupon, the little silken mystery wholly refused to eat. No coaxing, no tempting, no nursing, would cheer the desolate-minded thing from that sincere fast. It would drink a little, and was warmed and medicined as best might be. Toni came back from Rome in time to save it; but it was not its gay self again for many and many a day after; the terror of such loss, as yet again possible, weighing on the reviving mind, (stomach, supposably, much out of order also). It greatly dislikes getting itself wet; for, indeed, the tangle of its mortal body takes half a day to dry; some terror and thrill of uncomprehended death, perhaps, remaining on it, also,—who knows; but once, after this terrible Roman grief, running along the quay cheerfully beside rowing Toni, it saw him turn the

gondola's head six feet aside, as if going away. The dog dashed into the water like a mad thing. "See, now, if aught but death part thee and me."—*Fors*, III., p. 413.

HEAVEN LIES ABOUT US IN OUR INFANCY.—What do you suppose makes all men look back to the time of childhood with so much regret, (if their childhood has been, in any moderate degree, healthy or peaceful)? That rich charm, which the least possession had for us, was in consequence of the poorness of our treasures. That miraculous aspect of the nature around us, was because we had seen little, and knew less. Every increased possession loads us with a new weariness; every piece of new knowledge diminishes the faculty of admiration; and Death is at last appointed to take us from a scene in which, if we were to stay longer, no gift could satisfy us, and no miracle surprise.—*Eagle's Nest*, p. 58.

As to school and college studies making you very happy, I know something, myself, of nearly all these matters—not much, but still quite as much as most men under the ordinary chances of life, with a fair education, are likely to get together—and I assure you the knowledge does not make me happy at all. When I was a boy I used to like seeing the sunrise. I didn't know, then, there were any spots on the sun; now I do, and am always frightened least any more should come. When I was a boy, I used to care about pretty stones. I got some Bristol diamonds at Bristol, and some dog-tooth spar in Derbyshire; my whole collection had cost, perhaps three half-crowns, and was worth considerably less; and I knew nothing whatever, rightly, about any single stone in it;—could not even spell their names: but words cannot tell the joy they used to give me. Now, I have a collection of minerals worth, perhaps, from two to three thousand pounds; and I know more about some of them than most other people. But I am not a whit happier, either for my knowledge, or possessions, for

other geologists dispute my theories, to my grievous indignation and discontentment ; and I am miserable about all my best specimens, because there are better in the British Museum.—*Fors*, I., p. 43.

No toy you can bestow will supersede the pleasure the child has in fancying something that isn't there ; and the most instructive histories you can compile for it of the wonders of the world will never conquer the interest of the tale which a clever child can tell itself, concerning the shipwreck of a rose-leaf in the shallows of a rivulet.

One of the most curious proofs of the need to children of this exercise of the inventive and believing power,—the *besoin de croire*, which precedes the *besoin d'aimer*, you will find in the way you destroy the vitality of a toy to them, by bringing it too near the imitation of life. You never find a child make a pet of a mechanical mouse that runs about the floor—of a poodle that yelps—of a tumbler who jumps upon wires. The child falls in love with a quiet thing, with an ugly one—nay, it may be, with one, to us, totally devoid of meaning. My little—ever-so-many-times-grand—cousin, Lily, took a bit of stick with a round knob at the end of it for her doll one day ;—nursed it through any number of illnesses with the most tender solicitude ; and, on the deeply-important occasion of its having a new nightgown made for it, bent down her mother's head to receive the confidential and timid whisper—"Mamma, perhaps it had better have no sleeves, because, as Bibsey has no arms, she mightn't like it."—*Art of England*, pp. 54-55

NATIONAL TRAITS.—I have seen much of Irish character, and have watched it closely, for I have also much loved it. And I think the form of failure to which it is most liable is this, that being generous-hearted, and wholly intending always to do right, it does not attend to the external laws of right, but thinks it must necessarily do right because it means to do so, and therefore does wrong without finding it out ; and then when the conse-

quences of its wrong come upon it, or upon others connected with it, it cannot conceive that the wrong is in anywise of its causing or of its doing, but flies into wrath, and a strange agony of desire for justice, as feeling itself wholly innocent, which leads it farther astray, until there is nothing that it is not capable of doing with a good conscience.—*Mystery of Life*, p. 122.

SCOTTISH AND IRISH VALOR.—This much remains of Arthurian blood in us, that the richest fighting element in the British army and navy is British native,—that is to say, Highlander, Irish, Welsh, and Cornish.—*Pleasures of England*, p. 22.

The battles both of Waterloo and Alma were won by Irish and Scots—by the terrible Scots Greys, and by Sir Colin's Highlanders. Your 'thin red line,' was kept steady at Alma only by Colonel Yea's swearing at them.—*Pleasures of England*, p. 53.

THE SCOTTISH CHARACTER.—It is strange that, after much hunting, I cannot find authentic note of the day when Scotland took the thistle for her emblem; and I have no space (in this chapter at least) for tradition; but, with whatever lightness of construing we may receive the symbol, it is actually the truest that could have been found, for some conditions of the Scottish mind. There is no flower which the Proserpina of our Northern Sicily cherishes more dearly: and scarcely any of us recognize enough the beautiful power of its close-set stars, and rooted radiance of ground leaves; yet the stubbornness and ungraceful rectitude of its stem, and the besetting of its wholesome substance with that fringe of offence, and the forwardness of it, and dominance,—I fear to lacerate some of my dearest friends if I went on:—let them rather, with Bailie Jarvie's true conscience, take their Scott from the inner shelf in their heart's library which all true Scotsmen give him, and trace, with the swift reading of memory, the characters of Fergus M'Ivor, Hector M'Intyre, Mause Headrigg,

Alison Wilson, Richie Moniplies, and Andrew Fairservice; and then say, if the faults of all these, drawn as they are with a precision of touch like a Corinthian sculptor's of the acanthus leaf, can be found in anything like the same strength in other races, or if so stubbornly folded and starched moniplies of irritating kindness, selfish friendliness, lowly conceit, and intolerable fidelity, are native to any other spot of the wild earth of the habitable globe. . . . In exact opposition to the most solemn virtue of Scotland, the domestic truth and tenderness breathed in all Scottish song, you have this special disease and mortal cancer, this woody-fibri-ness, literally, of temper and thought: the consummation of which into pure lignite, or rather black Devil's charcoal—the sap of the birks of Aberfeldy become cinder, and the blessed juices of them, deadly gas,—you may know in its pure blackness best in the work of the greatest of these ground-growing Scotchmen, Adam Smith.

No man of like capacity, I believe, born of any other nation, could have deliberately, and with no momentary shadow of suspicion or question, formalized the spinous and monstrous fallacy that human commerce and policy are *naturally* founded on the desire of every man to possess his neighbor's goods.—*Proserpina*, pp. 87–89.

SCOTCH STREETS AND SCOTCH LASSIES.—I observe the good people of Edinburgh rejoice proudly at having got an asphalt esplanade at the end of Prince's Street, instead of cabbage-sellers. Alas! my Scottish friends; all that Prince's Street of yours has not so much beauty in it as a single cabbage-stalk, if you had eyes in your heads,—rather the extreme reverse of beauty; and there is not one of the lassies who now stagger up and down the burning marle in high-heeled boots and French bonnets, who would not look a thousand-fold prettier, and feel, there's no counting how much nobler, bare-headed but for the snood, and bare-foot on old-fashioned grass by the Nor' loch side, bringing

home from market, basket on arm, pease for papa's dinner, and a bunch of cherries for baby.—*St. Mark's Rest*, p. 31.

THE FRENCH AND GERMAN NATURES.—A Frenchman is selfish only when he is vile and lustful; but a German, selfish in the purest states of virtue and morality. A Frenchman is arrogant only in ignorance; but no quantity of learning ever makes a German modest. "Sir," says Albert Dürer of his own work, (and he is the modestest German I know,) "it cannot be better done." Luther serenely damns the entire gospel of St. James, because St. James happens to be not precisely of his own opinions.

Accordingly, when the Germans get command of Lombardy, they bombard Venice, steal her pictures, (which they can't understand a single touch of,) and entirely ruin the country, morally and physically, leaving behind them misery, vice, and intense hatred of themselves, wherever their accursed feet have trodden. They do precisely the same thing by France—crush her, rob her, leave her in misery of rage and shame; and return home, smacking their lips, and singing *Te Deum*.

But when the French conquer England, their action upon it is entirely beneficent. Gradually, the country, from a nest of restless savages, becomes strong and glorious; and having good material to work upon, they make of us at last a nation stronger than themselves.

Then the strength of France perishes, virtually, through the folly of St. Louis;—her piety evaporates, her lust gathers infectious power, and the modern *Cité* rises round the *Sainte Chapelle*.—*Fors*, II., p. 184.

FRENCH INSENSIBILITY.—I was beguiled the other day, by seeing it announced as a "Comédie," into going to see "*Frou-Frou*." Most of you probably know that the three first of its five acts *are* comedy, or at least playful drama, and that it plunges down, in the two last, to the sorrowfulest catastrophe of

all conceivable—though too frequent in daily life—in which irretrievable grief is brought about by the passion of a moment, and the ruin of all that she loves, caused by the heroic error of an entirely good and unselfish person. The sight of it made me thoroughly ill, and I was not myself again for a week.

But, some time afterwards, I was speaking of it to a lady who knew French character well; and asked her how it was possible for a people so quick in feeling to endure the action before them of a sorrow so poignant. She said, “It is because they have not sympathy enough: they are interested only by the external scene, and are, in truth, at present, dull, not quick in feeling. My own French maid went the other evening to see that very play: when she came home, and I asked her what she thought of it, she said, ‘it was charming, and she had amused herself immensely.’ ‘Amused! but is not the story very sad?’ ‘Oh, yes, mademoiselle, it is bien triste, but it is charming; and then, how pretty *Frou-Frou* looks in her silk dress!’”—*Eagle’s Nest*, p. 51.

THE SWISS “STATES OF THE FOREST.”—Beneath the glaciers of Zermatt and Evolena, and on the scorching slopes of the Valais, the peasants remained in an aimless torpor, unheard of but as the obedient vassals of the great Bishopric of Sion. But where the lower ledges of calcareous rock were broken by the inlets of the Lake Lucerne, and bracing winds penetrating from the north forbade the growth of the vine, compelling the peasantry to adopt an entirely pastoral life, was reared another race of men. Their narrow domain should be marked by a small green spot on every map of Europe. It is about forty miles from east to west; as many from north to south: yet on that shred of rugged ground, while every kingdom of the world around it rose or fell in fatal change, and every multitudinous race mingled or wasted itself in various dispersion and decline, the sim-

ple shepherd dynasty remained changeless. There is no record of their origin. They are neither Goths, Burgundians, Romans, nor Germans. They have been for ever Helvetii, and for ever free.—*Modern Painters*, V., p. 101.

THE ITALIAN PEASANTRY.—The people of Italy are dying for need of love: only in returning love for love they become themselves, and enter into possession of their own souls by the gift of them.

I have learned this not from Francesca only. Strangely, another dear American friend, Charles Eliot Norton, with his wife and family, residing in Italy—I forget how long—(I was with them in their villa near Siena in 1872), were the first to tell me this quite primary character of the Italian peasantry. Their own princes have left them, and abide in their great cities—no one cares for the mountaineers; and their surprise, in the beginning, at finding any one living amidst them who could love them; their answer, in the end, of gratitude flowing like the Fonte Branda, as he described them to me, have remained ever since among the brightest and the saddest beacons, and reproaches, of my own too selfish life.—*Roadside Songs of Tuscany*, p. 313.

APPENDIX.

RUSKIN'S WRITINGS IN CLASSIFIED GROUPS.

WITH THE DATES OF FIRST PUBLICATION.

PAINTING.

- Modern Painters—1843-1860.
Various Papers on Pre-Raphaelitism—1851-1883.
Giotto and his Works in Padua—1853.
The Harbors of England (Letterpress to Engravings of Turner Drawings)—1856.
Relation Between Michael Angelo and Tintoret—1872.
Mornings in Florence (Chiefly Guide-books to Florentine Paintings)—1875-1877.
St. Mark's Rest—1877.
Notes by Mr. Ruskin on his Drawings by the late J. M. W. Turner—1878.
The Art of England—1883.

MISCELLANEOUS ART WRITINGS.

- The Two Paths (Lectures on Art in its Application to Decoration and Manufacture)—1859.
Lectures on Art—1870.
Ariadne Florentina (Engraving)—1873.
Val d'Arno (Lectures on Tuscan Art)—1874.
Laws of Fésolé (Elements of Drawing)—1877.
Arrows of the Chace, Vol. 1. (Miscellaneous Newspaper Articles)—1880.
The Art of England (Lech, Du Maurier, etc.)—1883.
Roadside Songs of Tuscany (Notes on Miss Francesca Alexander's Drawings)—1883.

ARCHITECTURE.

- Seven Lamps of Architecture—1849.
Stones of Venice—1851-1853.
Edinburgh Lectures on Architecture (I. and II.)—1853.

- The Two Paths (Lecture IV., Influence of Imagination on Architecture)—1859.
 Bible of Amiens—1881.
 Arrows of the Chace, I., pp. 122-161—1880.

SCULPTURE.

- Stones of Venice—1851-1853.
 Aratra Pentelici—1872.

ECONOMIC WORKS.

- Unto This Last—1860.
 Munera Pulveris—1862.
 Crown of Wild Olive—1866.
 Time and Tide, by Weare and Tyne—1867.
 Fors Clavigera (Here and There)—1871-1878.
 A Joy Forever—1880.

NOTE.—Compare also article on Usury in "Contemporary Review," 1880, p. 316, et seq.; and "Home and its Economies" in the same Review for May 1873. Also "Arrows of the Chace," Vol. II.

SCIENCE.

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| { Ethics of the Dust—1866.
In Montibus Sanctis, Part I.—1885.
Deucalion—1875-1880. } | } Mineralogy. |
| { Deucalion—1875-1880.
Modern Painters, Vol. IV. (Mountains)—1856. } | |
| { Proserpina—1879.
Modern Painters, Vol. V. (Leaves)—1860. } | } Botany. |
| { Storm-Cloud of the Nineteenth Century—1884.
Modern Painters, Vol. V.—1860. } | |
- Love's Meinie—1873 (Birds).
 The Eagle's Nest (Relation of Science to Art)—1872.
 Athena, Queen of the Air (Myths)—1869.
 Arrows of the Chace (Miscellaneous)—1880.

EDUCATION.

- Elements of Perspective—1859.
 Sesame and Lilies (Books and Reading, and Education of Girls)—1865.
 Fors Clavigera (See especially Letters L.-LIV., also XCV.)—1871-1878.
 Elements of Drawing—1857.
 Instructions in Elementary Drawing—1872.
 Laws of Fésole (Best Work on Drawing)—1877.
 Proserpina (Botany)—1879.
 A Museum or Picture Gallery (Six Letters in London *Art Journal* for June and August, 1880).

LITERATURE.

- King of the Golden River (Fairy Tale)—1851.
 Modern Painters, Vol. III.—1856.
 Fiction, Fair and Foul (*Nineteenth Century*, 1880, 1881).

AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

Fors Clavigera—1871-1878.

Notes by Mr. Ruskin on his Drawings by the late J. M. W. Turner—1878.

My First Editor. An Autobiographical Reminiscence (*University Magazine*, April, 1878).

Præterita. Outlines of Scenes and Thoughts perhaps worthy of Memory in my Past Life—1885.

FIVE BEST WORKS.

Modern Painters.

Unto This Last.

Crown of Wild Olive.

Fors Clavigera (first half of it).

Sesame and Lilies.

BEST SINGLE WORK.

Modern Painters.

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